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SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON.

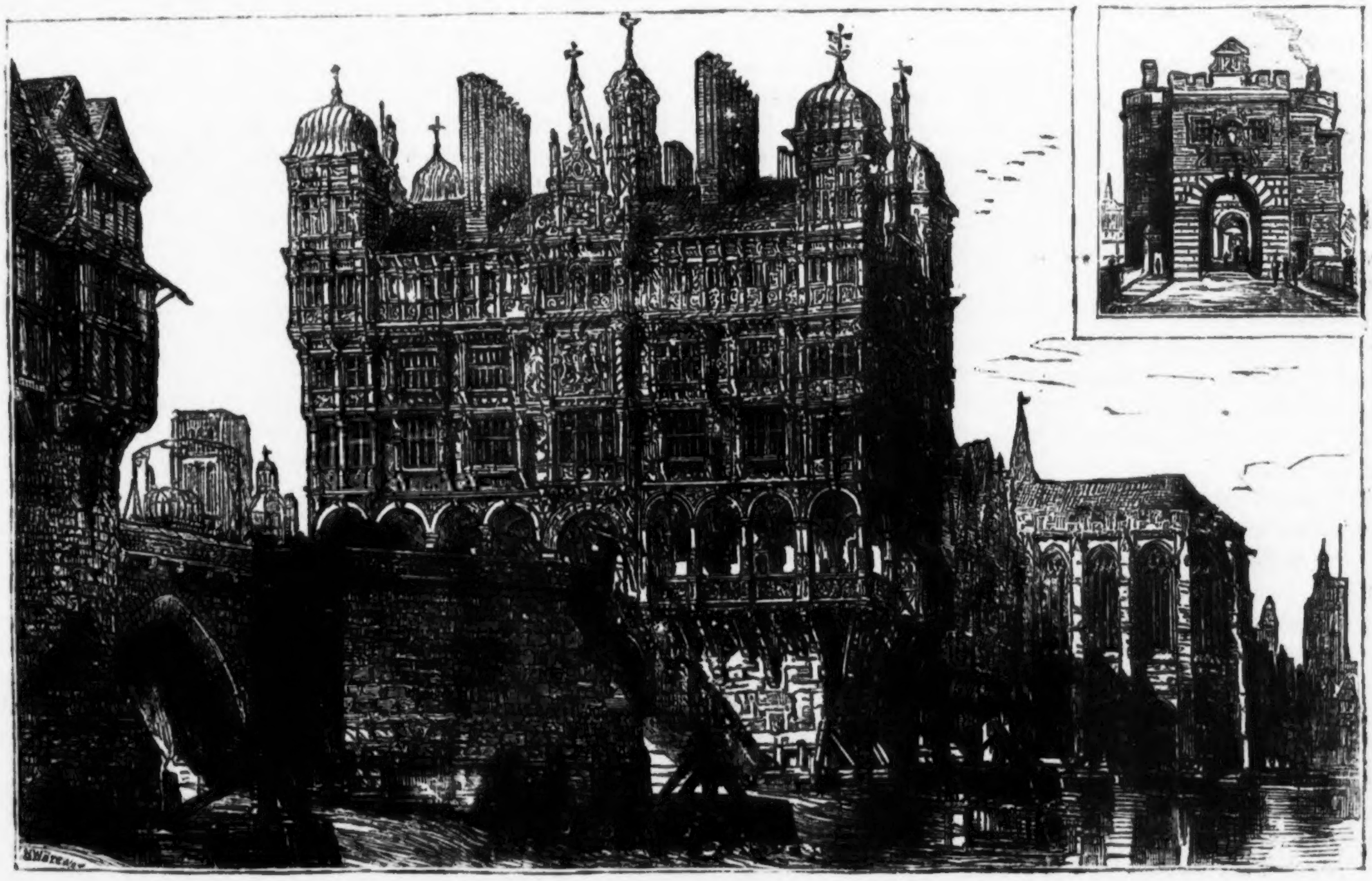
By N. Robinson

As I stood in Fleet Street, London, on a sunny day in June last, gazing at the ruins of the famous Temple Bar, and as my eye wandered to the sign of the Mitre tavern on my right, and that of the Cock on my left, I bethought me of the flagons of ale drained by Will Shakespeare and rare Ben Jonson at these famous hostelries, and the idea came to me that a "lyttel gossyp" anent the London of Shakespeare's time would prove what Sidney Smith calls "good quarter-hour reading" enough. So I entered the Cock, as being nearest to me, and sat me down in that wondrous old parlor, with its oaken wainscoting black as ebony from age; its sanded floor; its yawning fireplace; its quaint boxes, wherein hungry and thirsty travelers seat themselves to refresh the inner man; its bright pewter flagons of a bygone period; its great brown kettles; and its medieval waiters—for the waiters of the Cock differ from waiters anywhere else, being Elizabethan in appearance, and pronouncing that sixteenth-century word, "anon."

Having ordered my rump steak, with its attendant marrowfat peas, and my flagon of ale, I swung my thoughts back to the time when Will Shakespeare; Ben Jonson; Dick Burbage, the actor; Augustus Phillips, who sang "Jigg of the Slippers," *the* low comedy man, *par excellence*, of the Elizabethan era; Richard Robinson, of whom a personage in "The Devil is an Ass" speaks:

> "We had
> The merriest supper of it there one night.
> The gentleman's landlady invited him
> To a gossip's feast; now he, sir, brought Dick Robinson,
> Drest like a lawyer's wife";

Edmund Shakespeare, brother of Will, an actor in the Globe Theatre; Sinklo, who performed so admirably in "The Seven Deadly Sins"; Joseph Taylor, who was Will Shakespeare's original *Hamlet*, and instructed by the author; and the mad, merry wags who used to throng into the very identical apartment in which I was then sitting,



OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

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the oaken tables of which still bore the marks of their glasses and their flagons.

After my dinner I indulged in a bottle of the famous tawny port for which this hostelry is so renowned, and over the bee's-wing I bethought me of Shakespeare's London.

William Shakespeare was baptized at the parish Church of Holy Trinity, Stratford-on-Avon, on the 25th of April, 1564, as the page in the register shows; and universal consent has been given to the assumption that his birthday, as well as the day of his death, was the 23d of that month. The fact of that day being appointed by the Church as the festival of St. George, the patron saint of England, has probably popularized the date of the poet's *début* on the world's stage.

His father was a dealer in wool, and at the time of his birth Stratford had been decimated by the plague. It is recorded that the sanitary authorities were "down" on John Shakespeare, the poet's father, for he was fined about that time for permitting a "dong hylle" to exist in front of his door, to the detriment of the public health.

The poet's mother was Mary, daughter of Robert Arden, of Wilmecot, Esquire of Warwickshire, and she was well dowered. John Shakespeare became chief magistrate of the town when his son William was five years old, and was the first local dignitary who extended his patronage to the "poor players" who strolled about the country, and seldom received anything but what is vulgarly known as monkeys' allowance—"more kicks than halfpence." The two companies thus honored with what Mr. Vincent Crummles so proudly termed a "bespeak," from the mayor of the little Warwickshire town, were the Queen's Players (1569), and afterward the *corps dramatique* of the Earl of Warwick.

On account of the wool-dealer having come to grief through reverses of fortune, we have the authority of Ben Jonson for saying that William Shakespeare acquired "smalle Latin and lesse Greeke," while as to the remaining portion of his education, all chroniclers are as dumb as oysters. The stories of Will's poaching exploits, and of his stealing the deer of Sir Thomas Lucy, are indignantly rejected by no less an authority than Samuel Taylor Coleridge; nor will he have anything to do with another legend which reports Will as obtaining his first dramatic inspirations by taking charge of gentlemen's horses during their visits to the Globe or the Fortune theatres, or subsisting on such eleemosynary small change as that undignified occupation brought to him.

However he managed it, Will got to London; and we may accept the authority as trustworthy that he wrote his first play at about the age of twenty-six; and it is beyond the realm of doubt that he played the *Ghost* in "Hamlet." When he reached the age of nineteen, he married a buxom girl aged twenty-seven, Mistress Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer of Shottery, a village adjacent to Stratford; and the marriage seems to have been worthy of the Dunmore Flitch. She did not like London, wisely preferring the delicious quietude of Stratford; so Master Will junketed thither pretty often, where his success was remarkable—enjoying, as he did, the friendship of the most eminent personages in the realm. Good Queen Bess, and, later on, King James I., both frequently enjoyed his readings and recitals. The Globe Theatre subsequently passed into his proprietorship, and having realized a handsome competency, he retired to his native town, bought an estate there, and died at the age of fifty-three, on the anniversary of his birth, in 1616.

Mr. Tegg, in his admirable work, "Shakespeare and his Contemporaries," asserts that Will wrote his first play at about the age of twenty-six; and "Pericles," and three parts of "King Henry VI.," are generally assigned to that period of his life. The authorship, both of "Pericles" and "Titus Andronicus," is hotly disputed, as both are deemed utterly unworthy the pen that portrayed "Hamlet" or "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

The following tabular statement of the chronological order of Shakespeare's plays is given on the authority of the best attainable commentators and editors, and may be taken as approximate.

	Date.	At the Age of
Richard II	1593	29
Richard III	1593	29
Midsummer Night's Dream	1594	30
Two Gentlemen of Verona	1595	31
Taming of the Shrew	1596	32
Romeo and Juliet	1596	32
Merchant of Venice	1597	33
Henry IV. (1st Part)	1597	33
" (2d Part)	1598	34
King John	1598	34
All's Well that Ends Well	1598	34
Henry V	1599	35
As You Like It	1599	35
Much Ado About Nothing	1600	36
Hamlet	1600	36
Merry Wives of Windsor	1601	37
Twelfth Night	1601	37
Troilus and Cressida	1602	38
Henry VIII	1603	39
Measure for Measure	1603	39
Othello	1604	40
King Lear	1605	41
Macbeth	1606	42
Julius Cæsar	1607	43
Antony and Cleopatra	1608	44
Cymbeline	1609	45
Coriolanus	1610	46
Timon of Athens	1610	46
Winter's Tale	1611	47
Tempest	1612	48

Only seventeen of Will's plays were printed during his lifetime. Each play was published in a separate quarto volume, and it was not until 1623 that the first folio appeared containing a collection of his plays. This was known as the Players' Edition, and was originally sold for a sovereign or ($5). The British Museum preserves a copy, and to-day one at $2,700 is considered dog-cheap. The first illustrated edition appeared in 1709, with a frontispiece embodying the Chandos portrait.

Of the forty-three play-writers of Shakespeare's day, scarcely half are known, even by name, to the majority of modern readers; and such is the obscurity into which many of the Elizabethan dramatists have fallen, that more modern playwrights have not scrupled to avail themselves of their plots without acknowledgment or fear of detection.

Ben Jonson, the celebrated poet and dramatist, the posthumous son of a clergyman, was born in 1574, in Westminster. His mother, having re-entered the marriage state with a bricklayer, took young Ben from Westminster school to follow his stepfather's trade. He emancipated himself by entering the army as a private soldier; and, during a campaign in Holland, was applauded by his officers for his courage. On his return he studied at St. John's College, Cambridge, but lack of means compelled him to leave the university. Removing to London, he embraced the twofold profession of author and actor. At his very outset a fatal event threatened to cut short his career. He killed a brother actor, one Gabriel Spenser, in a duel, was imprisoned, and with difficulty saved his life. A second time he was endangered, and narrowly escaped the pillory and the loss of nose and ears, in consequence of having joined in writing a comedy called "Est ad Hoc," which threw the Scots into ridicule. As an actor, Ben Jonson acquired no fame; as an author, he was more fortunate, and his first play, "Every Man in His Humor," was enacted in 1598 by Shakespeare's company, Will performing in one of the characters. In 1617 Ben was appointed "Poet Laureate," the position held by Alfred Tennyson to-day, with a salary of £100 ($500) and a butt of Canary from the King's cellar. Ben was buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, as every traveling American knows, as well as the words on the tablet to his memory, "O rare Ben Jonson." Shakespeare was the Homer, Jonson the Virgil, of England.

I now come to the theatres of London in Shakespeare's time. Howse, the chronicler, mentions seventeen as the number of London theatres, all built between 1570 and 1630, inclusive of five inns turned into playhouses, and St. Paul's Singing School. Actually, however, there were but seven public theatres and three private when Will was writing at his best. The public were: the Globe, in Bankside; the Curtain, in Shoreditch; the Red Bull, in Red Bull Yard and the upper end of St. John Street, Clerkenwell; the Fortune, in White Cross Street, or Golden Lane; and the Rose, the Swan, and the Hope, all on the Bankside—the two latter falling into decay early in the reign of James I., and the Hope converted into a bear-garden. The private houses were: Blackfriars, Whitefriars, and the Cockpit, or Phœnix, in Drury Lane.

The Globe Theatre was not probably built until 1596, and the original theatre was a very primitive structure indeed, being open to the sky for the greater part—like that in which I beheld the Passion Play performed at Oberammergau last year—and thatched with reeds. It was destroyed by fire in 1613, by reason of the wadding of some pieces of ordnance, discharged in a play representing a masque at Cardinal Wolsey's house in the time of Henry VIII., lodging in the dry thatch of the theatre. Sir Henry Wotton concludes his description of the conflagration as follows: "This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabrick, wherein yet nothing did perish but *wood* and *straw*, and a few forsaken cloaks; only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have bryled him, if he had not, by the thought of a provident wit, put it out with a bottle of ale." We learn from Winwood's "Memorials," that there were only two narrow doors for their hurried exit. Ben Jonson was present at the fire; and John Taylor, waterman and poet, wrote the following lines:

> "As gold is better that in fire's tried,
> So is the 'Bankside Globe' that late was burn'd;
> For where before it had a thatched hide,
> Now to a stately theatre is turned;
> Which is an emblem that great things are won
> By those that dare through greatest dangers run."

The rebuilding of the Globe took place in 1641, and it would appear at one time to have shared the popularity of the Blackfriars house, although its audiences were spoken of disparagingly by writers of the day, as being better pleased with the noisiest performers, and "'lines' proportionable to their Companie, which were sesquipedales, a foot and a halfe." Shakespeare was probably thinking of such plays and players, when he makes *Hamlet* speak of "splitting the ears of the groundlings."

The Blackfriars Theatre appears to have been the oldest, and was erected in 1570 on the site of the King's Printing House, and close to the Apothecaries' Hall. Skoltowe says the edifice was exclusively devoted to the purposes of the drama, and was emphatically termed "The Theatre." Previously, halls of minsters, ruins of courts, royal palaces, residences of the nobility, and the courtyards of inns, were fitted up and used for dramatic representations, as the religious plays, mysteries and moralities began to be superseded by the growing popularity of pieces of a merely amusing order, dealing with romantic, historical or humorous subjects.

The private houses, such as Blackfriars, were smaller than the public temples of Thespis, and were only opened in Winter, when the performances took place by candlelight. The higher classes formed the audiences at these playhouses, and, on payment of an extra price, were permitted to sit on the stage—a privilege not granted to the playgoers in the public theatres. Shakespeare's plays were performed here, probably in their entirety; and a body of juvenile players, called "The Children of the Revels," appeared, and sometimes acted whole plays, unassisted by adult performers. Ben Jonson's "The Case is Altered" was thus presented. This comedy was published in 1609, "as acted by the children of Blackfriars."

The Fortune Theatre, in White Cross Street, was, according to Maitland, the oldest in London. Its real theatrical history may, however, be said to commence in 1599, when Edward Alleyne, the actor, and founder of Dulwich College, rebuilt it to a great extent, and converted what had been the old nursery for the children of Henry VIII. into a playhouse. The Fortune was a round brick building, of considerable size. It was burned down in 1621, with all the players' books and dresses—"wherebye these poore companions are quite undone" as Sir John Chamberlain says in a description of the fire written to Sir Dudley Carleton, dated December 15th, 1621.

The Red Bull Theatre, St. John Street, Clerkenwell, was originally an inn-yard, permanently adapted for theatrical purposes, and rebuilt in or about 1663. It was famous for the representation of drills during the Civil War. The Whitefriars Theatre was completed about 1580, and was originally the hall of the Monastery of Whitefriars, outside the walls of Dorset House. The Cockpit was, as its name implies, originally a cockpit. The Curtain Theatre, Holywell, is mentioned in 1576, and the Curtain Road still exists, and is the only means we have left to form an idea as to the locality of the site of the playhouse.

In this article it is almost impossible to get away from the "playhouse," associated as Will Shakespeare is with the "smell of the lamps," and I shall take a short peep into the theatres of the period ere I pass upon my way to other of the haunts of the immortal Will. In the interior of theatres for the early British dramatic performances, it was long before the parent idea of an inn-yard, fitted up temporarily for the purpose, could be got rid of; and the rude playhouses of Shakespeare's time were built so as to resemble the old makeshift arrangement. The inn-yards were fitted up for the players by erecting the stage with its back to the entrance-gate, and, of course, had no protection from the weather. The gallery, which generally runs round three sides of the quadrangle, as may still be seen in remains of such few old inns as exist in and around London and in some country towns—but they are becoming fewer every year—was devoted to the accommodation of some of the audience, and the small apartments beneath were also let out to separate parties, and called "rooms," representing, of course, the lower tier of boxes in a modern theatre; the part of the arena not occupied by the players answered to the modern pit, and there the humblest class of playgoers were content to stand. The body of the house was lighted by large blazing iron cressets, when the performance took place at night; and, of course, players and playgoers were alike at the mercy of the elements.

Such was the general aspect of the Globe and other theatres in Shakespeare's time. A curtain which ran on rings along an iron rod, only opening in the middle to be drawn

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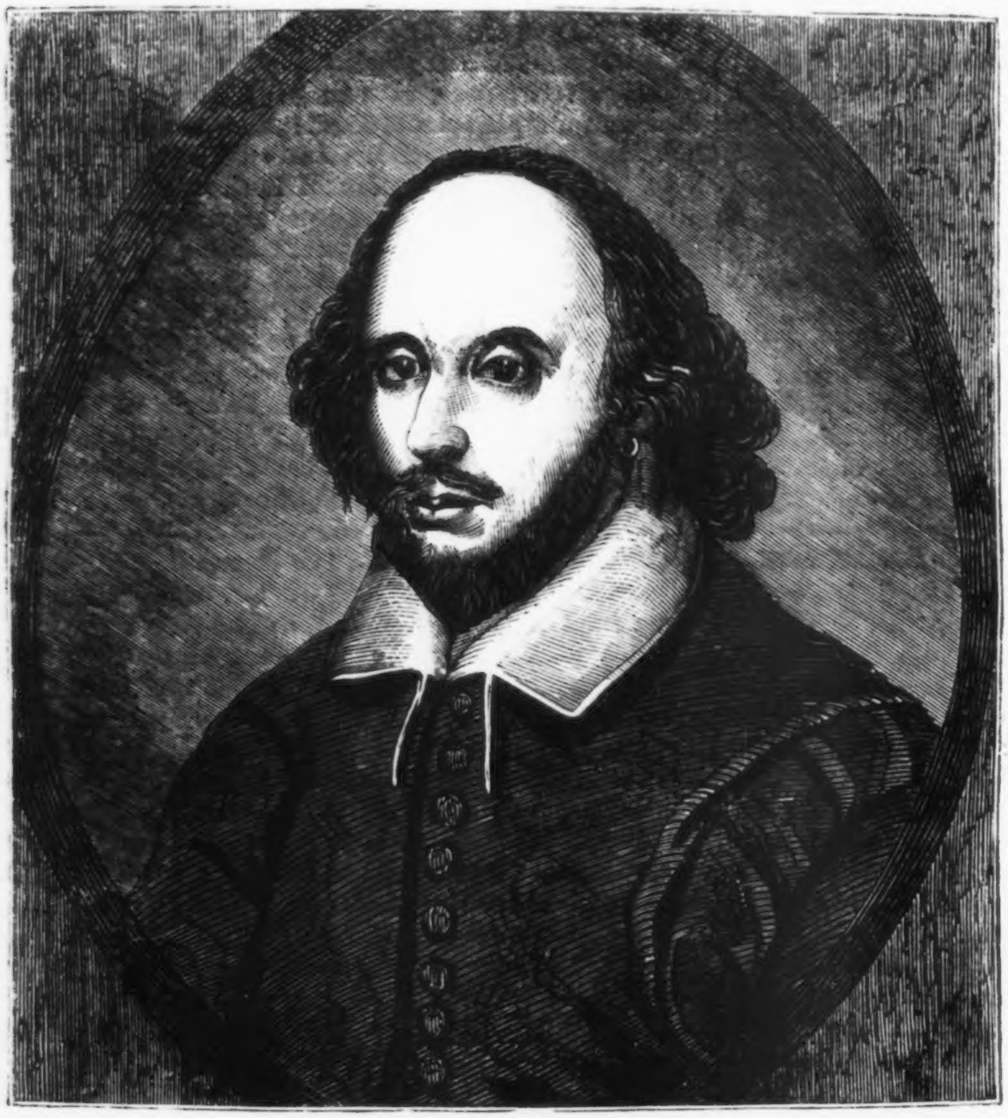


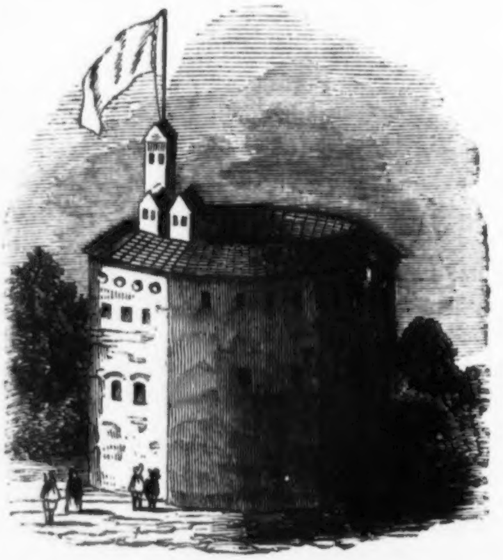
SHAKESPEARE, AFTER THE CHANDOS PORTRAIT.

aside, shrouded the rush-strewn, or sometimes matted, stage. The first innovation was a balcony, erected at the back of the stage, eight or nine feet from the ground, on each side of which was a box, sometimes called a "private box." During the performance of a tragedy the hangings of the stage were in black; trap-doors were also in use, for in Shakespeare's own "Macbeth" the cauldron *sinks*. Before 1611 wax-lights were used, and branches for candles stood on the stage; but as these were found to obstruct the view of the spectators, circular wooden frames, with sockets for candles, were suspended from above. Footlights were not introduced till Garrick's return from France. The scenery was of the rudest description, an arras or piece of tapestry doing duty for castle or ship or field. At the masques and pageants in gentlemen's houses, painted cloths were used. Pictures were occasionally hung on the arras. That important jogger of short memory, the prompter, or book-holder, as well as the property-man and trap-man, flourished in Shakespeare's time. An upper balcony contained the orchestra or band, situated above that part of the theatre we should now call the stage-box; eight or ten performers on hautboys, lutes, accordeons, cornets, viols and organs constituted the orchestral force. They announced the commencement of the play by their "soundings," or flourishes, and they also played between the acts. The announcements of the performances were pasted on the posts about London, and supplied the place of the newspaper of our day appropriately enough. There is little doubt that Will penned the long-winded announcements of the production of one of his plays with his own hand. The most genteel way of traveling to the theatre was by water; a pair of oars, too, was essential, a single sculler being considered "bad form, you know." The price of admission to the best "rooms" was usually a shilling. We hear of one shilling and sixpence being paid in the year of Shakespeare's death, and the charges gradually rose after that. At the first performance of a new play the prices were largely increased. The galleries and pit ranged from sixpence to twopence, or even a penny, in the meaner houses. Sunday performances, although prohibited by the authorities, were in full swing, and Queen Bess herself was present at a dramatic performance at Oxford on Sunday, September 24th, 1592. Only one play was acted during a day, and it usually lasted two hours, commencing at one o'clock.

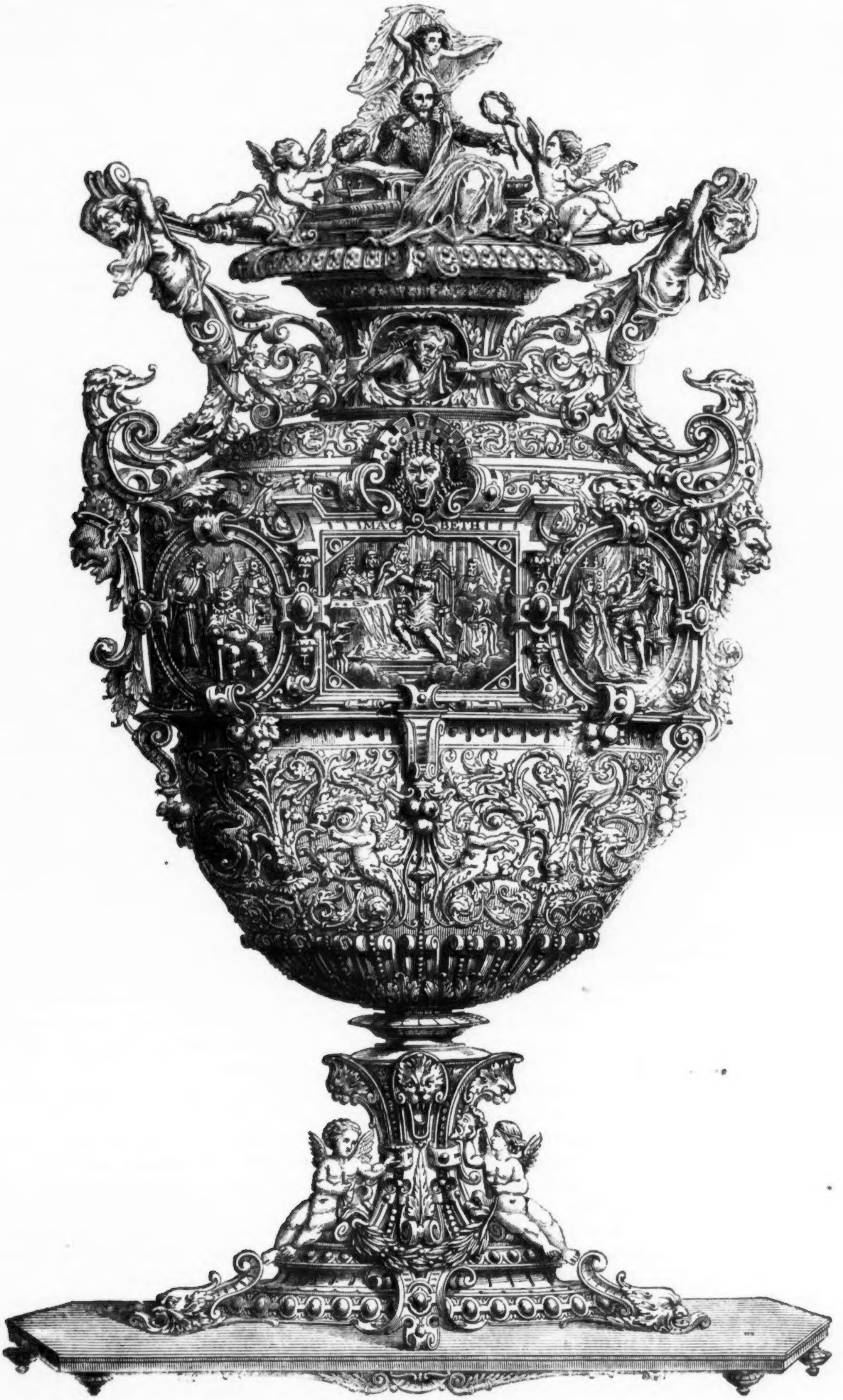
The decorous behavior of modern audiences was unknown in those remote days, card-playing, the imbibition of ale and smoking of tobacco being freely indulged in; and certain tumultuous scenes occasionally arose, by reason of the proletarian element exhibiting its envy or dislike of the privileged ones who sat on the stage itself.

Nor were the players exempt from a certain amount of physical criticism from the "gods" of the period, of which Gayton gives us a graphic description in his "Notes on Don Quixote," 1654:

> "Men come not to study at a playhouse, but love such expressions and passages which with ease insinuate themselves into their capacities. 'Lingua,' that learned comedy of the contention betwixt the five senses for the superiority, is not to be prostituted to the common stage, but is only proper for an academy; to them bring 'Jack Drum's Entertainment,' Greene's 'Tu Quoque,' 'The Devil of Edmonton,' and the like; or if it be on holy dayes, when saylers, watermen, shoemakers, butchers and apprentices are at leisure, then it is good policy to amaze those violent spirits with some tearing tragedy, full of fights and skirmishes — as the 'Guelphs and Guiblines,' 'Greeks and Trojans,' or the 'Three London Apprentices,' which commonly ends in three acts, the spectators frequently mounting the stage, and making a more bloody catastrophe amongst themselves than the



THE GLOBE THEATRE.



A SHAKESPEARE VASE.

players did. I have known upon one of these *festivals*, but especially at Shrovetide, where the players have been appointed, notwithstanding their bills to the contrary, to act what the major part of the company had a mind to; sometimes 'Tamerline,' sometimes 'Jugurth,' sometimes 'The Jew of Malta,' and sometimes parts of all these; and, at last, none of the three taking, they were forced to undress and put off their tragick habits, and conclude the day with the 'Merrie Milkmaides.' And, unlesse this were done, and the popular humor satisfied (as sometimes it so fortun'd that the players were refractory), the benches, the tiles, the laths, the stones, oranges apples, nuts. flew about most liberally; and there were mechanicks of all professions, who fell every one to his own trade, and dissolved a house in an instant, and made a ruine of a stately fabrick. It was not then the most

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> mimical nor fighting man, Fowler nor Andrew Cane, could pacifie; prologues nor epilogues would prevail; the devil and the fool were quite out of favor. Nothing but noise and tumult fils the house, until a cogg take 'em, and then instantly to the Bank's side, where the poor bears must conclude the riot, and fight twenty dogs at a time, besides the butchers, which sometimes fell into the service; this performed, and *the horse* and *jack-an-apes* for a jigge, they had sport enough that day for nothing."

The authors' benefits, from which they derived their remuneration, took place either on the first or second day of the representation of their plays. The third day, as set apart for this purpose, is not heard of until 1612, when it was an established usage—not, however, without exceptions. It was not until after 1720 that the profit of three representations belonged to the author; and in the case of Otway, he frequently had to mortgage his one day's benefit to meet pressing necessity.

Marston, in his preface to the "Malcontent," 1604, seems to regret the arrangement between dramatic authors and publishers which then existed, whereby the right of performance was restricted to the proprietor of a theatre, albeit the printed version was, so to speak, public property:

> "One thing only affects me; to think, that scenes invented merely to be spoken, should be inforcively published to be read; and that the least hurt I can receive, is to do myself the wrong. But since others otherwise would do me more, the least inconvenience is to be accepted: I have therefore myself set forth this comedie."

About twenty nobles (£6 13*s.* 4*d.*) seems to have been the usual price of the copyright of a play in Shakespeare's time. The printed play was sold for sixpence; and the usual present of a patron for a dedication was forty shillings. Dramatic poets had free admission to the theatres. Every play was licensed by the Master of the Revels before it could be performed; his fee was, in the time of Elizabeth, only a noble, but at a subsequent period it was two pounds.

It was usual to carry *table-books* to the theatre, to note down the passages which were made matter of censure or applause; this may account for some mutilated copies of Shakespeare's plays which are yet extant.

The expression "damning," as applied to the condemnation or disapproval of the first representation of a new play by its audience, is as old as Shakespeare's time, and although it has an ugly sound to modern ears, has no real savor of profanity about it.

On the south bank of the Thames, between Blackfriars Bridge and Southwark Bridge, is Bankside. Here was the Globe Theatre, immortalized as the spot where Shakespeare trod the stage; here was the celebrated "Paris Garden"; here stood the circuses for "boull-baytying" and "beare-baytying," where Queen Elizabeth entertained the French Ambassadors with the baiting of wild beasts; here stood the Falcon Tavern—the "Folken Inne," as it is styled in the ancient plans of Bankside—the daily resort of Shakespeare and his companions; here, between Southwark Bridge and London Bridge, the site still pointed out by Pike Gardens, was the fish-pond which once supplied the English monarchs with fresh-water fish; and, lastly, here were the park and the palace of the Bishop of Winchester.

It will be seen at once that the ancient topography of the southern bank of the Thames (or Bankside) between London and Blackfriars Bridges, is peculiarly interesting to the lovers of dramatic lore, as well as to the student of the sports and pastimes of our ancestors. Down to the middle of the seventeenth century, and probably much later, with the exception of a few houses extending westward along the bank of the river, and sundry places of amusement, the greater part of the land hereabout would seem to have been wasted and uninclosed. The Globe Theatre occupied part of the site now covered by the great brewery of Messrs. Barclay and Perkins.

Driven out of the city, and put to their wits' end for an honest livelihood, the poor players, who now began to style themselves "Her Majesty's servants," began to build theatres in all the suburbs; and to James Burbage is due the credit of having enabled them to do so. In fact, until he came forward to assist the poor dramatists by his skill as a carpenter, and, in some sense, manager, too, there was no combined effort at producing a genuine English drama. But from the moment that James Burbage, like a second Thespis, erected his wooden theatre in Shoreditch, the calling of the player began to assume a definite character, and acting grew into the dignity of an art and a profession.

Shakespeare found all these theatres, and others, too, in existence when he came to London from Stratford, and it is quite possible that, if it had not been for James Burbage, he would never have gone to the metropolis, or written for all time either "Hamlet" or "Macbeth." At all events, when he came to town and joined the company at Blackfriars, he became a fast friend of James Burbage, and of his son Richard, who became the Roscius of his age, and the original actor of many of Shakespeare's principal characters.

The elder Burbage did not live to see the lease of his first theatre expire, and the building demolished and carried across the river into Southwark, by his son Cuthbert; but he saw the Earl of Leicester's actors formally established as members of a recognized profession, and able to influence the age in which they lived. James Burbage died about the year 1594; his son Richard survived him for twenty years, dying two years before his friend, Will Shakespeare. It may be of interest to add that the whole Burbage family lived and died in Holywell—now High Street, Shoreditch—and were buried, along with several other "poor players," in St. Leonard's churchyard—"the little church around the corner."

In the time of Shakespeare, Southwark appears to have consisted of a line of streets extending from the bridge nearly to where now is the Borough Road, formerly called Long Southwark; Kent Street, then the high-road to Canterbury and Dover, and of which only the part near St. George's Church was lined with houses; a line of streets including Tooley, or St. Olave's Street, extending from the Bridge-foot to Rotherhite Church; another line of streets running westward to Bankside, to where is now the Blackfriars Road; and, lastly, Bermondsey Street, to Bermondsey Church. Excepting near St. Saviour's Church, there were at that time scarcely any back or cross streets. Near Bankside were the Bishop of Winchester's palace, the Globe Theatre, as already mentioned, the "stews," and two bear-gardens. The villages of Lambeth, Kensington, Newington and Walworth were then separated from Southwark, and from each other also, by open fields. Old London Bridge, so often mentioned in Shakespeare, and the street winding southward of it, were situated about a hundred feet eastward of the present bridge, and its approach from High Street. In April, 1577, the tower and the northern end having become decayed, a new one was commenced in its place, and during the interval, the heads of the traitors, which had formerly stood upon it, were set upon the tower over the gate of Bridge-foot, Southwark, which, consequently, came to be called the "Traitors' Gate." It may be remembered that Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher were among "the traitors" who were thus treated.

It is worthy of note that after the defeat of the Spanish

Armada, eleven of the captured standards were hung upon London Bridge, at the end looking toward Southwark, on the day of Southwark fair, "to the great joy of all the people who repaired thither."

In the sixteenth century the street on the bridge ranked with St. Paul's Churchyard, Paternoster Row and Little Britain as one of the principal literary emporiums of the city. "The Three Bibles," "The Angel" and "The Looking-glass" are some of the signs mentioned in the title-pages of books published at this date. John Bunyan used to live on London Bridge, and to preach in a chapel in Southwark.

In Shakespeare's time the Lord Mayor and sheriffs, on the occasion of opening Southwark fair, used to ride to St. Magnus's Church after dinner, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the former being vested with his collar of S. S., without his hood, and all dressed in the scarlet gowns, without their cloaks. They were attended by the sword-bearer, wearing his embroidered cap, and carrying the "pearl" sword; and at church were met by the Aldermen, all of whom, after evening prayer, rode over the bridge in procession, and passed through the fair, and continued either by St. George's Church, Newington Bridge, or the stones pointing out the city liberties at St. Thomas of Waterings. They returned over the bridge, or to the Bridge House, where a banquet was provided, and the Aldermen took leave of the Lord Mayor; all parties having returned home, the bridge-master gave a supper to the Lord Mayor's officers. The remains of Old London Bridge were not completely effaced till 1861.

The banking-house of Messrs. Hoare, in Fleet Street, stands on the site of the original Mitre Tavern, which was of Shakespeare's time. In some MS. poems by Richard Jackson, a contemporary of the great poet, are verses, beginning, "From the rich Lavinian shore," inscribed as "Shakespeare's rime which he made at ye Mitre." The lines run:

> "Give me a cup of rich Canary wine,
> Which was the Mitre's [drink] and now is mine;
> Of which had Horace and Anacreon tasted,
> Their lives as well as lines till now had lasted."

The Mermaid was situated in Broad Street, Cheapside, with another entrance in Friday Street. Here Raleigh instituted a club, of which Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Marten, Donne, and many others were members; here it was that some of the famous wit-combats took place between Jonson and Shakespeare, which Fuller compares to a fight between a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. "Master Jonson (like the former) was built for higher learning, solid, but slow in performance; Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and his invention."

The noisy Devil Tavern, now Childs Place, had stood next the quiet goldsmith's shop, ever since the time of James I. Shakespeare must, day after day, have looked up at the old sign of St. Dunstan tweaking the Devil by the nose, that flaunted in the wind near Temple Bar. At the Devil the Apollo Club (almost the first institution of the kind in London) held its merry meetings, presided over by that grim yet jovial despot, Ben Jonson. The bust of Apollo, skillfully modeled from the head of the Apollo Belvidere, that once kept watch over the door, and heard in its time millions of witty things, and scores of fond recollections of Shakespeare by those who personally knew and loved him, is still preserved at Childs's Bank. They also show there, among their heirlooms, the "Welcome," probably written by immortal Ben himself, which is full of a jovial inspiration that speaks well for the Canary and the Devil. It used to stand over the chimney-piece, written in gilt letters on a blackboard, and some of the wittiest and wisest men of the reigns of James and Charles must have read it over their cups.

How often has Will Shakespeare passed Temple Bar, that wondrous old landmark, now, alas! removed to another site, and a "modern horror" erected in its stead! The Bar was of Portland stone, which London smoke alternately blackens and calcines, and each façade had four Corinthian pilasters, an entablature and an arched pediment. On the west (Strand) side, in two niches, stood as sentries Charles I. and Charles II., in Roman costume. Charles I, at some remote date, lost his baton. Over the keystone of the central arch there used to be royal arms. On the east side were James I. and Elizabeth. The good Queen Bess was pointing her bleached forefinger at Childs's Bank. The slab on the eastern side of the arch bore the inscription, almost effaced A.D. 1879, "Erected in the year 1670, Sir Samuel Starling, Lord Mayor; continued in the year 1671, Sir Richard Ford, Lord Mayor; and finished in the year 1672, Sir George Wateman, Lord Mayor."

The earliest known documentary and historical notice of Temple Bar occurs in 1327, the first year of Edward III.

Shakespeare makes mention of the Temple Garden and Hall in both "Henry IV." and "Henry VI." It is in the Temple Gardens that Shakespeare, relying, probably, on some old tradition which does not exist in print, has laid one of the scenes of his "King Henry VI."—that, namely, in which the partisans of the rival houses of York and Lancaster first assume their distinctive badges of the white and red roses.

> *Suffolk.*—Within the Temple Hall we were too loud.
> The garden here is more convenient.

Could Will revisit the glimpses of the moon, he would be astonished and delighted at the Temple Garden of to-day, laid out as it is with all the cultured taste of nineteenth century ribbon-border gardening, and abutting upon the Thames Embankment, one of the most magnificent causeways in the world. In the reign of Elizabeth the old Middle Temple Hall was converted into chambers, and a new hall built. The present roof is the best piece of Elizabethan architecture in London. The diary of an Elizabethan barrister named Manningham, preserved in the Harleian Miscellanies, has recorded the interesting fact that in this hall, in February, 1602—probably six months after its first appearance at the Globe—Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" was acted:

"*February* 2, 1601(2).—"At our feast," says Manningham, "we had a play called 'Twelve Night, or What You Will,' much like the 'Comedy of Errors,' or 'Menechmi' in 'Plautus,' but most like and neere to that in Italian called 'Inganni.' A good practice in it is to make the steward believe his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a letter, as from his lady, in generall terms telling him what she liked best in him, and prescribing his gestures, inscribing his apparaile, etc., and then, when he came to practice, making believe they tooke him to be mad."

The wild, mad revelry of the Temple feasts has been chronicled by some of the most vivid pens of merrie England.

Shakespeare, in his dramatic works, makes frequent mention of Westminster, notably in "Richard II.," "Henry VI." and "Henry VIII."

The old City of Westminster proper, with its venerable Abbey and its gloomy and narrow streets, once the residence of peers, courtiers and poets, constitutes, perhaps,

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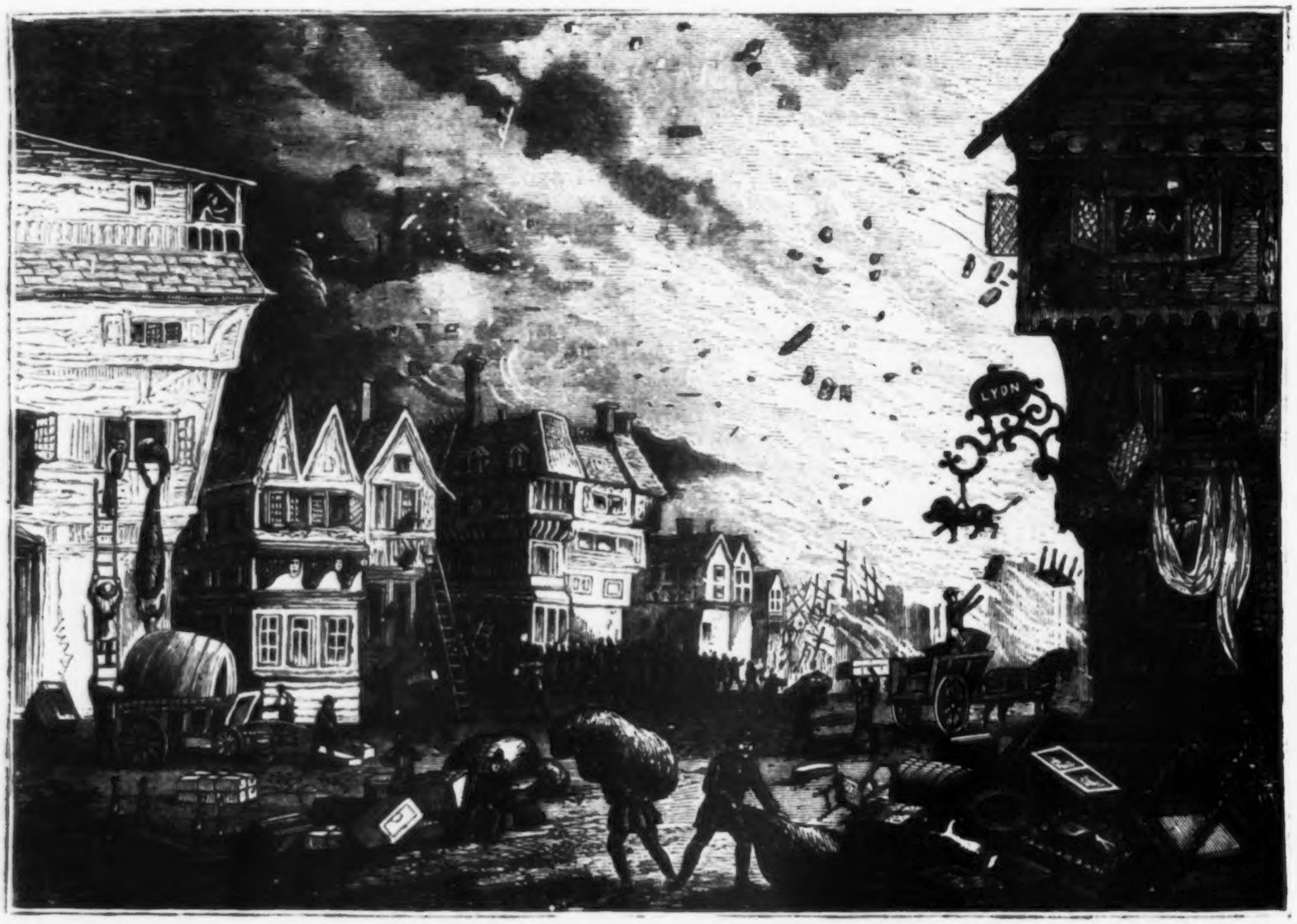
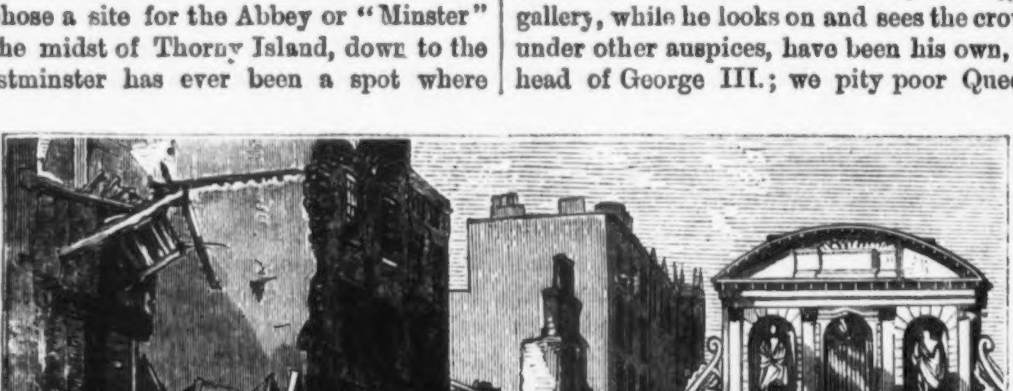


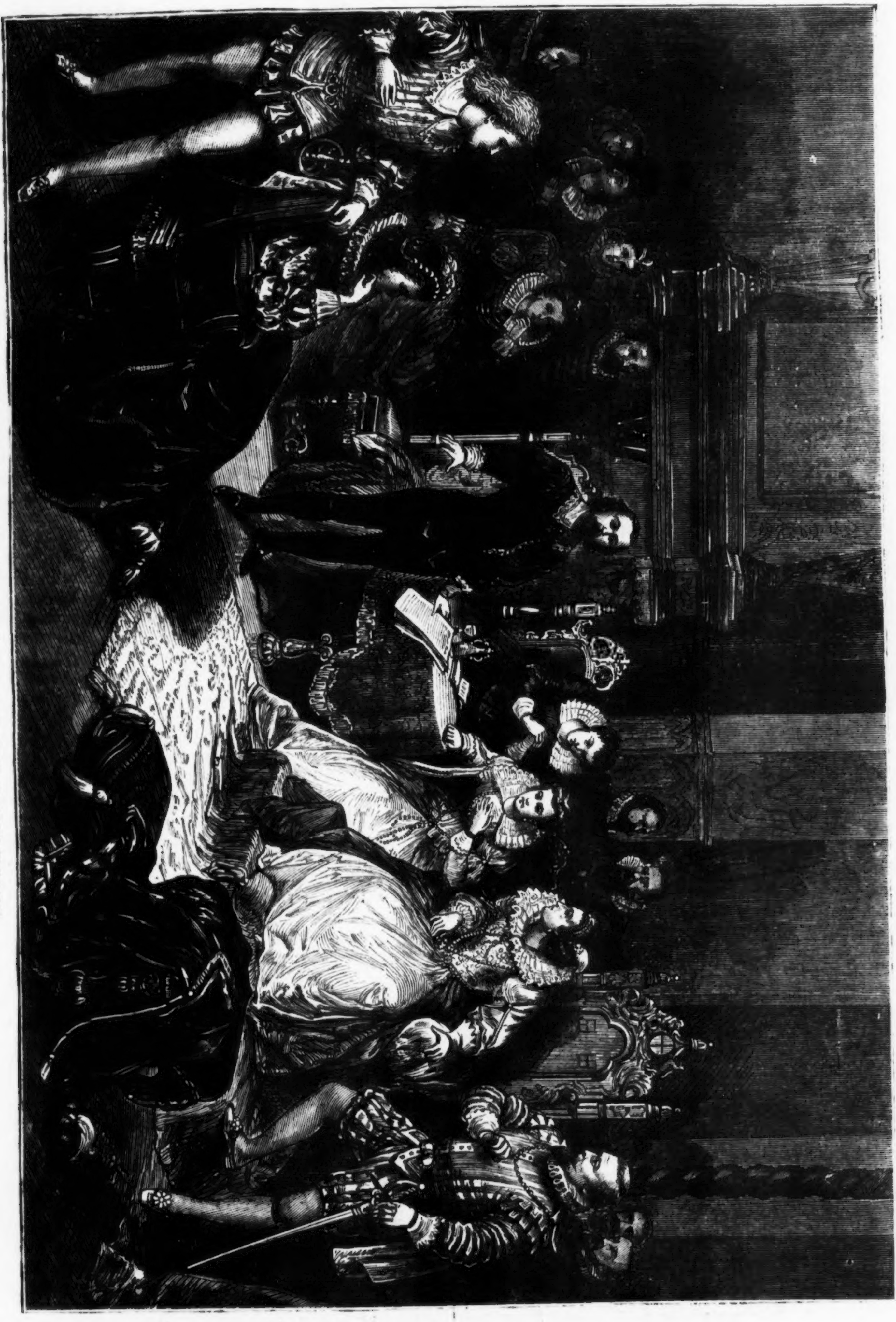
SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON DISAPPEARING IN THE GREAT FIRE.

the most interesting district of the great metropolis. Vine Street recalls the time when—as was the case also at Smithfield, in Hatton Garden and in St. Giles—there was here a flourishing vineyard. We find Ben Jonson living almost under the shadow of Westminster Abbey, and suffering from the double misfortune of palsy and poverty. From the night on which, according to the ancient legend, St. Peter came over the Thames from Lambeth in the fisherman's boat, and chose a site for the Abbey or "Minster" of the West in the midst of Thorny Island, down to the present day, Westminster has ever been a spot where the pilgrim to historic shrines loves to linger. Need we remind our readers that Edward the Confessor built the Abbey, or that William the Conqueror was crowned within its walls? We see the Jews beaten nearly to death for daring to attend the coronation of Richard I.; we observe Edward I. watching the sacred stone of Scotland being placed beneath the Coronation Chair of his forefathers; we hear the *Te Deum* sung for the victory at Agincourt, and watch Henry VII. selecting a site for his last resting-place; we hear, at the coronation of Henry VIII., for the last time, the sanction of the Pope bestowed formally upon the accession of an English monarch; we note Charles Edward, "Bonnie Prince Charlie," sitting disguised in the gallery, while he looks on and sees the crown which might, under other auspices, have been his own, placed upon the head of George III.; we pity poor Queen Caroline, attempting to enter the Abbey, in order to see the ceremony performed on her worthless husband, "the first gentleman in Europe"; and we view once more, in memory, the last coronation, and draw from it auguries of a purer and happier age.



THE LAST OF TEMPLE BAR.

Westminster Abbey contains a monument to our poet,



SHAKESPEARE READING "MACBETH" BEFORE THE COURT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

erected in 1740, at the public cost, ample funds having been raised by a special performance of "Julius Cæsar," April 28th, 1838. On this monument there is a full-length figure of the poet by Scheemakers, in the costume of his day, pointing to a scroll inscribed with the following lines, altered from the "Tempest":

> "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> *And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,*
> *Leave not a wreck behind.*"

The altered lines I have distinguished by italics. The text of Shakespeare runs thus:

> "And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind."

Above the head of the figure is a plate of polished granitic marble, with raised letters of brass:

> "*Gulielmo Shakspeare,*
> *Anno post mortem CXXIV.*
> *Amor publicus posuit.*"

Shakespeare, when living near the Bear Garden, Southwark, was evidently a thriving "warm" man, for in 1597 he purchased, for £60, New Place, one of the best houses in Stratford-on-Avon. In 1613 we find Will purchasing a plot of ground not far from Blackfriars Theatre, and abutting on a street leading down to Puddle Wharf, "right against the King's Majesty's wardrobe." Shakespeare's four shares in the theatre were valued at £1,433 6s. 8d., the poet's income at this time being estimated at £400 ($2,000) a year. The Blackfriars Theatre was pulled down in Cromwell's time—1655—and houses built in its room.

In "Henry VIII." Shakespeare refers to the Strand, that well-known artery connecting the City of Westminster with the City of London. The name is of Saxon origin, and it is recorded that in the Strand the Earl of Godwin and his son Harold drew up their land forces in the insurrection which they headed against Edward the Confessor, in A. D. 1052. Between the Strand and the riverside there are four or five great and noble families whose names and histories are interwoven with the vicinity—Essex, Howard, Norfolk, Sommerset, Cecil, Percy. We read that Queen Elizabeth, in Shakespeare's time, when she rode into the city, sat on a pillion behind her Lord Chancellor, wagons and newly-invented carriages being in disfavor with her Majesty. Adjoining the Strand, and close to the Church of St. Clement's Danes, is Clement's Inn, referred to in the second part of "Henry IV." Clement's Inn, the westean boundary of the new and magnificent Law Courts—not yet completed—was so named, as we are told, by Stow, "because it standeth near to Clement's Church, but nearer to the fair fountain called Clement's Well." It is stated by Dugdale to have been an Inn of Chancery in the reign of Edward II., but Percival speaks of it as dating back only as far as the reign of Edward IV. It is Clement's Inn that Shakespeare has made immortal as the home of "Master Shallow" in his Temple days. In the garden is a celebrated bronze figure of a negro supporting a sun-dial, which was brought from Italy early in the eighteenth century. The hall of Clement's Inn, the east end of which overlooks the site of the new Law Courts, is built of brick, and is an elegant, well-proportioned room. It contains very many excellent portraits.

At the northern end of the Strand is Charing Cross, so well known to every visitor to London. Some fanciful writers ascribe the name to *chère Reine*, alluding to the cross which was set up here by Edward I., in memory of his "dear Queen," this being the Eleanor who sucked the poison from the wound of her husband—a wound received from the poisoned dagger of a Moor while in the Holy Land. Shakespeare alludes to Charing Cross in "Henry IV." (Part II.). The new cross, which stands in the inclosure opposite the magnificent Charing Cross Hotel and railway depot, is 70 feet high, and cost £1,800. It is a reproduction, as nearly as possible, of the original, and the carvings generally, of the crochets, capitals, canopies, draperies, gargoyles, etc., agrees with the best remains of the English art of the thirteenth century.

An audacious board over two small shops in Aldersgate Street, in the heart of the city, No. 134, half-way down on the west side, boldly asserts that "This was Shakespeare's House." There is no documentary evidence, and not even a tradition, to connect the great poet's name with the house, or even with the street, often as he may have visited good Master Allyen's Fortune Theatre, in Golden Lane. The assertion is as impudent as that which claims a small house opposite Chancery Lane as the palace of Wolsey and Henry VIII. An antiquary of authority has clearly shown that no residence of Shakespeare in London is actually known. There was a house in Blackfriars which he purchased in March, 1612-13, from Henry Walker, abutting from a street leading down to Puddle Wharf, in the east part, right against the King's Majesty's Wardrobe, and the counterpart of the original conveyance of which—bearing the signature of Shakespeare—is in the library at Guildhall. That house is undoubtedly connected with Shakespeare; but, although he was the owner of it, none of his editors believe he ever lived in it. Mr. Knight, and other commentators, conjecture that this was purchased in reference to some object connected with Blackfriars Theatre; but in addition to that—although we do not positively know when Shakespeare retired from London—all his biographers are of opinion that he left London, and went back to his native Stratford to spend the remainder of his days, about the year 1610 or 1611. The only other place *probably* connected with Shakespeare's name was a property in St. Helen's Parish, in the ward of Bishopsgate. This is a subsidy roll of 1598, preserved at the Carlton Ride, in which the name of "William Shakespeare" occurs as the owner of property there to the value of £5, and on which a tax of 13*s.* 4*d.* was assessed. But that roll has the memorandum "affid." affixed to his name, and that means that an affidavit had been produced, showing that he did not reside in the parish or district. Shakespeare's name in respect to that property does not occur before 1598, nor is it heard of after that date. Besides, we are not to jump to the conclusion that every William Shakespeare then living in London was the immortal Will. These are the only two houses in London that can be associated with Shakespeare, and they have long since been removed off the face of the earth. The concocter of the board in Aldersgate Street, finding out that a public-house in that neighborhood had been mentioned as a place of resort of the most celebrated wits of the sixteenth century, at once jumped to the conclusion that this was "the house"; and further, that Shakespeare, being a wit of that period, took it for granted that the poet came there to slake his thirst, and so built this house with Shakespeare's name.

Perhaps one of the most interesting old city mansions in London is Crosby Hall, in Bishopsgate, now turned into a restaurant. It is one of the finest examples of Gothic domestic architecture of the Perpendicular period, and is replete with historic associations. It was built about 1470 by Sir John Crosby, grocer and woolstapler, on ground leased from Dame Alice Armfield, Prioress of the Convent of St. Helen's. For the ground, which had a frontage of 110 feet in the "Kinge's Strete," or "Bisshoppesgate Strete," he paid £11 6*s.* 8*d.* a year. Stow says Sir John built the house of stone and timber, "very large and beautiful," and the highest at that time in London. Sir John, member of Parliament for London, Alderman, Warden of the Grocers' Company, and Mayor of the Staple of Elans, was one of the several brave citizens knighted by Edward IV. for his brave resistance to the attack on the city made by that Lancastrian filibuster, the Bastard of Falconbridge. Sir John died in 1475, four or so years only after the completion of the building. He was buried in the Church of St. Helen's. His effigy is fully armored, and the armor is worn over the alderman's mantle, while round the neck there is a collar of suns and roses, the badge of the House of York, to which the knight had adhered so faithfully.

In 1470, Crosby Hall became a palace; for the widow of Sir John parted with the new city mansion to that dark and wily intriguer, Richard, Duke of Gloucester. "There," says Sir Thomas More, "he lodged himself, and little by little all folks drew unto him, so that the Protector's Court was crowded and King Henry's left desolate."

Shakespeare, who was a resident in St. Helen's in 1598—a fact proved by the parish assessments—has thrice by name referred, in his "Richard III.," to this old city mansion, as if he found pleasure in immortalizing a place familiar to himself. It was in the Council Chamber in Crosby Hall that the Mayor, Sir Thomas Billesden, and a deputation of citizens, offered Richard the crown. It was at the same place that Richard persuaded Anne to await his return from the funeral of the murdered King Henry:

> *Gloucester.*—And if thy poor devoted servant may
> But beg one favor at thy gracious hand,
> Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
> *Anne.*—What is it?
> *Gloucester.*—That it would please thee leave these
> sad designs
> To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
> And presently repair to Crosby House.
> —*Richard III., Act* 1, *Scene* 2.

No original entrance to Crosby Hall now remains, except a flat-arched doorway communicating with the Council Chamber. In the centre of the oriel ceiling is still to be seen, in high relief, the crest of Sir John Crosby.

In "Henry V." mention is made of St. Katherine's Churchyard. St. Katherine Cree (or Christ Church) is the memorable building where Archbishop Laud performed some of those dangerous ceremonials that ultimately contributed to bring him to the scaffold. Between the years 1280 and 1303, this church was built, as a chapel for the Parish of St. Katherine's, in the churchyard of the Priory of the Holy Trinity, Christ Church, founded by Matilda, wife of Henry I., who created the parishes of St. Mary Magdalen, St. Michael, St. Katherine and the Trinity. Of the Church of St. Michael (at the angle formed by the junction of Leadenhall and Fenchurch Streets), the crypt existed in 1839, with pointed arch groining and clustered columns, the shafts of which were said to be sunk fourteen feet deep in the earth. Henry VIII., at the dissolution, gave the priory and the church to Lord Audley, who bequeathed it to Magdalen College, Cambridge. In Stow's time, the high street had been so often raised by pavements round St. Katherine's, that those who entered had to descend several steps. In the year 1628 the church, all but the tower, was pulled down, and the present building commenced, which was consecrated by Archbishop Laud, January 16th, 1630-3.

Many eminent citizens were buried in the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft, in Finsbury. Among them we may name John Kirby, the great Elizabethan merchant tailor; Stow, and Stephen Jennings, Mayor of London, another worthy merchant tailor, who, in 1520, rebuilt half the church. The present church, rebuilt 1520-32, consists of a nave and two aisles, with a ribbed and flattened perpendicular roof, painted and gilt, with flowers and emblazoned shields. The chancel has also paintings of the heavenly choir, landscapes and buildings. St. Andrew's boasts much stained glass, particularly a large painted window at the east end, containing whole-length portraits of Edward VI., Elizabeth, James, Charles I. and Charles II. It contains many valuable treasures, tablets and monuments, as might be expected in a celebrated city church lucky enough to escape the Great Fire.

In "Henry IV.," first and second parts, we find Shoreditch written by the hand of Will Shakespeare. Originally a village on the old Roman Northern Road, called by the Saxons Old Street, it is now a continuation of Bishopsgate Street. The old London tradition is, that Shoreditch derived its name from Jane Shore, the beautiful mistress of Edward IV., who, worn out with poverty and hunger, died miserably in a ditch in this unsavory suburb.

The Parish Church of St. Leonard is the actors' church of London; for, in the days of Elizabeth and James, the players of distinction from the Curtain, in Holywell Lane, and from "The Theatre," as well as those from Blackfriars Theatre and Shakespeare's Globe, were fond of residing in the parish. Perhaps nowhere in all London have rooms echoed oftener with Shakespeare's name than those of Shoreditch. The parish register records the interment of Will Somers, Henry VIII.'s favorite jester, d. 1560; Richard Tarleton, the famous clown of Queen Charlotte's time, d. 1588; James Burbage, d. 1596; and his more celebrated son, Richard Burbage, d. 1618; Gabriel Spenser, the player, who fell in 1598 in a duel with Ben Jonson; and Will Sly and Richard Cowly, two original performers in Shakespeare's plays. Another original performer in Shakespeare's plays, who lived in Holywell Street, in this parish, was Nicholas Wilkinson, *alias* Tooley, whose name is recorded in gilt letters on the north side of the altar, as a yearly benefactor of £6 10s., which sum is still distributed in bread every year to the poor inhabitants of the parish.

Moorfields and Finsbury are alluded to by Shakespeare in "Henry IV." and "Henry VIII." respectively. "This Fen, or Moor field," says Stow, "stretching from the wall of the city betwixt Bishopsgate and the postern called Cripplegate, to Finsbury, and to Holywell, continued a waste and unprofitable ground a long time, so that the same was all letten for four marks the year in the reign of Edward II." In the reign of James I. (Shakespeare's time), it was laid out in pleasant walks, and first built on after the great fire, when all the city was turned topsy-turvy. From Moorfields we have not far to go to Finsbury. It is generally supposed that the Bunhill Fields Cemetery, in Finsbury, was the site of the great plague pit, so graphically described (from hearsay) by Daniel Defoe.

In "Richard II.," Ely House acts as a landmark in the play. A little north of St. Andrews, Holborn, and running parallel to Hatton Garden, stood two rows of houses known as Ely Place. The present Ely Place and a knot of neighboring tenements, streets and alleys occupy the site of the town house, or "hostell," of the Bishop of Ely. In the reign of Elizabeth, Sir Christopher Hatton was the occupant of Ely Place. In Ralph Agas's map of London, in the time of Good Queen Bess, we see the vineyard, meadow, kitchen-garden and orchard of Ely Place just as Shakespeare saw them, extending northward from Holborn to the present Hatton Wall and Vine Street, and east and west from Saffron Hill to nearly the present

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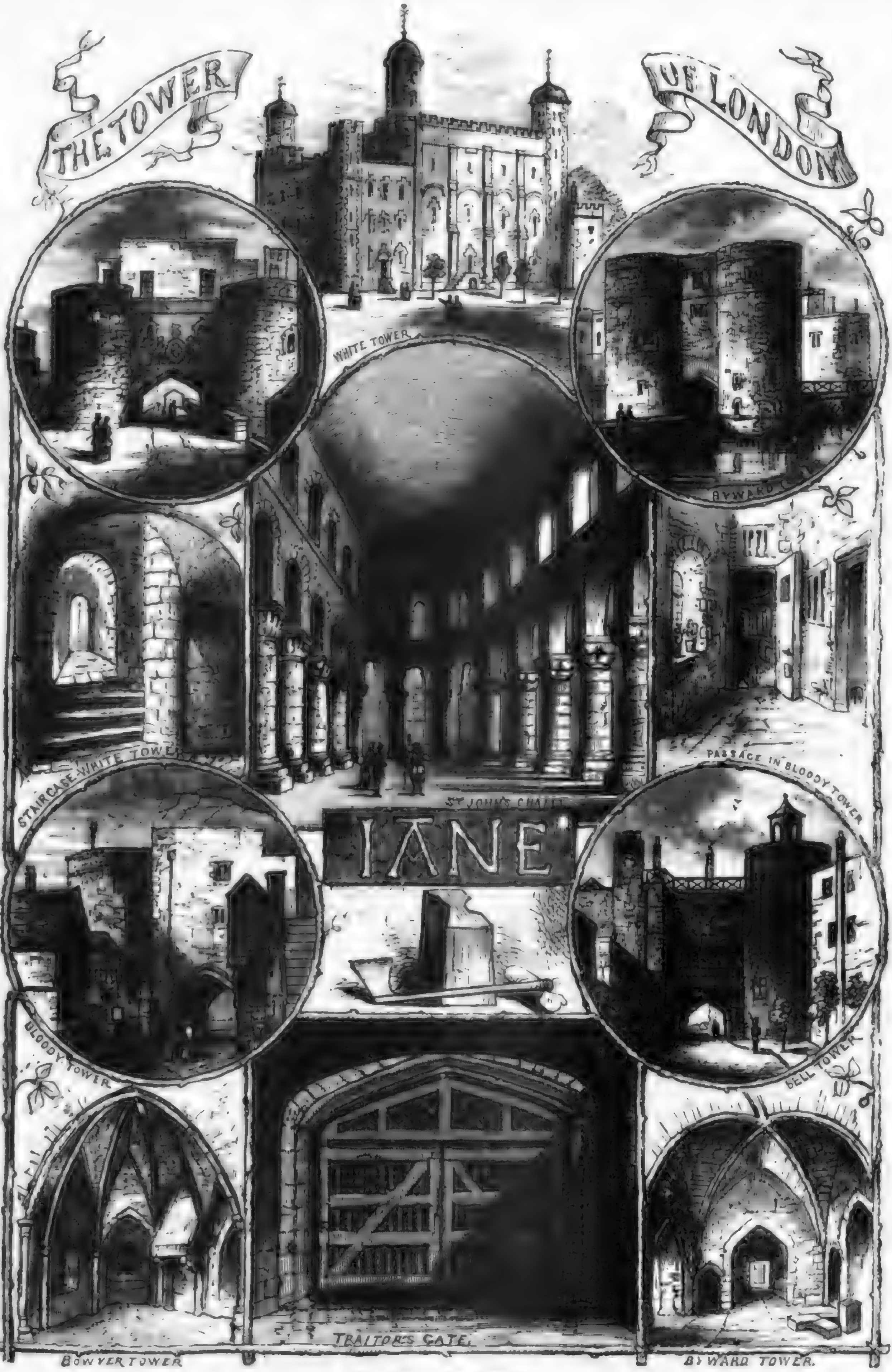
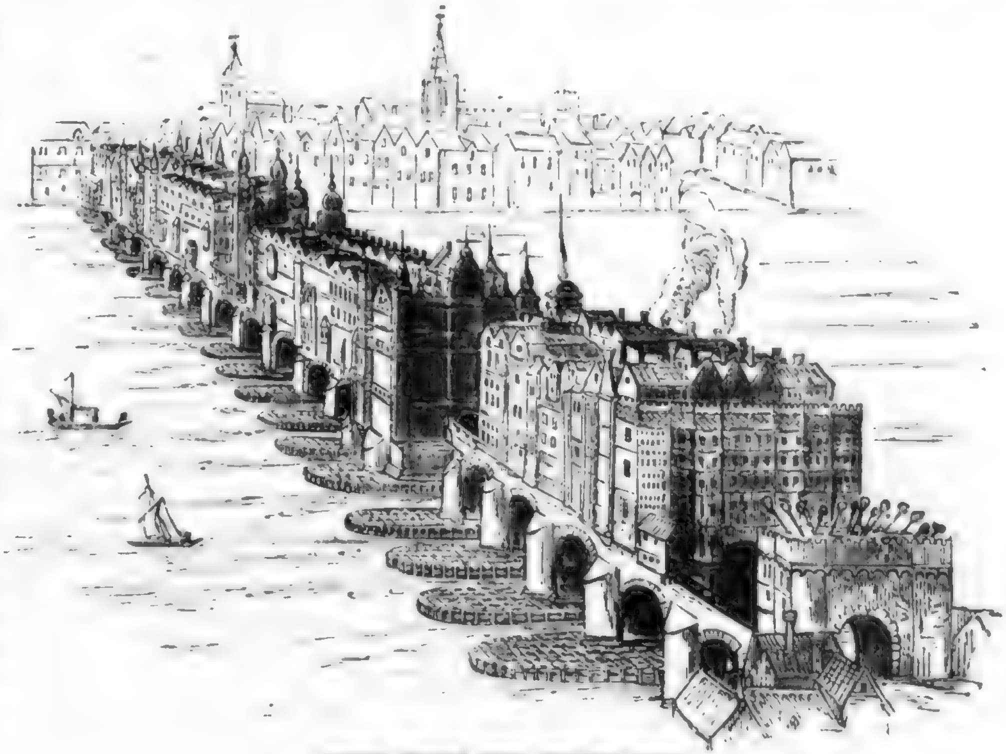

THE TOWER
OF LONDON
WHITE TOWER
BYWARD
STAIRCASE WHITE TOWER
ST JOHN'S CHAPEL
PASSAGE IN BLOODY TOWER
IANE
BLOODY TOWER
BELL TOWER
BOWYER TOWER
TRAITOR'S GATE
BYWARD TOWER

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

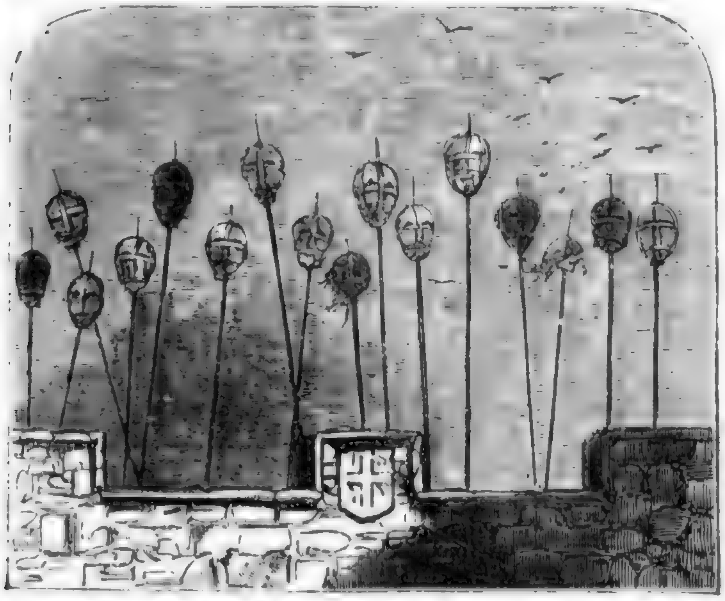
Leather Lane. A famous character in English history, "Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster," resided here at the close of his eventful life. Shakespeare, in his play of "Richard II.," Act 2, Scene 1, represents the dying nobleman, in Ely House, admonishing with his last breath his discomfited Templars. The pleasant gardens which surrounded Ely House rejoiced in the growth of fine strawberries, to wit:

> *Duke of Gloucester.*— My Lord of Ely, when I was
> last in Holborn
> I saw great strawberries in your garden there.
> I do beseech you send for some of them.

We also find mention in Shakespeare of Datchet Meade, Windsor, Gadshill, Greenwich, Brentford, and other places, all more or less within reach of London, but which lie too remote for the *métier* of this article. Brentford alone would furnish material for a volume, as at this hour of writing it is almost as Elizabethan in aspect as when the "Immortal Will" spoke of his fat man—Sir John Falstaff. Datchet Meade, too, preserves much of that form when the "Merry Wives of Windsor" disported themselves at the poet's fancy. With Shakespeare's London we have had to do, and I trust that the odd peeps which we have taken will but serve to render the student of Shakespeare desirous of seeing for himself.



LONDON BRIDGE WITH ITS BUILDINGS.



DECORATIONS OF LONDON BRIDGE IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME—HEADS OF PERSONS EXECUTED FOR TREASON.

MADGIE'S HERO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GOURLAY BROTHERS," ETC.

"So THIS is the end of all your romance, Madgie! this is the 'hero' you so often vowed you would marry! Well, I confess I am surprised."

"And disappointed, too—why don't you add that, Nellie?" Mrs. Bentick said, as she led the way to a cozy little sitting-room, where a cheery fire was burning. "Sit down, dear, and drink your tea, and have a little rest before dinner. Some day, perhaps, you'll have a better opinion of Phil, and even learn to admire him—who knows?"

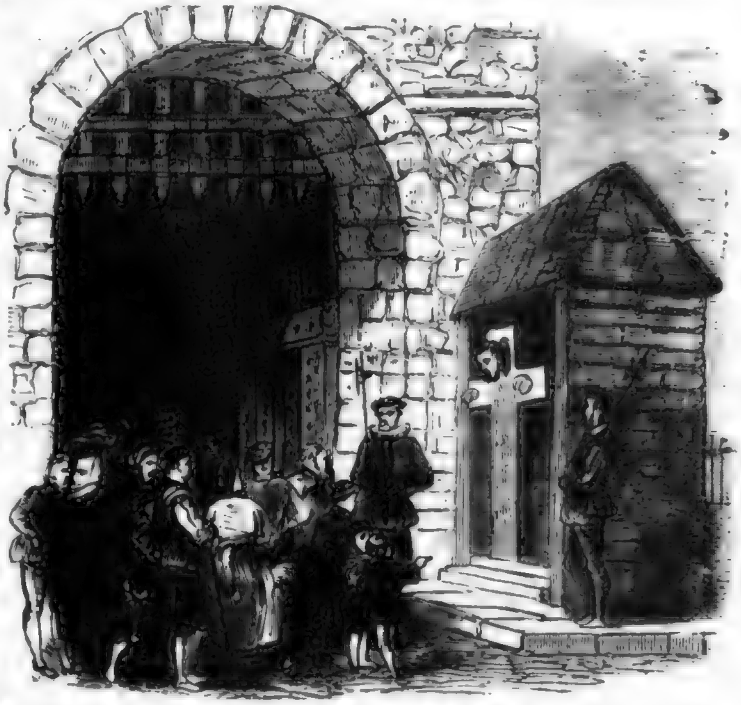
"But, Madgie, he really isn't a bit handsome, nor romantic-looking, nor poetic, nor *anything;* and I did so hope and expect he would be—different." And Nellie Grahame paused for want of a word to express fully all she had expected Madgie Mason's husband to be.

Nellie and Madgie had been friends at school, and when they parted—the former to join her father in India, Madgie to take up her abode with her uncle, Captain Mason, at the Woodlands—they had vowed eternal constancy, and exchanged schoolgirl pledges of affection and remembrance.

Scarcely six months after leaving school Madgie was alone in the world, heiress of Woodlands and all her uncle's wealth, and with Doctor Philip Bentick for her sole guardian. Nellie was in India, and there seemed no immediate prospect of Major Grahame returning, and as Madgie had no other "dear friend," to Nellie she poured out all her heart on paper, dwelling at great length on her delightful, solitary, romantic life at Woodlands, and her unalterable resolution to marry a real *bona fide* hero, or remain for ever Madgie Mason.

And Phil Bentick was the end of all her dreams!

"He's decidedly ugly," Nellie said, glancing at a photograph which stood on the chimney-piece. "I'm sure, if I had the misfortune to marry such a man, I wouldn't have his likeness in every conspicuous



THE PILLORY ON LONDON BRIDGE.

place in the house. I'm surprised at Madgie, with her love of everything beautiful, and her own pretty face and fortune. She surely might have done better; and yet she seems happy and contented enough, though she was such a hero-worshiper."

Nellie had come, in accordance with a long-standing promise, to pay Madgie a visit. It was their first meeting since they had left school, five years before, and she had expected to find her friend just the same as ever—gushing, sentimental, impulsive—with a dreamy, dark-eyed lover-husband, fond of poetry, and with a decided air of mystery about him. Nothing could be more unlike her preconceived idea than Phil Bentick, with his rough, seamed face, cheery voice, hearty laugh, and burly frame—a busy, active, energetic, hard-working, practical country doctor, ten years older than Madgie if he was a moment, and, oh! so ugly.

And yet Philip Bentick had had his romance, too. He had been old Captain Mason's medical attendant, and after his death Madgie's sole counselor, "guide, philosopher and friend." Woodlands was a roomy, old-fashioned country house, buried in pleasant woods, five miles from a village, thirteen from a town. The nearest neighbors on one side were only rough-and-ready farmers, on the other poor fisher-folk, who tried to wring a wretched subsistence from the sea and barren westerly shore.

But Madgie was not lonely. She loved Woodlands, loved to wander all day through the gardens with a volume of poetry or an old romance in her hand, loved the distant glimpses of the sea, loved the dreamy solitude, which she peopled with heroes and heroines of her own creating—very delightful, but wholly impracticable individuals.

But with all her sentiment, Madgie was very charming, and it was not surprising that Dr. Bentick—despite his being her guardian, and a poor struggling country doctor into the bargain—should fall in love with her. It was what every one expected, and Madgie herself was the only person astonished or unprepared when one day, in plain, honest fashion, he told her of his love, and asked her to be his wife. It was as if Madgie had been awakened from a very pleasant dream by a rough shake. During the two years she had been at Woodlands she had become accustomed to the doctor. He had always been at hand to consult, to confide in, and take all responsibility off her shoulders. She was used to his honest face and kindly voice, to his constant attentions and occasional lectures, and in a way she liked them; but the first idea of loving or marrying him never entered her head, for the doctor was commonplace to the last degree, and entirely devoid of all sentiment and romance, and Madgie had set her whole heart on "a hero." But Phil Bentick was not destitute of feeling; and when Madgie, more plainly than politely, declined his proposal, the look of pain and sorrow in his clear, honest gray eyes would have accorded with the most extravagant protestations of despair and misery. But he did not give way to them—only apologized gravely for having troubled Miss Mason, and was taking his departure in the most matter-of-fact way, when Madgie burst into impetuous explanation.

"It's not that I dislike you, Phil, or like any one else better, and I know you're twice too good for me; only——"

"Only what, Madgie?"

Down went her brown head in confusion. It was not easy to tell a man to his face that he was not a hero, and that was the sole objection she had to Philip Bentick.

"Only what, Madgie?" he repeated, sternly. "Is it wealth I lack? or am I too old—too ugly, or have I simply the misfortune to meet with your general disapproval? Tell me what my failings are, that I may try and mend them."

Madgie looked up into the grave, earnest face that bent over her, and burst into tears.

"It isn't *any* of those things, Phil," she sobbed. "I'm sure you're handsome enough" ("just like 'Lara,'" she added, mentally), "and rich enough; and—oh, Phil, if you could only do something!—something great, I mean. I do so want my husband to be a hero!"

"Ah, is that it? Madgie, dear," after a long silence, "don't you think a man may be a hero without doing anything *very* great—without his name being familiar in men's mouths, his fame blazoned abroad by newspapers? Must he seek 'the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth'?"

"I love a hero, Phil!—a great, brave, famous man! I should like the whole world to know and respect my husband. Can't you do something—anything, Phil?"

"Can't you love me just as I am, Madgie? I don't want my wife to be a heroine, only sweet and true and lovable, just as you are, Madgie dear. I was not 'born great,' and it is not given to every man to 'achieve greatness.' My duty seems to lie straight before me here in this quiet little village, and I try to do it. Does that count for nothing, Madgie?"

"Yes, yes, I know. But, Phil, I cannot marry a mere country doctor whom no one ever heard of. If you really love me, prove it. Do some brave, noble deed—even try to do something. You know how immeasurably—

"'———high failure oversteps the bounds
Of low success.'"

"You do not love me, Madgie. Forgive me for having troubled you. Good-by."

"Phil, you know I do care about you—a little; but I love honor more."

Dr. Bentick smiled sadly at the girl's silly fancies.

"It all comes of living so much alone, and reading nonsensical romances," he mused. "Madgie's heart is all right, but her head is sadly wrong, poor child. She'll be wiser one day, perhaps."

But as the months passed by, Madgie showed no signs of improvement; indeed, she became, if possible, more confirmed in her "heroic" ideas, avoiding all society, and feeding her fancies with all sorts of poetic visions. The doctor no longer visited Woodlands in the old familiar, friendly way, for he felt that Madgie avoided him, and, when that was impossible, treated him with constrained civility.

"I'll go away for a time," he said, one evening, the last of his guardianship, for Madgie would be of age on the morrow. "I'll volunteer for a few months' active service on the Gold Coast. During my absence she may meet with her ideal 'hero,' or forget me—poor Madgie!"

The next day he went up to Woodlands to congratulate his ward on reaching her majority, and have a final interview with her lawyer, and mentioned incidentally his intention of going abroad for a few months.

"Going abroad, Phil!" Madgie cried, the color rushing to her pale cheeks. "When? where? why?"

"I have not been feeling very bright lately, and I fancy a change may do me good. An old college chum of mine, surgeon on the *Aphrodite*, has just married, and we're trying, if it can be managed, for us to exchange for a few months. His ship is ordered to the Gold Coast, and he can't possibly have his wife either precede, follow, or accompany him there. He'd enjoy a few quiet months here in Broadbay, and I shouldn't mind having a peep at King Koffee."

"And when are you going, Phil?"

"If it can be arranged, in about a fortnight. Clemens thinks there will be no difficulty, as he has some friends high up in the Admiralty, and he has married the daughter of the captain of the *Aphrodite*. I have no doubt it can be arranged; and, if not, I'll take a cruise to Ashantee on my own hook. I fancy I want a holiday."

"I hope you will enjoy it very much, doctor," Madgie said, her ardor considerably damped by his cool, careless way of speaking. Evidently he was not going to make a hero or a martyr of himself on her account; and yet, in her secret heart, she was delighted. An adventure was the only thing Phil required to make him perfect in her eyes; and an adventure, even if it were only a touch of yellow fever, could scarcely fail to befall him on the Gold Coast.

* * * * * * *

"Good-by, Madgie. I thought, a few weeks ago, I should be taking a longer journey; but our separation will be no less effectual, though only a few miles instead of a few thousand separate us."

"What do you mean, Phil? Aren't you going on the *Aphrodite*, after all?" and Madgie glanced despairingly at the huge chest and the numerous small parcels she had packed with such care for Phil's comfort and consolation on the voyage. "You have not changed your mind at the last moment, have you?"

"Yes, I have, but not altogether without a reason. You know poor Daventry?"

"Yes; what has he to do with it?"

"He's ill—down with smallpox, poor fellow! He has worked like a giant night and day this last fortnight at Millbay, where smallpox is raging. Daventry's wife is down, too, and their only child was buried yesterday I must go over at once."

"Into the very middle of infection! You shan't—you mustn't, Phil! Why, it's frightful in Millbay—every house infected!"

"And no doctor to look after the poor creatures; think of that, Madgie. Daventry, poor fellow, faced it all by himself—never so much as let me know the outbreak was serious; and it was only by the merest accident I heard of his illness. Now I must go, dear; every moment is precious. It may be long before we meet again, Madgie; we may never meet in this world. Heaven bless you always, darling—may you be as happy as I wish you."

"Phil, you mustn't go! What have you to do with Millbay? Phil, Phil! come back!"

But he was already far down the avenue, obeying a far more powerful voice than Madgie Mason's—the voice of duty.

Millbay was a remote fishing village about eleven miles from Broadbay, situated in a low, marshy inlet of the sea, and surrounded by stagnant swamps. The people were poor, ignorant, ill-fed, worse clad, and the low, unhealthy situation of the village, and undrained, unventilated houses, made them peculiarly liable to disease of all sorts. It was there Phil Bentick turned his steps unhesitatingly. With a brave heart he entered Dr. Daventry's residence and took his duties on himself. For weeks the disease raged with unusual violence—whole families were carried off, young and old alike; and with want, approaching famine, and virulent disease, Dr. Bentick struggled alone. No help came from any quarter. The inhabitants of Millbay were always secluded, and the place was shunned as if plague-stricken. Even the postman who toiled through the marshes twice a week forsook the place. Rank grass grew thickly in the middle of the long, straggling High Street; the boats drifted out with the tide unheeded; and the stealthy tread of some stricken parent or child, seeking assistance to bury their dead, was the only sound that broke the awful sultry stillness of the long, scorching August days.

"This is terrible!" Phil said to himself one evening, as he walked wearily along the seacoast, gasping for a breath of fresh air. "Thank heaven, Daventry is nearly well, for I feel I cannot stand it much longer. Mentally and physically I am worn out, and more likely to do harm than good. If I could only shut out this frightful picture for an hour, and get one breath of untainted air, I should feel better."

At that moment a low moan sounded somewhere near, and, pausing, he leaned over the wall to see from whom it came. Unconsciously, he had reached the village graveyard, a lonely spot by the shore, only distinguished from the surrounding marshes by a few rude headstones and rugged wooden crosses, and row upon row of new-made graves. By one of them a woman was kneeling, scratching with both feeble hands at a small fresh mound of earth, while now and again a low moan burst from her lips. She was ill, weak, emaciated, and the doctor recognized her as a woman who had suffered severely—recovering, as by a miracle, having lost her husband and five children. Three days before he had seen her with an infant in her arms, the only living thing left her; now it lay beneath her ragged cloak, the last of all her flock.

Vaulting over the low wall, the doctor approached her gently.

"My good woman, what are you doing here?" he whispered, laying his hand on her shoulder.

"Let me bury my dead!" she cried, fiercely, pointing to her cloak. "Go away, and leave me with my people!"

"No, no—let me;" and taking a spade that lay near, he dug a grave, and reverently placed the tiny form, wrapped in its mother's cloak, in it; then he covered it over hurriedly, and, taking the wretched mother by the arm, led her from the spot.

"Heaven for ever bless you, sir!" she said, bursting into tears, as she took a last look at the little grave. "Now I am, indeed, alone, the last of my name and race—father, mother, husband, children, friends—all gone!" and she sank down by the open gateway, and refused to move further. "Let me die here, sir!" she cried; "here, beside my loved ones. What have I done that the Almighty should leave me?"

Sick at heart, the doctor turned away. Such scenes had not been uncommon in Millbay during the preceding month, but he had never witnessed anything like it, and the horror of it was on his mind during the weary weeks that followed; for he, too, was seized with the frightful illness, stricken down as with a sudden blow. For weeks he lay hovering between life and death, and when he awoke to consciousness, the first face he saw bending over him was that of the poor mother he had seen before his illness. Day and night she had tended him with unceasing care, and seemed to forget her own illness and sorrow in watching over him. It was the end of August when he was taken ill; it was the middle of October before he was able to creep feebly out-of-doors and sit in the sunshine. Once only had he looked in a mirror, and then the reflection of his seamed, scarred, livid face staggered him. On no one had the disease made such fearful ravages; yet not a soul who survived in the village of Millbay but blessed every seam, and reverenced every purple scar, and found a beauty in them that might be coveted by an angel. Surely it was their prayers and blessings, their looks of love and tears of gratitude, that reconciled him at last to his terribly altered appearance. "If my love was hopeless before,

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THE MILL AT LONDON BRIDGE.

it's doubly so now," he said to himself, one day. "Did any one ever hear, I wonder, of a pock-marked hero? and yet it was all wisely ordained. My duty lay straight before me, however it may end for me."

It was Christmas before the doctor thought it perfectly safe to return to his cottage at Broadbay. His own had been the last case of the disease in Millbay, and all signs of infection had long since disappeared. He had recovered his strength, too; his step was as light and free as of old, his voice as cheery, his smile as genial; but the deep, discolored scars were still on his face, indelibly printed there, and it was only those to whom he had ministered in their sore need that saw a radiant beauty in them. For himself, he had almost forgotten them. What was a scar or two on his face to the deep, deep, sore scars on his heart? Who would care a jot whether a poor, solitary country doctor was ugly, or the reverse? Such were his thoughts as he drove up to his cottage, with Mrs. Norton, the poor solitary widow, beside him. She insisted on following him and serving him, and she was so utterly alone that he had not the heart to say her nay. A blue line of smoke curled from the chimneys, a cheery glow of firelight danced on the window-panes, the door stood hospitably open, to his unbounded surprise.

"Ah! this is like coming home. What good fairy has been at work, I wonder?" he said, stepping into the light and warmth. "Madgie! oh, my darling, is it indeed you?"

"Me, Phil! why, of course; who else could it be?" Then drawing closer: "Dear Phil, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, Madgie?" he said, huskily; "forgive you what?"

"My folly. I'm wiser now, Phil, and I think I know the value of the treasure I once despised."

"Come nearer to the light, Madgie, and look at me. I'm less like a hero now than ever!"

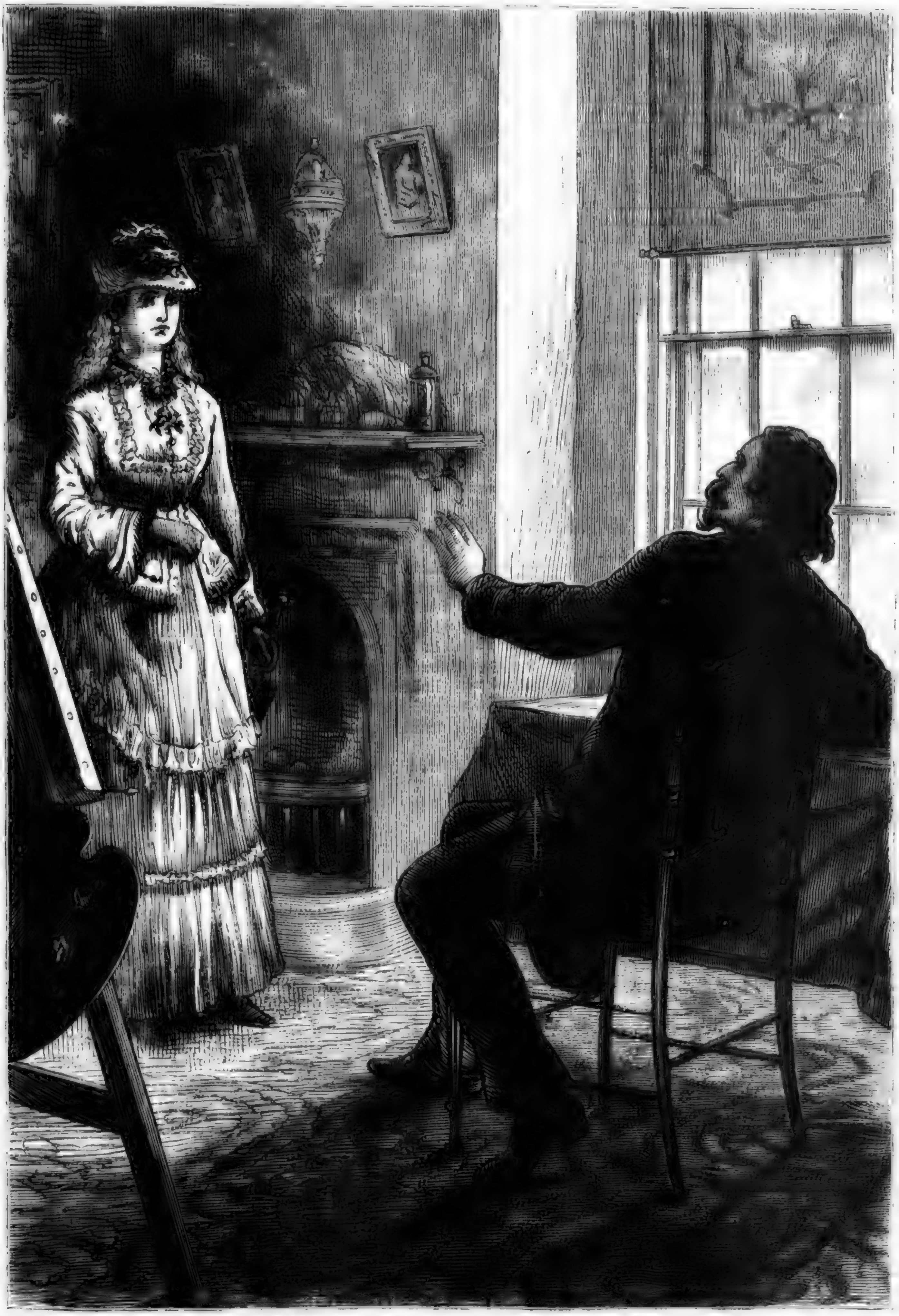
"Phil, I wouldn't have one of these changed," and she laid her hand lightly on his cheek. "I would not give one unsightly scar for the Cross of the Legion of Honor. You are the hero of my heart now; long ago I wanted the hero of my fancy and imagination. Forgive me, Phil, and let us forget all my folly, for I'm heartily ashamed of it."

Just then the bells of Broadbay Church rang out a joyous peal, and friends gathered round to welcome back the doctor, and wring his hand heartily, looking the praises they could not speak. To go forth bravely in search of honor, and return victorious, is a great thing; to go forth and brave death at the call of duty is a good thing. And as Phil Bentick glanced round at the kindly faces about him, he felt he had his full reward.

A few weeks after, Madgie and Phil were married; and when Nellie Grahame came to pay her long-promised visit in the Summer, and heard by degrees the whole story, she was forced to admit that Madgie's hero was a real hero after all, and one "whose like" we do not meet with every day.

It seems odd to remember that in the time of Charles I. heavy fines were levied on country gentlemen who preferred dwelling in London to residing on their country estates. A certain Mr. Palmer, a Sussex squire, was made an example of by the Star Chamber. He was a rich bachelor, and pleaded earnestly for leave to remain in London, urging the not unreasonable excuse that his country house had been burnt down; but his judges fined him £1,000, and ordered him away.

A STREET IN OLD LONDON.



HIS SLEEPING PRINCESS.—"HOW LONG HE REMAINED THUS HE NEVER KNEW; BUT AT LENGTH HE RAISED HIS HEAD AND STARTED BACK, FOR SHE STOOD BESIDE HIM, 'CELESTIAL, ROSY RED.'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE WIPER AWAY OF TEARS.

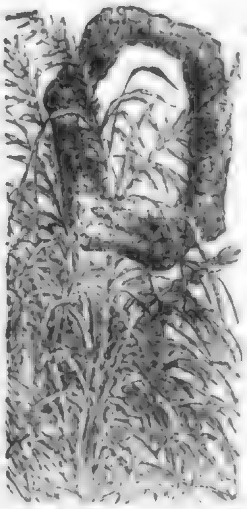
O Thou! who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!
The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When Winter comes are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes nor cheers,
And even the hope, that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too,
Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy Wing of Love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our Peace branch from above?
Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day!

HIS SLEEPING PRINCESS.

By John Moran.

Chapter I.



In glade and hillside hotly shone July's strong sun, till the air, heavy with the scent of Summer blossoms, seemed woven into a palpable gauze-woof. The landscape was bathed in ambient warmth, and the stillness was only stirred by the drowsy hum of insects or the faint twitter of some sleepy bird.

One object alone gave motion to the scene—a girl, who sauntered slowly down the path leading to Kilgorman Woods. As soon as she got beneath the shady trees, she took off her hat and shook out loosely her thick golden hair, over which the sun-shadowed changes danced and played as they fell through the interlaced branches. That golden aureole crowned her what her loveliness of face and figure proclaimed her—a princess, born daughter of Queen Aphrodite.

After walking some distance further, she turned indolently into a closely wooded copse, and presently reached a brook, which, falling above and below bare, moss-grown rocks, sent out spray to gem the herbage on either side, while in the midst it flowed in an eddying stream. The sunlight could not pierce here in its fullness, but it filled the place with a quiet warmth and rich color, occasionally striking some shadow into brightness by a sudden beam. Here was a sylvan retreat fit for this dryad, and here evidently it was her intention to remain.

First she idly plucked some wild-flowers that grew within her reach, and then, taking out a book, seated herself on a soft, couch-like mound close to the runnel's edge. A happy thought seemed to strike her, for in a moment she had bared—

> "Her hovering feet,
> More bluely-veined, more soft, more whitely sweet
> Than those of sea-born Venus, when she rose
> From out her cradle-shell,"

and with the happy *abandon* of a child, dabbled them in the cool water, while she settled herself luxuriously to read. At intervals she would lean back her head, displaying her firm, round throat, and close her eyes in dreamy, languorous enjoyment. Was it the charm of her book which took possession of her, or did the subtle influences and romantic beauty of the place steal her insensibly from herself? I know not; I only know that in one of these intervals the head remained longer than usual on the moss, mingling its burnished hair with the wild-flowers she had plucked, the long lashes scarcely quivered on the flushed cheek, and the little hand that held the book lay listlessly in her lap, while the other was thrown mechanically above her head. In short, my dryad had fallen asleep.

She had not lain long thus when the dense undergrowth on the opposite side of the stream was pushed aside, and a face appeared—

> "With as sunburnt looks
> As may be read of in Arcadian books."

The owner of the face, a young man and handsome, started when he first noticed the sleeper; then a beholder, had there been such, might have seen his look change from surprise to admiration, and his eyes seem as if they could never have their fill of gazing. At length he drew a long breath, and showed his teeth in a smile, as he produced a sketch-book and sat down on a stone. For the space of a quarter of an hour no sound broke the quietude, as the artist, who was dressed after a picturesque fashion, sketched away, his brown eyes dwelling on his lovely subject.

At the end of that time he closed his book and rose, looking wistfully at the stream, as if he would fain cross it. Just then, however, the sleeper stirred, and with a bound he disappeared through the shrubbery from which he had before emerged. The rustling noise alarmed her, and on her elbow she raised herself with a start, and stared around.

"Oh! I have been sleeping," she said, aloud; "I wonder what that noise was."

Then, stretching herself languidly, she withdrew her feet from the water, re-shod them, and picking up her hat, book and flowers, turned her back on stream and copse.

Meanwhile, the artist, Maurice Lambert by name, was strolling back to his lodging in the little Irish village, well pleased with his adventure, and wondering when he should again behold the sleeping beauty.

"I can make a good picture of it," he mused, as he lit his cigar; "perhaps inaugurate my fortune, if there be such a thing in store for me. I wonder who and what she is?—lovely, at any rate."

Thus ran the tenor of his thoughts all that evening. He took up book after book, but the one sweet face with its changing color beamed out of every page, and during the night reduplicated itself in dreams. Early in the morning he rose and mounted his canvas, for the resolve to paint the picture was irrepressible, and no less strong was his desire to know more concerning the source of his inspiration.

"Are there any pretty girls in this neighborhood, Mrs. Kelly?" he asked, after some little time.

"Purty girls, is it, sir?" Irish-like, the garrulous old woman made answer. "Did ye ever hear tell of the spot in Ireland where there wasn't galore? Why, there's Miss Loftus, an' Miss O'Leary, an' the Miss Curtises, an' lashin's besides; niver to spake of the queen of them, Miss Nina."

Hereupon Lambert skillfully led the nowise unwilling Mrs. Kelly into a dissertation on these various beauties, from which he arrived at the decided conclusion that the peerless "Miss Nina" was the object of his quest. Not that Mrs. Kelly was much of a hand at definite description; but she left the impression on his mind that "Miss Nina" was bewildering beyond description—in short, such an one as Una, who—

> "Made a sunshine in the shady place."

He further learned that Miss Nina Gorman, of Kilgorman, was an orphan heiress (at which intelligence his soul sank to his boots), restrained only by an old guardian, who looked on her as a miracle of beauty, goodness and cleverness; that she was by many considered eccentric and headstrong; that she had a legion of admirers, who endured alternately her ridicule and indifference; but that, beyond doubt, she was "the best and purtiest darlin' the Lord ever made."

For the "purtiness" Maurice could himself vouch, provided "Miss Nina" and his subject were identical—of which he had but little doubt. He had, moreover, experienced her unconscious power of sunshine-making, and was fully prepared to believe all good of her. So he lit his cigar and strolled out.

"Heigho!" he sighed, "what the deuce have I to do with heiresses?—a poor devil who has sometimes to solve very unsatisfactorily the problem how to dine on fourpence; with expectations, too, the most visionary and remote. Well, then, as Ancient Pistol hath it, 'the world's mine oyster, which I with sword' (I mean pencil) 'will open.' Come what may, I must see her once again, at any rate."

He was of that sunny temperament which lets the morrow take heed for the things of itself; and so, with sanguine hopes in his heart, and bright projects in his brain, he sauntered carelessly on in the glad Summer weather.

He was walking along a bypath skirting the woods—heading, in fact, for the spot where we first forgathered with him—when he heard a sharp scream, as of some one in pain. In a moment he sprang over the hedge, and was running toward the place whence the sound came.

A second cry guided him round a corner, and within five yards of a girl—the longed-for one, surely—on whose arm a fierce bloodhound had fastened. Rushing forward, he caught the brute round the throat with both hands, and strove to choke him off. This he accomplished, with some difficulty, in time to hand him over to a keeper, who, just at this juncture, ran up in breathless alarm.

Then Maurice turned to the girl, who had leaned up against a tree, and bravely bared her mangled arm. He looked for a second in her face—the fairest, he thought, that ever pain made pale—and said, quietly, though the hot blood surged through his veins the while:

"Will you sit down here, and allow me to bind up your wound?"

"Thank you—it is rather painful," she returned, faintly and half apologetically, as she handed him her handkerchief.

He took it from her, and filling his hat with water from a spring close by, bathed the dimpled arm so cruelly torn as tenderly as a woman could have done, bound it up—longing all the time to cover it with kisses—loosed the blue silk scarf from his neck, and, making a sling of it, passed it under the wounded member.

During these operations he had never dared to look in her face, and no word had escaped either; but now, as he finished, he glanced up at her. To his intense dismay, her eyes were closed and her face deadly white. Quick as thought he ran for more water, which he dashed on her brow, and had the satisfaction of seeing her revive and rise, smiling faintly, as she said:

"I have been dreadfully stupid to give you so much trouble, sir."

Then, while Maurice Lambert stammered out his protestations of delight at being of service, she turned to the keeper, who held the half-strangled hound in a leash. He had remained, watching the whole business in a helplessly compassionate manner, uttering a jumble of excuses, explanations and commiserations, which had all fallen on heedless ears.

"I told Mr. Burke before," she said, imperiously "that I wouldn't allow those dogs on my property. Now, tell him that if I see or hear of them once again, I'll have *them* shot and *him* prosecuted for this, as sure as my name is Nina Gorman!" The man commenced to explain, but she cut him short by saying: "I don't blame you at all, Ned; however, see that your master gets my message." Then she faced her deliverer once more, and holding out her left hand, continued: "I shall see you soon again, sir, and thank you better; at present, I don't feel equal to it."

"Let me walk home with you," he cried, eagerly—only to be damped by the rejoinder: "Thank you—no; I have but a few yards to go. Good-by, and many thanks."

And she walked slowly away, without even inquiring his name.

Poor fellow! She had spoken to him, and given him her hand; he had bathed and bound that soft, beautiful arm, tingling with desire to clasp her to his breast, and she had his scarf about her neck; and now he stood in a perfect tremor, watching her lissom, lovely figure till he could see it no longer, and feeling that round his heart she had bound something softer, yet ten thousand times stronger, than silk.

As he tore himself at length from the spot, it was with the sentiment of that old line of Ronsard's running like a refrain through his thoughts:

> "Vous ne verrez jamais chose plus belle."

Chapter II.

Maurice Lambert went back to commence his picture, sadly conscious of his impotence to resist the spell cast around him, and as sadly expectant of bitterness in store. For the first time in his life he felt a fierce rebellion against his fate.

"Am I not a better man," he thought, "than thousands that roll in wealth? and yet this inequality is not enough, but I must be tormented by desires that can never know fulfillment, and love that can only breed eternal regrets. It is too hard, too bitter, to endure!"

All this time he worked impetuously at his picture, as if striving in his work to forget himself; but he found that impossible.

All night through he tossed sleeplessly, and at dawn rose and resumed his brush.

Later in the day he went out, and by an irresistible impulse turned toward Kilgorman, though he called himself an idiot a thousand times on the way.

Miss Gorman was ill, he was told, and confined to her room, so he turned wearily from the door, after leaving his card.

Several days passed in this fashion. He painted fitfully, wandered aimlessly, brooded incessantly, and inquired daily at Kilgorman, still receiving the same answer.

Mrs. Kelly wondered what could be wrong that he, once so merry and talkative, was now reserved and gloomy.

"Mebbe them paints is bad for the stummick," she said, confidentially, to one of her cronies; "I b'lieve a drop of that herb-tay I brewed meself, wid the laste flavor

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of the stone jar in it, would do Mr. Lambert a power of good."

Ah, Mrs. Kelly, the potion was never distilled by human hands that could cure this disease. *Væ victis!*

On the first Sunday succeeding his double adventure, Maurice turned aimlessly into the village church. As he sat looking round him, there passed up the aisle—so near to him that her dress touched his arm—a young lady, followed by a stiff, elderly gentlewoman. Instinctively he felt it was Miss Gorman, and his heart beat tumultuously when, after seating herself, she suffered her eyes to wander over the congregation.

At length her glance rested on him, and he saw the faintest smile of recognition ripple over her face. On that day, from that moment, the church was truly to him "a little heaven below."

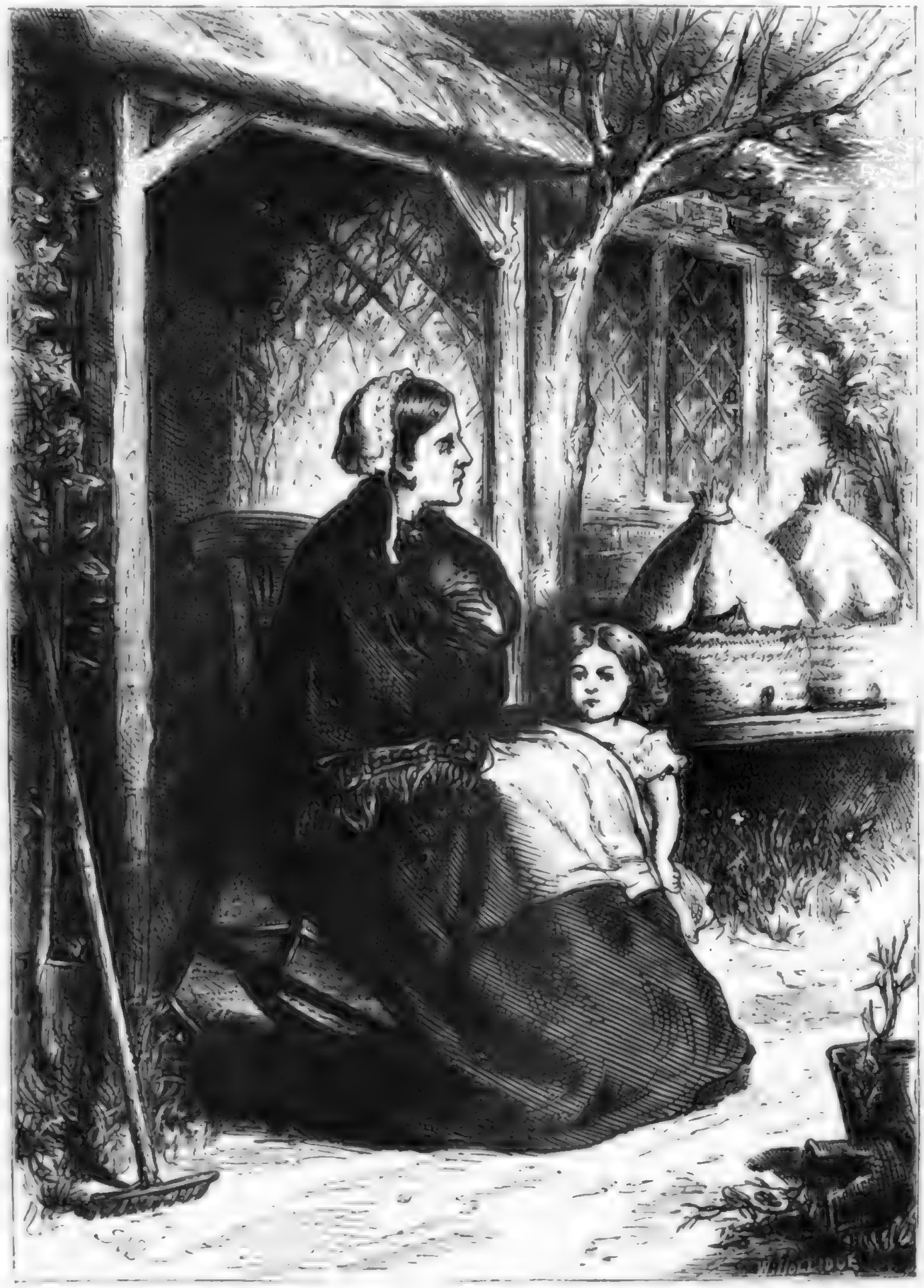
How the service was rendered, or what the sermon was like, he had not the vaguest idea. He only saw, heard, felt Nina, Nina, Nina.

When all was over, he waited in the porch till there bore down on him a golden-aureoled vision of loveliness, with blue eyes beaming and red lips parted, and tiny hands outstretched. This, at least, was what *he* saw.

"Don't think me ungrateful Mr. Lambert," she said, "for indeed I am not; but I have been so ill ever since, that I have not been able to look you up in the village."

Commonplace language this seems to you and me but to him—

> "Her voice was like the voice the stars
> Had when they sang together."



THE WIPER-AWAY OF TEARS.—"BUT THOU WILT HEAL THAT BROKEN HEART."—SEE PAGE 18.

"I hope you are quite better now, Miss Gorman," he managed to get out.

"Oh, yes, thanks to your good surgery!" she answered. "But now I want to take you home with me, if you are not otherwise engaged."

Engaged! He would have thrown up an engagement to dine in paradise, or dance with the houris, had he made such.

"Oh, I quite forgot!" she continued. "My friend, Miss Shiel: Mr. Lambert, who saved me from that dreadful dog."

Miss Shiel, an acidulous person in spectacles, who had hitherto occupied the background, surveyed Maurice suspiciously, and bowed grimly in response to his profound salutation, and then the willing captive was borne off toward an old, creeper-grown Irish house.

Totally oblivious of Miss Shiel's existence, he and his captor wandered through gardens, shrubberies and closes, talking on various topics; but Maurice only felt that there was a music in Nina's voice and a fragrance in her presence that he would gladly revel in for ever. After dinner, Miss Shiel, who, despite her Gorgon-like exterior, was but a frail mortal, succumbed to soporific influences in an easy-chair, and left the two to uninterrupted converse.

Nina, who by this time had learned the artist's calling, led him to a little room hung round with choice pictures, which she called her gallery.

Passing before these, she dexterously drew him out, and, being really an enthusiastic devotee of art, he talked so well and so long, that he started at last to find the twilight deepening, and his auditor gazing intently in his face. He reddened, and stopped abruptly, with some excuse for "talking shop," and then they returned to the drawing-room, where Miss Shiel still peacefully, if not altogether peaceably, slumbered.

Here, as they stood by the window, Miss Gorman said, suddenly:

"I suppose you have heard strange things of me? You know I'm looked upon as almost insane by some people."

"I have heard nothing but praise of you," returned Maurice, thinking he should like to have any one who spoke ill of her within arm's length.

"That is something new," she returned, smiling. "I manage my own property, therefore I am masculine; and I have established a school in the village, therefore I am presumptuous. The teacher is reported to have said once that he doubted if such a man as Adam ever lived; so rector, presbyter and priest alike taboo the school. However, he is a clever man and a good teacher, and, as I chiefly pay him, I choose to keep him, even if he were a Turk; besides, my school is filled with children, both Catholic and Protestant, and the other schools are almost deserted. Can you credit that?"

"I can well believe that nobody, or nothing, could resist you," answered Maurice—(from which fatuous remark it will be readily seen into what deep waters he was getting).

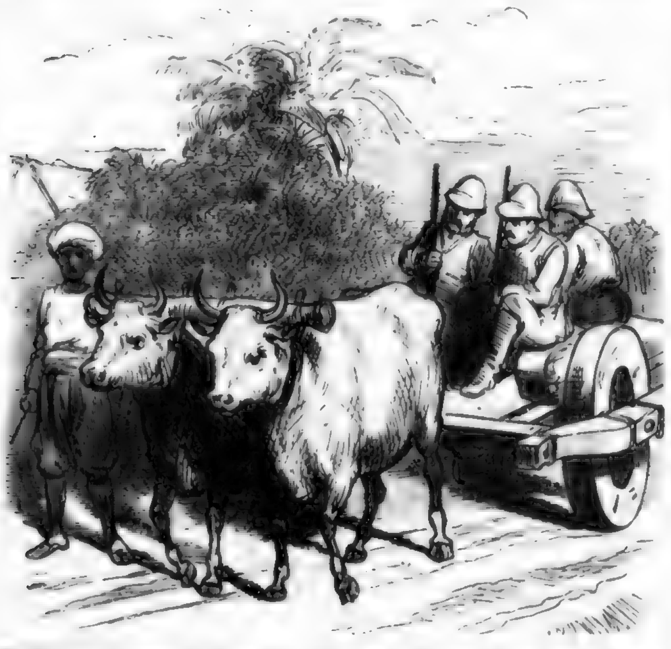
"No compliments, Mr. Lambert," she laughed, holding up her finger, "or I must class you with the other men who deal in such merchandise. The women only gossip about me. Their latest gossip is that I mean to marry my schoolmaster. Have you heard of it?"

"No, indeed!" he replied. "Mrs. Kelly, with whom I live, says you're the best and——"

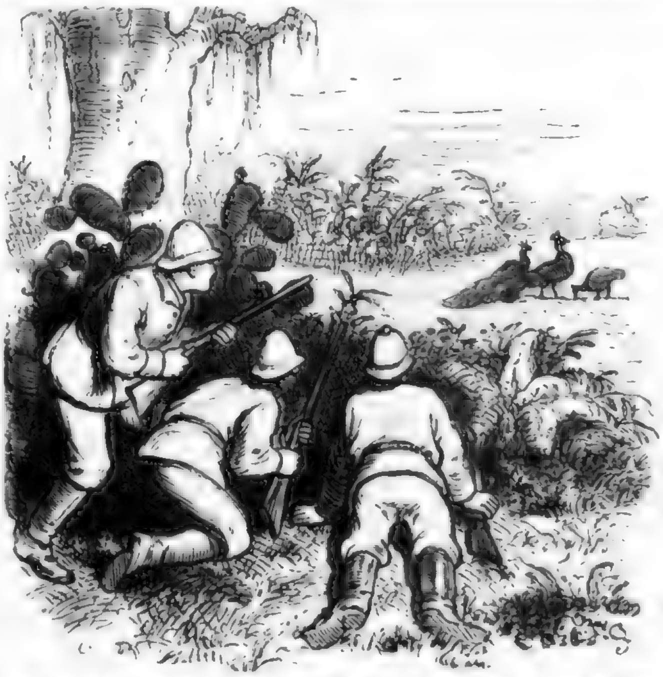
"Hush!" she interrupted, with a comical warning gesture. "Old nurse always stands up for me; but you must not take her flatteries for gospel."

"But I do, and I must, always," returned Maurice, with far more earnestness than the occasion seemed to require.

"Heigho!" sighed Nina, as if she had not heard his last remark. "It's very hard trying to improve people who won't be improved, and who, when they would, are hindered in every possible way; and then to be reprobated and preached at by the prejudiced and pig-headed! It's this everlasting squabbling about nothing—this dragging of extraneous questions into every concern, that has kept my dear old country back so long. As for me, *Vive la Guerre!* I shall fight it out; only I wish, with Mickey Free, that a great many people, who shall be nameless, were 'crammed down the great gun of Athlone'; but this won't do at all. I'm on my hobby now, and must get off before I become angry. However, let me tell you, Mr. Lambert"—this with a demure look that was positively maddening—"I'm a very dangerous young person."



PEACOCK-SHOOTING IN INDIA.—"ABOUT DAYBREAK WE AROSE, AND, AFTER PREPARING AND PARTAKING OF A FRUGAL BREAKFAST, STARTED FOR THE JUNGLE."—SEE PAGE 22.



PEACOCK-SHOOTING IN INDIA.—"ON THE BORDER OF THE PATCH WE BEHELD A MAGNIFICENT PEACOCK IN THE ACT OF ASCENDING A LOW MOUND OF HARD-BAKED YELLOW CLAY."

"I think you are," Maurice said, in a low, half-abstracted tone, not attaching her sense to the words, perhaps; but his answer was lost, as Miss Shiel most unwarrantably waked up at this juncture, and looking at his watch, he saw how time had flown.

So he promised to call soon again and bring his portfolio; and then, after regretfully taking his leave, he walked home in the starlit Summer night, with strong love and strange hopelessness flushing his face and chilling his heart.

Where had all his light-hearted heedlessness of the morrow vanished to? Surely it was to such an one as he that Sir John Suckling sang of yore—

> "Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
> Prythee, why so mute?"

The days passed as such days ever have passed, ever must pass, till the requiem of time and love is sung. He spent much of his time at Kilgorman, lotos-eating, sketching, reading, hearing Nina sing (which she did, to his ears, divinely), and losing himself in "the heaven of her eyes."

One day in their rambles she took him to her sylvan bower, little dreaming that there he had first seen her, and the hypocrite went into ecstasies over its charms.

Matters were getting serious, thought Miss Shiel, and so she said to Miss Gorman, telling her how wrong it was to encourage this nameless adventurer, and how people would talk—nay, were talking.

"Let them," returned that young lady, coolly; *n'importe.* "They have talked about less before. I like Mr. Lambert, and I'm Nina Gorman, of Kilgorman, perfectly capable of managing my own affairs, and resolved to do so."

XUM

Whereat Miss Shiel, who knew her quondam pupil's spirit well, was fain to submit, and await the issue, which soon came.

It befell in this way: Maurice had unwittingly let slip that he was painting a picture, and when Nina asked to see it he was forced to put her off.

This she thought strange, and having, with all her lovable loveliness, a tinge of the old Eden leaven, set out one morning to visit Mrs. Kelly, fully bent on getting a glimpse of this mysterious picture. Finding that Maurice was out, she began to chat with the old woman, and after a time said:

"Oh, nurse, I should so like to have a peep at Mr. Lambert's painting-room, now he's away!"

Mrs. Kelly informed her that she had strict orders not to let "a sowl" up or to touch a thing; but, for sure, he never meant to include Miss Nina; who could gainsay "the queen of them"? and more to this effect.

So up they went to Bluebeard's chamber, and entered. On the easel stood what was evidently *the* picture, and Nina, lifting the cloth that covered it, started and gave a little cry, while Mrs. Kelly, with uplifted hands, proclaimed it "her livin' image," invoking all the saints to deny if they could. Still Nina stood, with clasped hands and wide, eager eyes, till a glad expression overspread her face, and having gently replaced the cloth, she turned away, saying, absently:

"Come, nurse, let us go. Suppose Mr. Lambert should catch us here?"

In passing the table her glance fell on a scrap of paper scribbled over with her name. This she feloniously secreted, and bidding her nurse a mechanical good-by, left the house, and turned toward her secret haunt. Then she took out the paper, and examining it more closely, found these words on one side, headed:

"MY LADY."

How shall I best confess
My lady's loveliness,
Which no words can express?

Amid my lady's hair
Is set a subtle snare
To take men unaware.

Within my lady's eyes
Twin lights in Loveland skies—
The music never dies.

Upon my lady's mouth
Brim kisses for Love's drouth
Streams in the arid South.

About my lady's throat,
That swells with sweetest note
His talisman Love wrote.

Upon my lady's breast
Heaven's purity exprest—
Is promise of great rest.

Between my lady's hands
Are gifts of Love's far lands,
Whose lord she yet commands.

Under my lady's feet,
To do her service sweet,
I lay my soul complete.

From out my lady's heart
(Would God 'twere my life-chart!)
My way lies wide apart.

And I can ne'er express
My lady's loveliness,
Or speak my soul's excess.

She read the lines twice, and kissed them, with a far-off smile on her red mouth.

"Poor old fellow!" she said, softly, and her eyes filled with tears. "He does love me dearly! How will it end?"

She looked up, and saw him advancing toward her with bent head. He had ended a fierce struggle with himself in that place where he had first seen her, and now his resolve was taken. Manhood and honor alike said, "Go." In another moment he heard her step, raised his eyes, and they met, she knowing so much, he so little.

"I am glad I chanced to meet you, Miss Gorman," he said, in a hoarse voice that trembled pitifully, "as I must leave this place to-night."

"Going away, and so suddenly!" the arch-traitress said, quite calmly. "Has anything happened?"

"Yes; this has happened!" he burst out, unable to contain himself longer. "I love you better than anything in this world, or any other, Miss Gorman—Nina! Forgive me—pity me. Good-by!"

He caught her hand, kissed it passionately, and was gone. Had he looked in her face, he might have been less precipitate. Back to his room he hurried, with bitter anguish in his soul, and sat down before the table, burying his face in his hands.

"Would to God I were dead!" he groaned. "Oh, my darling, whom I shall never see again! It is too hard!"

How long he remained thus, he never knew; but at length he raised his head, and started back, for she stood beside him, "celestial rosy red." He sprang from his chair, but his agony left no room for shame or speech, and his intense loving gaze made her lips quiver.

She laid her two little hands on his shoulders, and looked at him frankly in the face with her blue Irish eyes, while the color deepened a shade "from brow to chin," and the least tremor shook her sweet voice.

"I thought you were very brave," she said, in a low tone. "Are you not strong enough to stand against the world, so long as I know you to be a true man, and——"

For all answer, she was in his arms—

"Clear won at last, the thing of all the earth
That made his fleeting life a little worth."

Was her act unfeminine, unmaidenly? Perhaps so, to you, ye prigs and prudes; but to me, not. Womanhood like hers is royal by right divine.

Between these two there was, for a time, little articulate speech, but at length a faint voice asked, softly:

"And what is the picture to be called, Maurice?"

The question never dawned on him as strange. This picture had played so prominent a part in his own life of late, and was so inwoven with his new, undreamt-of happiness, that it seemed to him as if she had always known of it, and he answered with another kiss:

"My Sleeping Princess."

PEACOCK-SHOOTING IN INDIA.

ORIGINAL NOTES OF TRAVEL, BY AUGUST LOCHER.

DURING my four years' residence in Bombay, India, I became acquainted with several officers of the Indian army, who, like myself, were inveterate lovers of sport, shooting and hunting; and whenever they could get leave of absence, we would start on hunting expeditions into the interior of the country, which abounds in wild animals of every description, from the tiny striped squirrel to the Bengal tiger and rhinoceros.

One of the most exciting, though least dangerous, sports, we found to be hunting the peacock, which magnificent bird is found in considerable numbers in the densest jungles throughout India, but is most abundant in the district of the Punjaub (the territory along the River Indus), in Guzerat, along the base of the Himalaya Mountains, on the coast of Coromandel, among the Neilgherry Hills (on the coast of Malabar), and in the eastern portion of the Island of Ceylon, where they are so numerous as to be occasionally seen in congregations of many hundreds.

The peacock has, from time immemorial, been famous not only for the gorgeousness of its plumage, but also for the delicacy of its flesh, which is really far superior even to that of the turkey, although not near as white and inviting in appearance as the latter.

It was already highly esteemed as a tidbit by the epicures among the ancient Greeks and Romans, and Lucullus, who lived from the year 110 to the year 57 B.C., and other notorious Roman gormands of fabulous wealth, even went so far as to feast with their friends on dishes of peacocks' tongues and peacocks' brains.

The eggs of the peacock are likewise valued as a delicacy, and form to this day an important article of commerce in India.

Our nearest place for hunting this bird was an unusually dense jungle, which lined both banks of a small tributary, or, rather, one of the many sources, of the mighty river Godavery, which rises in the district of Candeish (a well-known cotton-producing territory of India), and, pursuing a very sinuous southeasterly course for nearly a thousand miles, throws its limpid waters into the Gulf of Bengal.

We reached the locality by traveling on the railway a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles to Candor, a lonely railway-station, surrounded by a vast, arid, very scantily inhabited, slightly undulating plain. There we would engage a native with a cart drawn by a pair of bullocks to convey us with our traps to a wretched native village called Woorgaum, situated about ten miles to the left of the railway-track, immediately in the rear of which village the tributary above referred to passes.

About two miles further down the river the jungle begins in right good earnest on both sides of the stream, which winds its course through a shallow, rugged valley.

One day I arrived at Woorgaum with two of my military friends, for the purpose of hunting the peacock; but having frequently heard accounts of troubles between European sportsmen and natives in consequence of the former killing this favorite bird of the Hindoos, especially of the higher castes of the Hindoo population, to whom the peacock is as sacred as the ibis was to the ancient Egyptians, we had taken the precaution of hiring an individual of the "Bheel" tribe to convey us by bullock-cart from Candor station to the hunting-ground.

The Bheels are a rather unruly, bold and warlike nomadic tribe of Hindoos, of the Presidency of Bombay, who live almost exclusively by cattle-raising, diversified, when opportunity offers, by "cattle-lifting," or cattle-stealing.

They care little about religion or creed of any description; indeed, they do not even pretend to profess any. Speaking a dialect of their own, and leading a genuine gypsy life, they may justly be termed the gypsies, or Bedouins, of India.

The Bheels are excellent *shekáries* (hunters), and track the game, nay, even scent it, with the acumen of the bloodhound. Many of them still use the bow and arrow, some the javelin, while the remainder possess single-barreled matchlock and flintlock guns.

It is utterly immaterial to them whether they are hired to assist in slaying the peacock, the antelope, the tiger, or a human being, if they are paid for their services. Notoriously unreliable and treacherous, however, they are generally disliked, and whoever has anything to do with them had better be cautious, and never give them the chance to "stab him in the back," which, owing to their insatiate lust for plunder and genuine feline nature, they are prone to do, if they think they can do it with safety.

Abhorred as "Pariahs" (outcasts, or below caste) by the Hindoos of the higher castes, because of their want, or, rather, contempt, of religion, and generally shunned by those of the lower castes, by reason of their treacherous, savage nature, the Bheels live very much the vagabond life of the more tractable of our American Indians.

In hiring an individual of this tribe, and treating him kindly, we knew that the true purpose of our arrival would not be betrayed to the natives of the village, the more so as we pretended to have come to hunt the wild pig or boar, which abounds in that district, and which, throughout India, is detested by both Hindoo and Moslem as an unclean and obnoxious animal, that they are very glad to get rid of, as it does great damage to their crops.

It being near sunset by the time we reached the village of Woorgaum, we hired a hut belonging to a Pariah, as no Hindoo of caste would reoccupy a hut which had harbored a Bheel. Our traps were transferred from the bullock-cart into this hut, the oxen tied to the spokes of the two wheels of the cart and fed, two chickens bought, killed, plucked, cleaned, seasoned, and then roasted over the fire, which we had lit in front of the entrance of the hut.

The day had been oppressively hot, but the evening was rather chilly, and a heavy dew was falling, so that, moved to pity by the shivering, almost stark-naked Bheel, whom we at first were loath to admit into the hut, we finally concluded to let him come in and lie down among us for the night—a kindness which he was evidently unused to and seemed to appreciate. We had, however, arranged to alternately watch him closely, each one to take his turn of keeping an eye open while the others were sleeping.

The fellow's only weapons were a bow and a few arrows, and, as we had taken the precaution of extinguishing the fire before retiring for the night into the pitch-dark hut, there was no danger of his doing much damage among us with them.

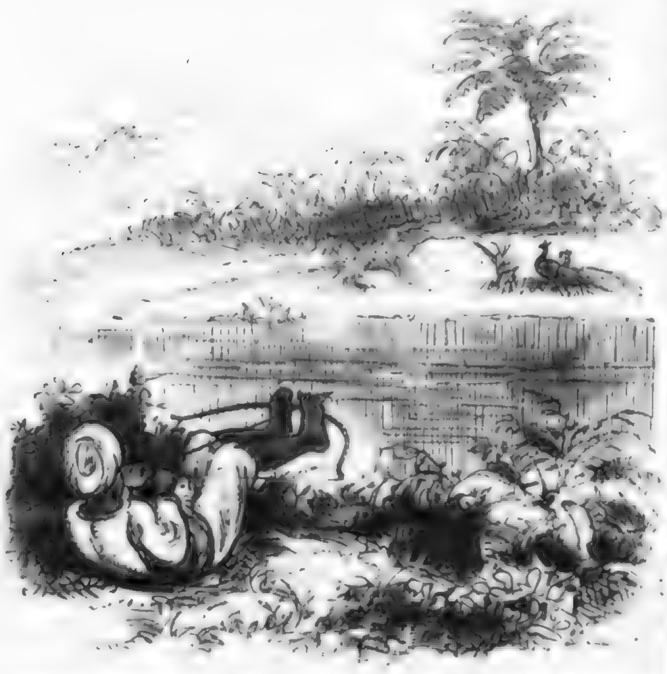
Luckily there was no need for distrust on our part. Instead of watching him all night, tired nature got the supremacy over our precaution, and all of us, the Bheel not excepted, slept as soundly as we ever did, upon a single blanket, spread on the bare ground.

About daybreak we arose, and, after preparing and partaking of a frugal breakfast, consisting of tea, eggs and crackers, started, accompanied by the bullock-cart, for the jungle.

On the way thither several troops of wild pigs roamed over the fields within easy shot range, but we refrained from "blazing away" at them, as we had firmly set our minds upon going for peacocks and nothing else, and a single shot fired in the vicinity of the haunt of that extremely wary bird will induce it to retreat into the most inaccessible recesses of the jungle, whence it will not readily reissue, and whither it is excessively difficult, and even dangerous, for man to penetrate; for, besides being alive with venomous reptiles and insects, they are well known to be the retreat of the tiger during the daytime.

It is the universal warning among the wretched natives of those jungle districts, and has actually become an East Indian proverb: "Where you see the peacock, look out for the tiger."

Indeed, it seems to be based upon positive fact and ample experience that these two animals are invariably found to share the same haunts; and the *shekáries* as well as the natives assert that they (the peacock and the Bengal tiger) live in perfect harmony together, and have never been known to hunt each other.



PEACOCK-SHOOTING IN INDIA.—"'WHIZZ!' WENT THE ARROW, AND SURE ENOUGH, BOTH BIRDS, PIERCED THROUGH THEIR BODIES, AND PINNED TOGETHER, ROLLED OVER."

However this may be, certain it is that even Major Probin—the famous one-armed Indian tiger-slayer, who has, single-handed, rid India of more than three hundred Bengal tigers, and who, though a plain, modest, and not generally known personagè, is, in my estimation at least, the greatest hunter that ever lived—neither Jules Gérard, Gordon Cumming, Anderson, Baldwin, Green, nor anybody else excepted—believes in the above maxim, and invariably inquires of the natives, who come to report to him the whereabouts of the dreaded feline monsters, whether there are any peacocks to be found in the immediate vicinity of the alleged haunts, and gives little credence to their reports if his inquiry is answered in the negative.

For this very reason no sensible sportsman in India ever thinks of hunting the peacock with a shotgun, although it would naturally be much easier to bag them with a gun than with a rifle; but the chances of meeting unexpectedly with its feline friend are such as to render a good rifle, and, moreover, a good-sized, reliable revolver, much more desirable for the sport.

The peacock does not leave the shelter of the inaccessible recesses of the jungle until the sun is well up in the horizon. This circumstance gave us ample time to select our shooting-ground, although the sun had already risen before we reached the outskirts of the jungle, which we found to be alive with boisterous green parrots, that chased each other through the tops of the lofty palm-trees and bamboos.

Thousands of ringdoves sat cooing in chorus on the gigantic stalks of the aloes, and on the uppermost branches of the chaotic mass of enormous prickly-pear bushes, while in every direction troops of long-tailed monkeys agitated the smaller branches of those strange giants of the jungle, the banyan-tree and the East Indian dragonblood-tree—the former remarkable for issuing hundreds of roots from its huge, horizontally-growing lower branches, which roots hang down toward the ground, and, as soon as they are long enough to reach it, they grow into the soil and form so many wooden columns or additional trunks of the mother-tree; the latter distinguished by being entirely destitute of leaves, but profusely studded all over with bunches of bright scarlet blossoms.

It was really amusing to witness the fantastic and ludicrous evolutions of the long-tailed, mischievous little imps, as they chased each other through the sunlit treetops and intricate network of lianas, vines, and other creepers with astonishing agility, caught each other by the tail, performed all manner of breakneck evolutions, and kept up a merry chattering all the while.

For nearly an hour we stood watching the heterogeneous animal life of the jungle, while the oxen browsed on the scanty herbs within their reach, when all of a sudden the loud and harsh, though to us welcome, cry, "*Táos, táos, táos!*" (which unquestionably gave the bird its Greek name of *taôs*) struck our ear, and was the signal for us to commence operations.

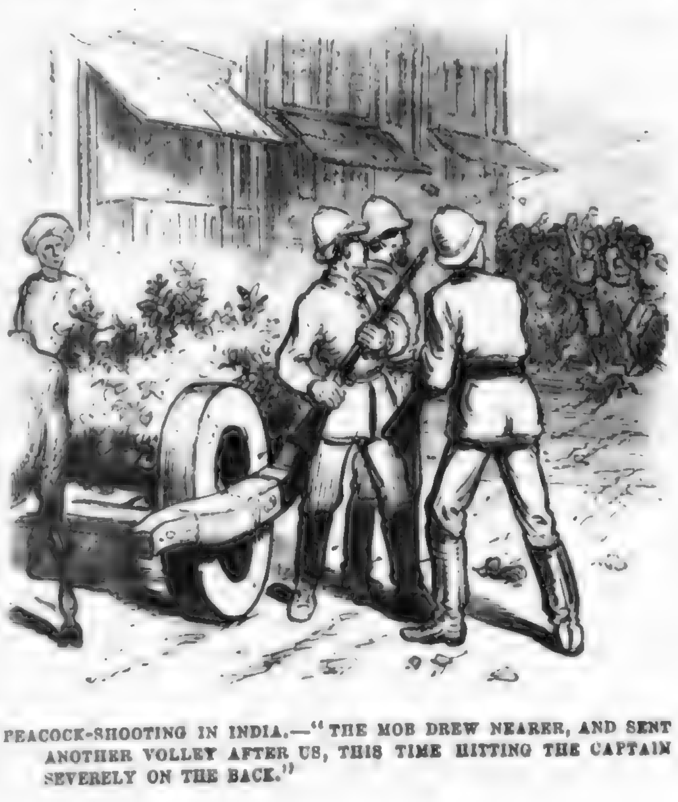
As it was utterly impossible for the bullock-cart to penetrate into the jungle, we told the Bheel to stay where he was until the report of our firearms should indicate to him our whereabouts, when he should immediately move on along the outskirts of the jungle, and halt again as near as practicable to the spot where, according to his judgment, the shot or shots had been fired.

As for us, we agreed to always keep as close together as possible, and, in case of a separation, to keep each other well informed of our respective positions by imitating the long-drawn, plaintive call of the East Indian blackbird.

Thereupon we plunged into the jungle, and had the greatest difficulty in pushing through the all but impenetrable chaos of bamboos, cacti, creepers and thorny bushes, which terribly lacerated our hands and faces, and simply ruined our garments, although the latter were composed of the strongest corduroy and linen.

Frequently we were compelled to make a wide circuit in order to get to a particular spot only a few yards ahead of us, so formidable were the barriers of cacti, prickly-pears, aloes, etc.; indeed, in some places I would have defied an elephant, or even the much thicker-skinned rhinoceros, to force its way through; and, as if nature had intended to render these vegetable fortifications still more impregnable, they fairly teemed with snakes, scorpions, lizards, huge spiders, irascible ants and other vermin, and never before did man so appreciate the invaluable services of a stanch pair of jack-boots.

After a hard scramble of more than an hour, during



PEACOCK-SHOOTING IN INDIA.—"THE MOB DREW NEARER, AND SENT ANOTHER VOLLEY AFTER US, THIS TIME HITTING THE CAPTAIN SEVERELY ON THE BACK."

which time I do not believe we penetrated two hundred feet into the jungle, we discovered a small patch of open ground straight ahead of us. Making cautiously toward it, and peering through the interstices of a screening bush on the border of the patch, we beheld a magnificent peacock, in the act of ascending a low mound of hard-baked yellow clay, profusely perforated, and familiar to us as a termite or white ant-hill, which rose out of the centre of the patch.

Immediately in the wake of the lordly cock followed three fine, large hens, which, nevertheless, could almost hide themselves under the prodigiously large, fan-like, gorgeously brilliant tail of the former. Intently listening, and cautiously surveying the surroundings for a moment, the cock stood on the top of the mound, but failed to discover us, screened as we were by a dense prickly-pear thicket. After satisfying himself that "the coast was clear," he began to pick up the termites which crawled around his feet, and the hens readily followed suit.

Now was the time to "blaze away" at them. Captain D. was to "take care" of the cock, the writer of the hen to the right of the former, while Lieutenant A. was to attend to the other two birds, which stood directly behind each other.

Upon the captain's command we fired simultaneously, and the whole congregation upon the mound lay down as suddenly; but in an instant one of the hens sprang to her feet and reached the thicket before we could prevent it.

It is utterly useless to follow these birds, even if they are badly crippled, through the jungle, for in an instant they will be lost to one.

THE FRIEND OF THE FLOWERS.

The peacock is very reluctant to take to wing, and relies for safety almost entirely on the swiftness of its legs. It is very fleet-footed and difficult to overtake in the intricate jungle, even for a dog, although one would fain believe that the enormous tail of the cock especially would prove a great impediment in running and dodging through the thicket; yet, strange to say, this is not the case, for the cock is even swifter than the hen, and remarkably expert in evading its pursuer by the most strategic zig-zag marches imaginable through the vegetable labyrinth, and a pursuit generally ends in nothing but the perplexity of the pursuer how to get out again, which is just the acme of excitement of this sport; and the strangest thing of all is the fact that a wild peacock is seldom seen with a ruffled plumage, or even with a damaged tail.

We picked up the three birds, and found them to be very heavy and fat. Anxious to take the cock (an unusually fine specimen) with us to Bombay, in as well-preserved a condition as possible, we bore our booty out of the jungle, delivering it to the Bheel, and ordered him to disembowel the cock carefully, and rub it well inside with pepper and salt, so as to keep it fresh.

Returning into the jungle, we forced our way through to the river-bank, where we expected to find the birds more plentiful, as it was about the time when they are in the habit of going for water.

Slowly advancing down the river, along the bank, and keeping well under cover, we bagged successively nine more of these splendid birds—two cocks and seven hens.

Close by where we shot the last two specimens was a clearing in the jungle, the existence of which we discovered by accident, as shortly after the two last shots had echoed through the forest, our Bheel surprised us by joining us with his ox-team, which were panting for water, and he had brought the animals down to the river-bank to drink.

Being by this time pretty hungry and thirsty ourselves, we concluded to sit down on the river-bank and attend to our stomachs, with the few provisions and the two bottles of sherry which were stowed away in the cart, carefully wrapt up in our blankets.

The Bheel met with great difficulty in his attempt to lead the oxen to the water's edge, which, to our surprise, both animals flatly refused to approach. Evidently suspecting the cause of their sudden refractoriness, the fellow looked around him, and discovered, close by, the remains of a recently killed antelope, to which he drew our attention.

Upon approaching the spot indicated by him, we beheld a portion of the entrails, the lower part of the fore-legs, and the frontal bone of the skull with the horns still fast upon it, lying scattered on the sloping river-bank, and more than fifty distinct footprints of a full-grown tiger in the moist sand and clayey deposit along the water's edge.

To judge by the still fresh and gory remains, and the perfectly distinct tracks, the Bheel, an experienced *shekàry*, was unquestionably right in asserting that the tiger must have surprised, killed and devoured his prey on that very morning, as the latter came down to the river to drink. The oxen had forthwith scented the recent presence of the dread feline monster, manifested the greatest alarm, snorted, tossed their heads, stamped the ground with their fore-feet, and would have bolted outright from the ominous spot, if we had not shifted about eighty yards further down the river, where the oxen soon quieted down—a sure sign that the ferocious brute was not, and had not recently been, in that immediate vicinity.

While eating, drinking and talking in the shade of a screening bush, our keen-eyed Bheel spied the head of a peacock protruding from behind a rock, or large boulder, near the water's edge on the opposite bank, and, motioning to us to keep quiet, asked for permission to try a shot at the bird.

Having already bagged as many as we cared for, and being desirous of witnessing how he could shoot, I offered him my rifle to test his skill with; but, to our astonishment, he declined to use it, stole on his hands and feet to the cart, and seizing his bow and arrows, returned to us. The bird, a fine cock, fully fifty yards off, had, in the meantime, issued entirely from behind the sheltering rock, accompanied by two hens.

Our Bheel sat down near us, with bow and arrow ready, and intently watched the birds; while we looked at each other, as if to say, "How preposterous an attempt!" The next instant one of the hens stood right abreast of the cock. Stemming the toes of both his feet against the middle of the bow, drawing the bowstring with the arrow in position gradually toward his body, and leaning backward sufficiently to get his eye in a line to aim at the birds, was the work of an instant. Whiz! went the arrow, and, sure enough, both birds, pierced through their bodies and pinned together, rolled over, kicked and fluttered spasmodically once or twice, and died.

In less than half a minute our opinion as to the serviceability of bow and arrow in expert hands had undergone quite a change, and we looked with unfeigned amazement at the humble native and his simple though formidable weapons, as he returned among us with the two birds so skillfully "bowled over."

By this time the day was waning, and, as we had agreed to return on that same day to Candor station, in order to hunt antelopes on the plains the next morning, it was high time to beat a retreat—the more so as we were then fully five miles from the village of Woorgaum, and at least fifteen miles from the railway station—quite a journey for tired man and beast to travel.

Hurriedly stowing away our game in the bullock-cart, and carefully covering it with twigs and brushwood in order to hide it from view, we started immediately on our homeward march.

The density of the jungle and the ruggedness of the ground compelled us to pass through the village where we had spent the night. My companions and I quietly tramped, the rifles upon our shoulders, behind the cart, preferring to walk, although considerably "knocked up" by the intense heat and fatigue of the day, to being shaken all to pieces in the cumbrous cart, rolling over stick and stone.

Unfortunately, none of us noticed in time, that, in consequence of the violent shaking of the vehicle while traveling over the rough road, the green foliage wherewith we had attempted to hide the contents of the cart got somewhat displaced, so that one of the peacocks became partially visible. Some inquisitive wretch of the village, however, must have made the discovery, for we had scarcely entered the place when, like wildfire, the news spread through the poverty-stricken nest that the *Feringhies* (Franks or Europeans) had killed quite a number of the sacred birds.

In less time than it takes me to write it, the entire population of the village came howling and hooting after us, accompanied by all the mangy curs of the place, which latter rushed up whining, howling and barking furiously at our heels. Presently a perfect shower of stones, bones, horns, cattle-dung and pieces of wood came down upon us, luckily without doing any damage; then came an avalanche of all the vile epithets of the Hindoostanee language, quickly followed by another shower of miscellaneous missiles, one of which hit the driver on the shoulder with considerable force, and must have hurt him. In an instant his bow and arrow were in position, and, had it not been for the presence of mind of Captain D., who simultaneously brought his rifle to bear upon the hot-blooded Bheel, and peremptorily ordered him to lay down his weapons, one of the excited natives would certainly have "shut up" for ever.

Emboldened by our seeming want of pluck, as we, determined to avoid bloodshed if possible, quietly marched on, without minding the furious, fanatic rabble, the latter drew nearer and sent another volley after us, this time hitting the captain severely on the back, and the writer on the elbow, and knocking off the lieutenant's hat; whereupon the latter, unable to control his temper any longer, turned around on his heels and blazed away at a big, shaggy dog, our foremost assailant, and, of course, shot him dead.

As soon as the natives saw that we didn't "make believe," but that our rifles were really loaded with powder and ball, and would, in case of emergency, be used upon those who became too rude, they cooled down considerably, and showed less eagerness to come to close quarters, so that all their subsequent missiles fell short of the mark.

By this time we had traversed the village, and our assailants, aware that they could no longer dodge behind their huts in case we should take it into our heads to turn around and fire into them, did not venture beyond the cover of their wretched hovels, but continued to curse and abuse us lustily as long as they thought that we could hear them.

THE CASTLE OF CHATEAUDUN, IN THE DEPARTMENT OF EURE ET LOIRE, FRANCE.

This is one of the oldest and finest of the ancient castles of France. It towers aloft on its craggy height, visible almost always to a great distance in every direction, and basking in the sunlight like an eagle's eyrie. In the earliest days it must have been a hill fort, whence the beacon-fires flashed their summons through the land. How many castles were reared here and perished, none can tell; but one ancient tower, that of Thibaut the Treacherous, bears this inscription: "I was built by Thibaut the Old, or the Treacherous, Count of Duvois, in the beginning of the tenth century. My height to the cap is 90 feet, and to the fleur de lys, 138. My interior diameter, at the base, is 27 feet; my circumference within, 85 feet, without, 167."

Some centuries later—in 1465—John of Orleans erected the Holy Chapel, which has been restored within a few years. It was long the abode of the House of Longueville, whose tombs adorn the chapel.

The town has suffered many vicissitudes, especially in the frequent sieges and assaults on the castle in the wars that have desolated France. It has now a population of about 7,000, and is the well-built and regularly laid out centre of a lovely and prosperous agricultural section.

MOLLIE'S QUANDARY.

By K. V. Hastings.

A WARM, lazy, July sun, a rippling breeze blowing up from the Hudson, a cool veranda shaded by honeysuckles, a hammock, a novel and a pipe, all combined to coax Guy Wallace out of his mother's sitting-room and into the air. So darkly, deeply, beautifully blue was the water, so hazily soft the outlines of the Catskill Mountains, so sweet the fresh air to his city-worn brain, that he smoked, read and dozed till the sun began to creep down toward the west, tinging the hills with purple, flooding the water with rose—even touching the floating glories of Guy's mustache, and converting its gold into flame. He looked very handsome, as he lay there, tumbled on a pile of sofa-cushion, with his yellow curls all rumpled, and his eyebrows rubbed the wrong way; his white, duck-clad limbs swinging over the side, and the points of his slippers now and then touching the floor.

He was hatless, coatless, vestless—all of those garments being tossed on a chair near by. Not even a colored necktie relieved the virgin whiteness of his attire—only a blue-and-white fancy belt, and the green slippers aforesaid, rather old and rusty.

No one came near him except his young stepmother, and she was too busy with visitors all the afternoon to spare him more than a very brief interval between the calls. So he read and smoked till just as "low on the sand, and loud on the stone, the last wheel echoed away." Then he closed the book, and looked out through the sheltering vines, across the lawn, to the gate which led into the next place; for behind it he had caught the flash of a white dress.

Said gate flew open, and a young girl came toward the house, flushed and out of breath with running; laughing, yet casting startled glances behind her; and not in the least heeding Guy's terrier, that came yapping and snapping after her. She looked very pretty, scudding along, holding up the front of her dress, and her little Marie Antoinette slippers keeping up a brisk trot under its edge. She rounded the corner of the house, and Guy heard the "click! clack!" of her heels as she went springing up the front steps, and another "click! clack!" as she burst open the sitting-room door, and appeared before his mother.

"Why, Mollie! what's the matter?" exclaims Mrs. Wallace, surprised at this sudden onslaught.

The girl sinks into a chair, laughing.

"Oh, Mrs. Wallace! Ha, ha, ha! Can I stay here a little while?"

"Why, of course, my dear. But what in the world's the matter? Is the house on fire?"

"Oh, no—there's nothing the matter! Only I—well, I—there's somebody home I don't want to see, and so I ran away!"—bringing it all out with a sudden bolt.

"Oh, that's it, is it?"

"Yes. You see, I saw him coming from ever so far off—so far, I couldn't tell him from his darkey; but I didn't think he was coming to see us. And when I saw him drive in the gate, I jumped out the back window and ran over here."

And Mollie Averill subsides into a "sleepy-hollow" chair, suffocated with giggles.

Mrs. Wallace is a good-natured, buxom young matron, and she laughs, too.

"Why, you foolish girl! if your foot had slipped, you might have tumbled out and broken your neck."

"Oh, no; it's very near the ground!"

"Why didn't you go down and see him?"

"Oh, I couldn't!" replies Mollie, in an awe-stricken whisper. "He's perfectly horrid! I told mamma I never would see him again—that I'd certainly run away! And he'd no business to come, either!" she adds, with a sudden flash of baby-wrath. "I told him never to come again!"

Mrs. Wallace laughs merrily, and the unseen Guy pricks up his ears and inclines his head a little more toward the adjacent window. He no longer allows his slipper to scrape idly along the floor; even his breath is noiseless, and a mischievous smile creeps down from his eyes to his mouth.

"You told him not to come again? Ah! we all know what that means."

"Yes, I suppose you do," says the girl, with a penitent sigh. "I didn't mean to have told you, but I couldn't help it; and, anyhow, I don't mind you. And, oh, Mrs. Wallace! he's bothered me so, and I was afraid he'd do it again!"

"Of course, you don't mind me, Mollie!" remarks a rich tenor from outside the window.

Both ladies shriek, and Miss Averill flies to the piazza, but only catches sight of a white streak vanishing round the corner.

"Now, that was too bad of Guy!" exclaimed Mrs. Wallace, following her friend. "I'd no idea he was there—I thought he'd gone to his room."

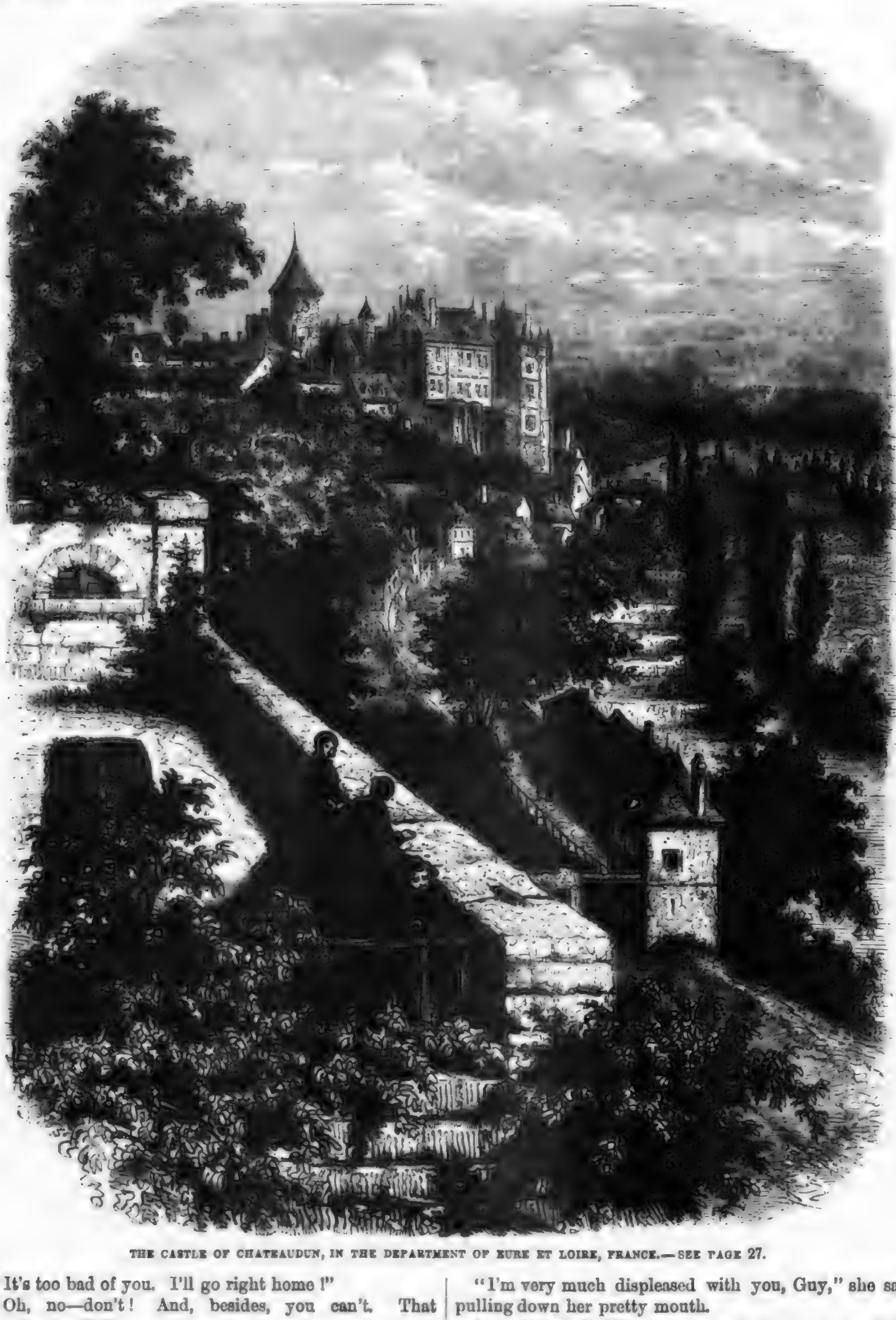
"Was it really Guy?" asks Mollie, with her cheeks all aflame, and her baby-mouth pouting, almost ready to cry. "I didn't know he was at home."

"Of course you didn't. The wretched boy! It's a shame!" And the "wretched boy's" stepmother sinks into the hammock and shakes.

"Don't laugh—it's dreadful! What shall I do?"—burying her mortified face in her hands.

"Why, you can't do anything. Ha, ha, ha! I beg your pardon, but I can't help it."

"Good-afternoon, ladies," says Guy, stepping out of the sitting-room, neat and complete in white coat and blue necktie. Mollie bows and stammers, but Mrs. Wallace tries to look severe.



THE CASTLE OF CHATEAUDUN, IN THE DEPARTMENT OF EURE ET LOIRE, FRANCE.—SEE PAGE 27.

"It's too bad of you. I'll go right home!"

"Oh, no—don't! And, besides, you can't. That man's there still."

"So he is"—dropping her hands in despair.

"I'm very much displeased with you, Guy," she says, pulling down her pretty mouth.

A tortoiseshell kitten comes rubbing and scrubbing against Guy's legs, and he pounces on her at once.

"Now, mamma, don't you scold, or I'll duck Buffer in the cistern," and he holds Buffer, kicking and scrabbling, over the water-butt at the corner of the piazza.

"But, Guy——"

"Another word, and I let go!"

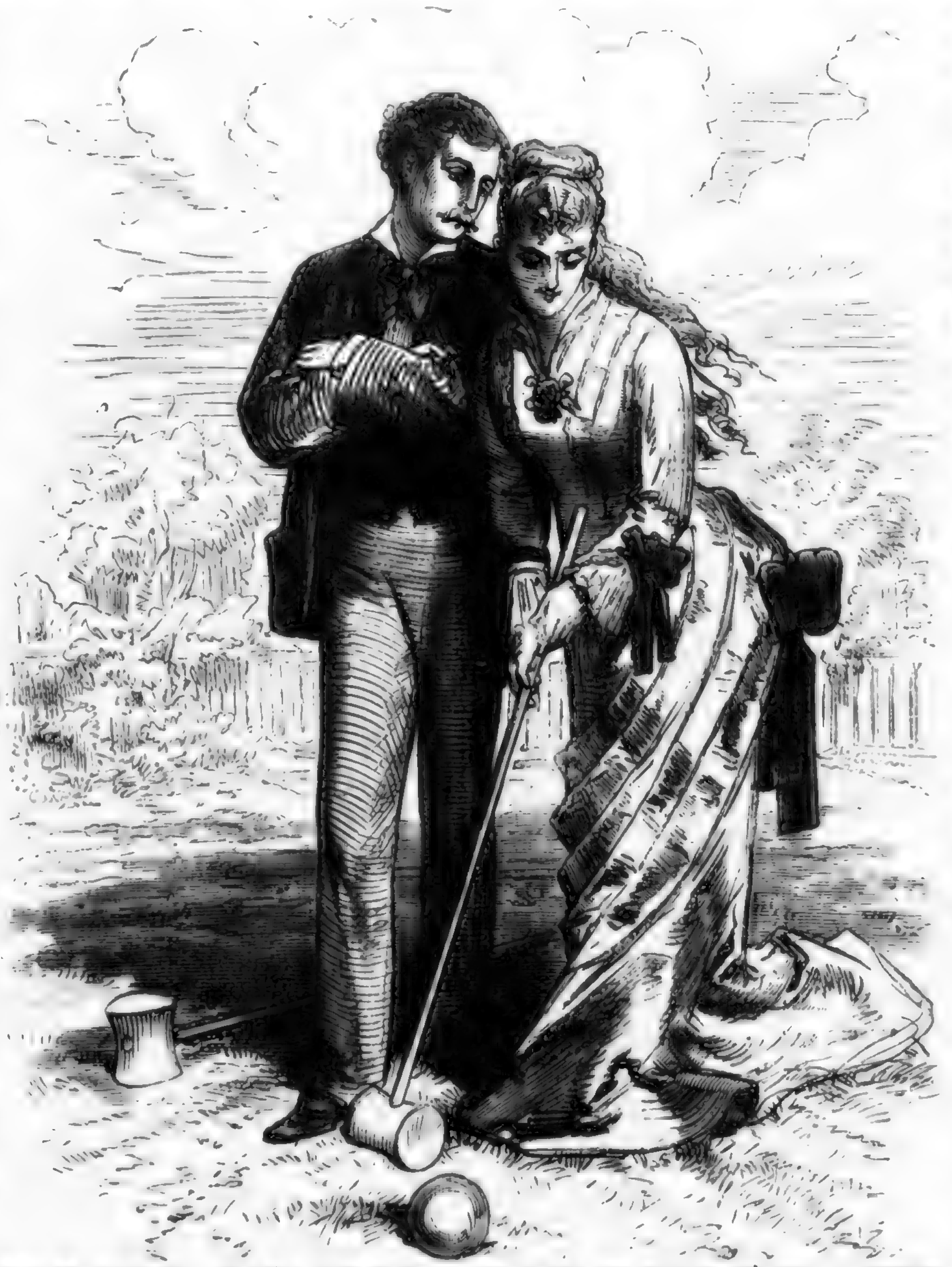
Buffer is rescued by a simultaneous charge from both ladies, who, on condition of her release, promise to "say no more about it." So peace is restored, and the culprit proposes a game of croquet.

All adjourn to the lawn, where the field is laid out, partly screened from the house by a line of evergreens and shrubbery, and shaded by two great elm-trees and a rock-maple. A clump of cardinal flowers nod their scarlet heads in the breeze, and the dim outline of the Catskills—far, far away—make a background for Mollie's pretty figure.

Guy picks up the mallets from the grass, where they lie scattered, and hands them to the ladies, who merrily join in the interesting game.

"There, Mollie, there's the white for you—stands for youth and innocence, you know. And there, mamma, there's the red for you—becoming to your brunette beauty."

"How often have I told you, you scamp! not to call me 'mamma'? It's too absurd!"



MOLLIE'S QUANDARY.—"'HE'LL CERTAINLY GET YOU IN THE END, MOLLIE; IT'S ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME,' SAID GUY. MOLLIE STANDS LEANING ON HER MALLET, WITH HER PRETTY EYEBROWS ALL IN A PUCKER. 'WHY, HE CAN'T, GUY! YOU KNOW HE CAN'T!'"

"Well, then, my dear child, will you take the first shot?"

"Guy——"

"What's that noise?" interrupts Mollie.

"Carriage-wheels, I declare!" exclaims Mrs. Wallace, in disgust. "I was in hopes no one else would call today. Upon my word, what with hearing it's a fine day, and being bored about Miss Curtis's elopement, and being canvassed for contributions to the fair, my brain is almost addled! Do come and help me, Mollie."

"Oh, I can't!" breathes Mollie, fearfully peeping at the carriage from behind a tall lilac-bush. "It's his mother and sister, and I can't *bear* them!—they're almost as horrid as he is!"

"Oh! it's Phil Sadler, is it?" cries Guy.

Mollie colors furiously and turns away.

"You're very mean!—I shall go right home."

"You can't," teasingly; "he's there still. Don't you see his nig trotting the horses up and down?"

"No; you stay here, Mollie, and play with Guy till I come back. They won't stay long. I'll soon send 'em flying!"

Mrs. Wallace shakes a pretty fist at the carriage, and departs to kiss and be kissed, after the fashion of ladies in the same "set."

"You first, Mollie," says her adversary; and while the balls go skimming round the field after each other, he adds a straw or two to her burden. "You know, Mollie, if it's Phil Sadler, you might as well give up at once."

Miss Averill has sent her ball sidling through the centre-wicket, and now fires at his and misses it; then she looks up, troubled and surprised.

"What do you mean?"

Guy hits her ball and starts on a long run.

"Why, you see, Mollie—take care, you are right in the way of my wicket!—he's one of those fellows—that was a scratch!—one of those fellows who, when they've made up their minds to a thing, never give it up.—There, I'm through!—He'll certainly get you in the end, Mollie; it's only a question of time."

Mollie stands leaning on her mallet, with her pretty brown eyebrows all in a pucker.

"Why, he can't, Guy. You know he can't!"

"Oh, but he *will!* You might just as well do as the 'coon did to the Kentucky sharpshooter, and say, 'Don't hoot, Captain Scott; I'll come down!'—It's your turn, now."

"I won't!" says Mollie, viciously croqueting his ball to the other end of the lawn. "I won't have him, anyway! I'll go off somewhere, where he can't find me!"

Guy brings his ball into position with one rap.

"You can't. In these days of detectives anybody can be found; and you know a man of his means can employ the whole force, if he likes."

Miss Averill plays, and then stands gulping, while her brown eyes fill with tears.

"But what can I do?" she asks, piteously.

Guy starts on another long run.

"There's only one thing I can think of. There, I said so! there's your father bringing Phil over to find you!"

"Oh, dear! I must run out the front gate!"

"You can't; if you stir from behind these bushes they'll be down on you. There's no way out of it, except to marry some other fellow!"

The girl colors painfully.

"Guy, don't be so absurd! Of course I can't do that. Oh, dear, they'll be here in a minute!"

"Stay behind these bushes and talk low, and they won't hear us. Ah!—why can't you do that, Mollie?"

Click! click! goes the garden gate, and Miss Averill peeps apprehensively between the leaves.

"Why, of course I can't! I wouldn't like to. And then, besides that, I don't know anybody who'd like to, either," says she, thinking more of the "coming man" than of the one beside her.

"Well, I'll tell you what," says her companion, airily; "suppose you marry me?"

She flashes round at him a look of surprise and fright from her wide brown eyes, and is about to flee; but his tone suddenly changes, and he holds fast her plump little hand.

"Don't run, Mollie," he whispers; "you'll go right into Phil's arms if you do. No, don't go the other way, either—there's Mrs. Sadler just coming out on the piazza."

"Let me go, Guy!" she gasps. "I *must* go—*somewhere!*"

"No, don't go, Mollie," and the arm slips round her waist. "If you'll take me, my darling, nobody shall ever trouble you again, if I can help it."

She struggles a little, but dares not make a noise, for the footsteps are very near, and the black-and-tan is yapping again.

"Please let me go."

"Won't you love me a little, my darling?"

The laughing voice has become very serious; the blue eyes look down tenderly into the brown, and the arm holds her very tight. All of a sudden Mollie knows she doesn't care to have him take it away; and just as a coarse voice on the other side the lilacs bursts into laughter, she stammers and whispers:

"I'll try if you'll never let him bother me again."

"Never again, my darling."

And as she looks up to see whether he is laughing at her, the compact is sealed on her sweet baby-mouth, and Mollie's quandary is at end.

A WATERFALL IN GUIANA FIVE THOUSAND FEET HIGH.

Barrington Brown, during his memorable survey of Guiana, reached the foot of Roralma, and ascended its sloping portion to a height of 5,100 feet above the level of the sea. Between the highest point he reached and the foot of the great perpendicular portion which towered above is a band of thick forest. Looking up at the great wall of rock, 2,000 feet in height, he could see that a forest covered its top, and that in places on its sides where small trees or shrubs could gain a hold, there they clung. The gigantic cliff itself is composed of beds of white, pink and red sandstone, interbedded with layers of red shale, the whole resting on a great bed of red diorite. The length of Roralma is about eight or ten miles; Kukenam is perhaps larger, and the area of Illebeapeur is certainly more extensive. It is impossible to view this wonderful group of mountains without realizing that far back in the youth of the world they formed part of an archipelago in tropical seas. That they are well wooded and watered is made certain by visible trees and the enormous waterfall which falls at least from Roralma.

A grand view of this cataract was obtained by Barrington Brown from the mouth of a cave, inhabited by guacharo birds, and situated 1,882 feet above the level of the sea. Through the clear atmosphere was distinctly visible at a distance of thirty miles the white thread of the waterfall. The Indians said it was the head of a branch of the Cotinga River, but it is more probably the head of the Caroni, a branch of the Orinoko. This tropical Staubbach is probably the highest fall in the world, and is at the same time of considerable bulk. The cliff of Roralma is 2,000 feet in height, over the upper half of which it fell like a plumb-line, and then descended with a slight slope outward. The remaining 3,000 feet to the valley below slopes at an angle of 45 degrees, and, being tree-covered, the rest of the fall is hidden by foliage. The invisible attraction of the causus savanna range of island mountains to naturalists arises from the inaccessibility. This should not be understood as the mere desire to excel others in a feat of climbing, but as the hope that some relics of the mammalian life of the so-called "miocene" period may have survived on those isolated altitudes, cut off from all communication with the living, moving world. If any of the miocene mammals lived upon them when the sea washed over their bases, the descendants of those animals may exist there still, as the lemurs exist in Madagascar, and a whole family of mammals, such as the kangaroo, in Australia.

Perhaps a balloon may one day solve the mystery which lends a charm to these island mountains; and the happy naturalist who lands—as one will, of course, land in time—on the summit of Roralma, may find himself among the descendants of the races long since blotted from the lower world, in which the evidence of their existence is recorded in the great stone books alone. Amid the forest depths, on which rests a large cloud, he may find, not the gigantic saurians of the youthful world—grim monsters of the fish-lizard form, but the great progenitors of existing mammalia. Leaving the tapir, one of the most ancient of extant creatures, at the bottom of the Roralma cascade, he may find at its top its gigantic cogeners—huge herbivorous animals, fifteen or eighteen feet in length; the dinotherium, a tapir-like creature, larger than the elephant; antique analogues of the mastodon, ancestors of the horse, the hog, and the great cats which, in the known parts of the continent, are represented by the jaguar, the puma and the ocelot.

The prospect of the dinotherium alone would be sufficient to compensate an enthusiastic naturalist for the labor of years. It is the largest of the terrestrial mammalia which have inhabited our globe, and deservedly found at the head of the thick-skinned animals, as the megatherium or gigantic sloth at that of the tardigrades. Probably the dinotherium would be found, if found at all, pursuing a life like that of the hippopotamus. Its great head and tusks are fitted for grubbing up aquatic plants, and, like those of the walrus, for helping the animal out of the water.

But the dinotherium is but one of the startling forms which might be looked for on Roralma, if its cliffs be really as difficult as painted. Lizards in the semi-ophidian stage might be encountered, and other animals which, as the little boy said who had been taken into a lecture of Professor Owens's, "had not quite made up their minds what they were going to be."

The question is, Is Roralma as inaccessible as it looks? From recent evidence there is a break in the waterfall at a point 1,000 feet below the flat, cliff-like summit. Now, 1,000 feet do not cover a very great height, and there is no good evidence as to the inaccessibility of the mountain. Travelers have looked from afar, and Indians have talked, and nothing has been done among them. Has any white man tried the ascent and failed? Is the scientific world of to-day going to give up as impossible what has never been seriously attempted?

THE ROSE JAR.—A RECIPE FOR AN OLD-FASHIONED PERFUME.

Gather your rose-leaves in dry weather, remove the petals, and when a half-peck is obtained, take a large bowl and strew table salt on the bottom; then three handfuls of leaves, and repeat until all the leaves are used, covering the top with salt. Let this remain five days, stirring and turning twice a day, when they should appear moist. Add three ounces of bruised or coarsely powdered allspice, one ounce cinnamon stick bruised, which forms the stock. Allow it to remain a week, turning daily from top to bottom. Put into the permanent jar one ounce allspice, and adding the stock, layer by layer, sprinkle between the layers the following mixture: One ounce each cloves and cinnamon, two nutmegs, all coarsely powdered; some ginger root, sliced thin; half an ounce of aniseseed, bruised; ten grains finest musk; half pound of freshly dried lavender flowers; two ounces of powdered or finely sliced orris-root, and essential oils *ad libitum;* also any fine colognes, rose or orange-flower water, orange and lemon peel. Freshly dried violets, tuberoses, clove-pinks or other highly scented flowers should be added each year in season. Fine extracts of any kind will enhance the fragrant odor, while fresh rose-leaves, salt and allspice, made as at first, must be added when convenient in the rose season. Shake and stir the jar once or twice a week, and open only during use.

The delightful effect produced throughout the dwelling by the daily use of these jars is not as universally known as it should be for apartments rendered unpleasant by the odors arising from the kitchen. Noxious gases may be dissipated by the frequent use of the rose jar.

SPANISH TITLES.

Talking of the Spanish aristocracy, it may be observed that the titled part of it is by no means so large as is supposed. The heads of noble families number about 2,000, and they alone, as a rule, bear titles. Even the eldest son of a duke (say of) Alicante, would only be called Don Juan or Don Alfonso d'Alicante during his father's lifetime. The young sons remain simply Dons—the Spanish equivalent of esquires. As to the qualificatives of titles, they are lightly esteemed, inasmuch as even a beggar must be addressed as "Your Grace" (Merced). The superscription on an envelope addressed to a duke would be, "A l'eccelentissimo Señor Duque de la Torre." So, at least, the wife of Marshal Serrano writes to her lord.

WHAT FARMER GREEN SAID.

By J. W. Watson, Author of "Beautiful Snow."

A quiet house, just off the road,
Of plenteous peace the sweet abode.
The roses twined about the door,
The porch with eglantine ran o'er;
While 'neath its purple flowers there sat
A jolly fellow, sleek and fat—
The master of this thriving farm,
Whose thrifty head and stalwart arm
Had pleased old Mother Earth so well,
She'd made his barns and bins to swell
With all the fatness of the land,
Bestowed from out her generous hand.

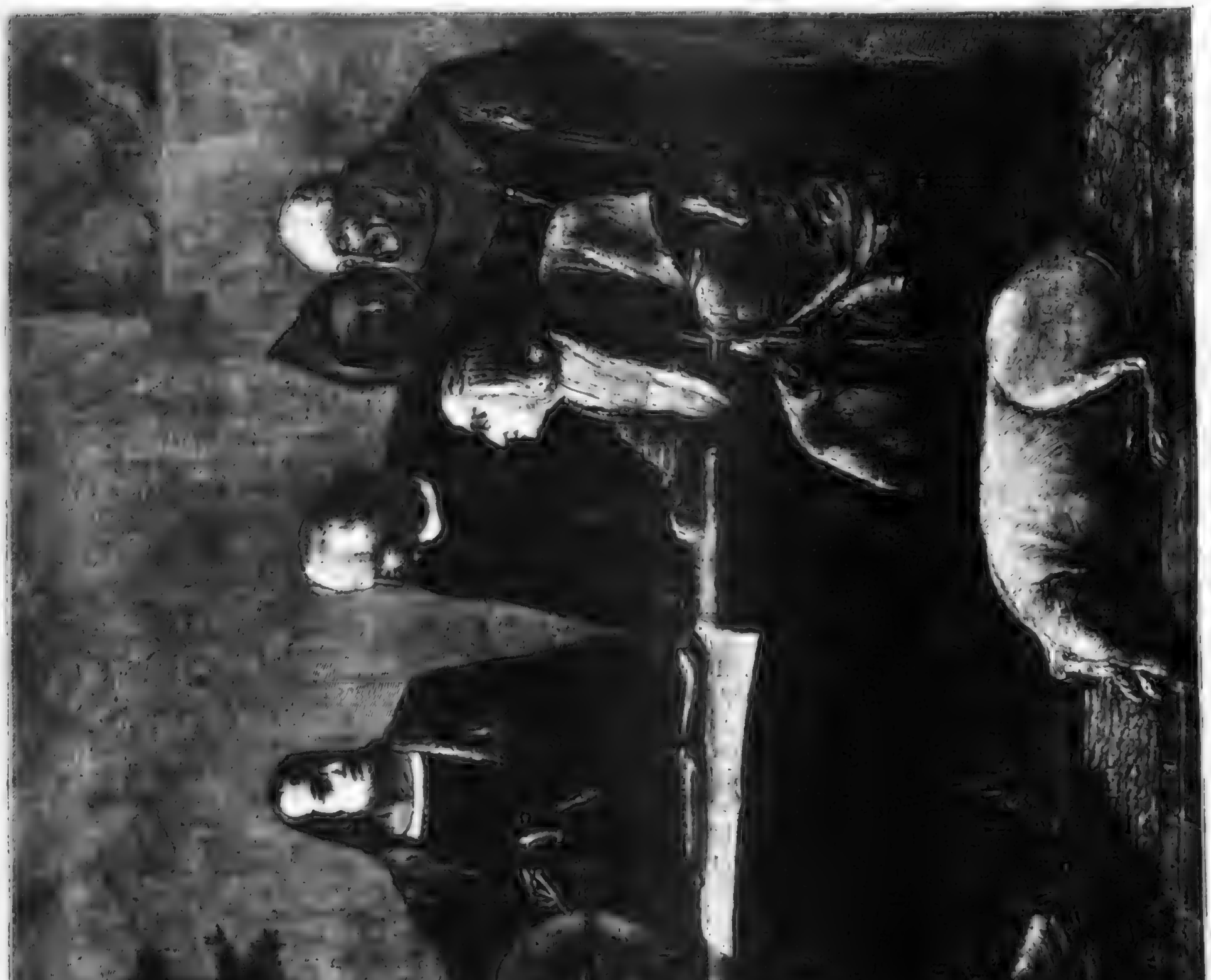
Along the sun-beat, dusty road,
A one-legged, jaded soldier strode.
He stopped and viewed the quiet scene,
In contrast with some spots he'd been;
Then humbly to the porch he walked,
And to the prosperous farmer talked.
"My friend, I was a soldier when
Our country called for willing men.
I lost my leg—the story's told—
I have not thriven as of old;
A bit of bread you'll not begrudge,
After my long and weary trudge."
The farmer scanned from top to toe
His form, then bluntly answered, "No!"

The soldier felt his bosom swell,
And said, "A drink from out this well
Will quench my thirst—by heaven 'tis sent,
And costs you not a single cent."
But still the farmer, like a foe,
Answered the soldier, gruffly, "No!"
"Good sir," the soldier humbly plead,
"I'm weary, foot-sore, almost dead;
A storm is nigh—not far away;
Within your barn pray let me stay."
But still the farmer frowned, and said,
"My barn's no place to make a bed."

The soldier now, with flashing eyes,
And cane upraised, in anger cries:
"You ill-bred, ill-fed man of greed!
I stood your friend in hour of need;
I risked my life, that you might live
Amid the plenty peace can give;
And now, from out your plenteous store,
You grudge me bread and drink, and straw
Whereon to lay my weary head!
You'd grudge me ground, if I were dead,
To hide me from your stingy eye:
Keep what you've got, and so, good-by!"

The farmer laughed, and as he rose,
Kept still repeating many "No's!"
"What is your name? John Brown. 'Tis good
Now, Brown, I'll ask you what you would
Have thought of me, if, with good meat,
Fresh eggs, fat pullets, bacon sweet,
I'd brought you out a bit of bread,
And when you asked for water, said
That you might drink from yonder tin,
When I've good cider here within?
D'ye think I'd let you sleep on straw,
With feather-beds on every floor?
Come in, my brave, and I'll forget,
While paying off our little debt,
That you supposed old Farmer Green
Could be so dreadful close and mean,
As grudge a bite, a drink or bed,
While he so bountiful is fed.
No, no, my brave! I never sin,
Knowing it such, and so—come in!"

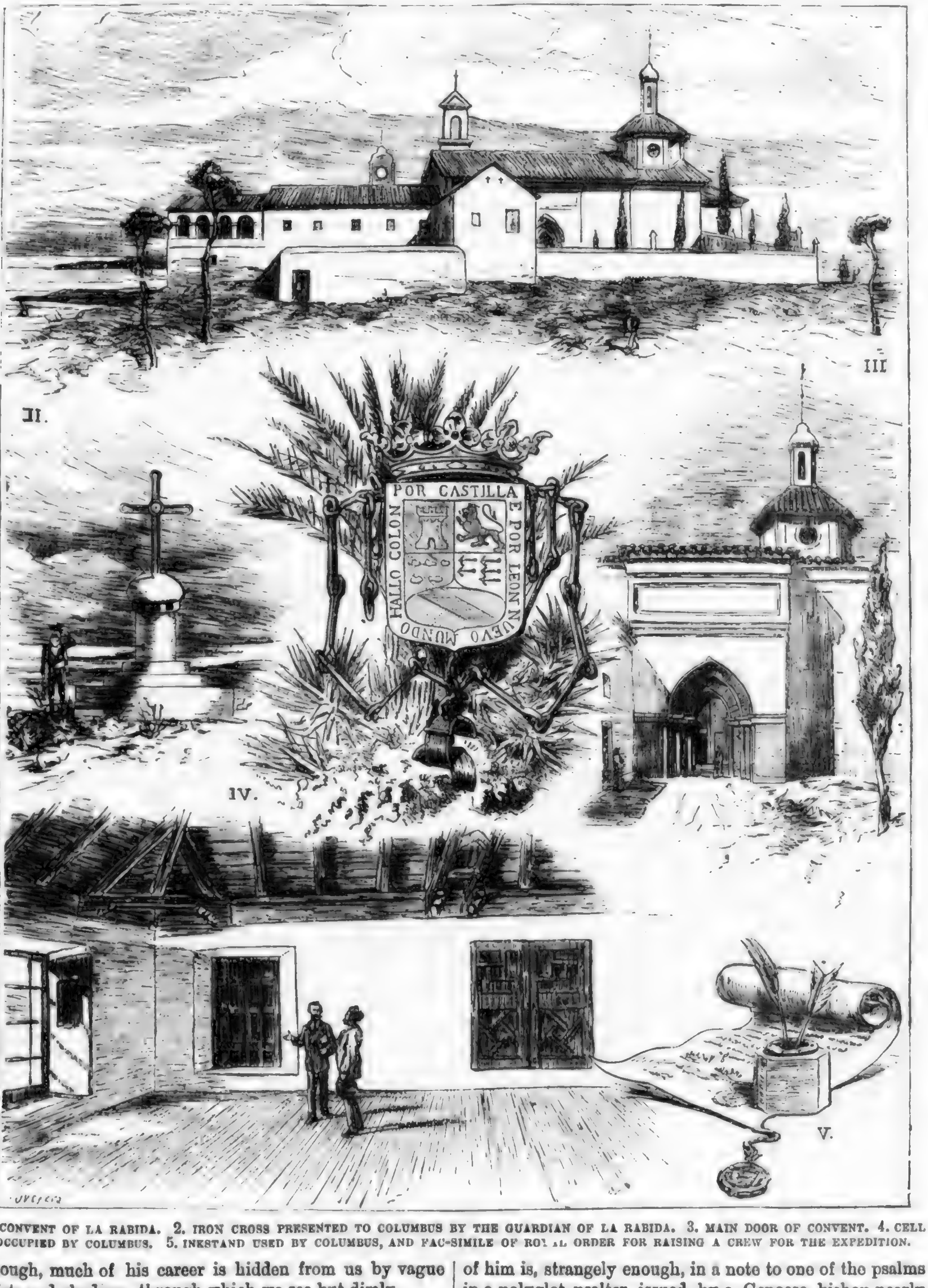
XUM



COLUMBUS DEMONSTRATING HIS THEORIES IN THE CONVENT OF LA RABIDA.—FROM THE PAINTING BY MASSO.

SOME MEMORIALS OF COLUMBUS.

THE world gives Columbus its veneration, and deplores the trials and hardships that checkered his life. His biography has been written in many languages, yet, strangely enough, much of his career is hidden from us by vague mists and shadows, through which we see but dimly.


II.
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1. CONVENT OF LA RABIDA. 2. IRON CROSS PRESENTED TO COLUMBUS BY THE GUARDIAN OF LA RABIDA. 3. MAIN DOOR OF CONVENT. 4. CELL OCCUPIED BY COLUMBUS. 5. INKSTAND USED BY COLUMBUS, AND FAC-SIMILE OF ROYAL ORDER FOR RAISING A CREW FOR THE EXPEDITION.

He lives rather in the great act that he accomplished than in our knowledge of his personal deeds or thoughts, his friendships or his wrangles, his habits or defects. We talk of him as born at Genoa; but this is disputed, and at best we can only aver that he saw the light in the district depending on that city. The earliest biographical notice of him is, strangely enough, in a note to one of the psalms in a polyglot psalter, issued by a Genoese bishop nearly a decade after the great discoverer passed away. He looked upon his illustrious countryman as a heaven-sent hero, and described him, not from unkind motive, as of poor and humble origin. But this his son indignantly denied.

The record of his baptism has never yet been found—that of his first marriage, to a Portuguese lady of Italian origin, was discovered in Corsica. That of his union with Beatrix, mother of his son Ferdinand, has eluded all research; and one class of writers delight to infer that the union was unblest.

Not only do we fail to identify accurately the place of his birth, but, in his long years of wandering, there are few places which have a long and well-authenticated record to connect them with him.

The Island of Madeira lays claim to possess in her capital, Funchal, a house in which Christopher Columbus long resided. His biographers give no details of his abode here, but we may well credit the claim of the people, which seems based on substantial grounds. The house is ancient and solid. It has stood the storms of centuries, and seems to bid defiance to time. It faces Esmeraldo Street; and, as you look at it from the north, the eye is caught by a peculiar and not unattractive window, double-arched above and triangular beneath—graceful, as though the heavenly curve were triumphing over the dull human lines that man must ever trace. In the rear a lancet-shaped door leads down massive steps to the court opening on the Calle del Jabon. The Columbus room—the saloon on the first floor—has a massive fireplace, plain and simple. Such is the home where he perhaps spent many happy hours with the wife of his youth; conning the Ptolemies then printed, and all the charts of modern navigators which he could reach, or gazing at the ocean that rolled ceaselessly before him, mocking with its laughing waves the unrest of his soul, that sought a solution to the question as to the land beyond its western margin.

In Spain, the ancient Franciscan Convent of Our Lady of Rabida, near Palos, still stands, and preserves with jealous care all memories of the great navigator, to whom its porch was the turning-point in his career—the spot where long discouragement and disappointment were gladdened by a ray of hope. Wayworn and weary, he sat down at its portal, to ask shelter for himself and his boy Ferdinand—sole companion of his wanderings. He did not dream that this solitary religious house was the studious retirement of a learned and far-seeing Franciscan, who left the noise and bustle of Court to devote his time to science. The convent door was opened by Father Marchena, who not only welcomed Columbus, but listened to him as no man had yet done. He caught the Italian's enthusiasm; and the great project, he resolved, should be tested. Confessor and trusted adviser of Queen Isabella, Marchena needed no influence to approach her and lay before her the plan which he had studied thoroughly, and could commend to her protection, both as a priest and as a man of learning.

The Convent of La Rabida preserves the iron cross which Father Juan Perez de la Marchena gave Columbus to plant in the New World, and which has been restored to its original position. It guards jealously the cell he occupied during his residence within its hospitable walls, and the inkstand which he used, and a fac-simile of the royal decree for recruiting men for the great expedition.

Salamanca is not unmindful of Columbus. In other days it was a famous city, and numbered among its population the highest of the haughty nobility of Castile. Its university was the pride of Spain; Ximenes was one of its professors, Cervantes a student. A bridge that was built in the days of the Emperor Trajan still spans the waters of the Tormes. Its grand cathedral, the Castle of Alba de Tormes, attract all travelers; but Columbus interest centres in the Church of St. Stephen, once attended by the Dominican Fathers. In their adjacent convent Columbus lodged in 1484, and unfolded to the learned his theory of a western voyage to the Indies; the learned Dominican Deza, with his friars, upholding in vain the views which the doctors of the university pronounced too vain and wild to merit the attention of Government. Salamanca is proud of her interest in Columbus, and preserves as a relic of the Christ-bearer, the Hostelry-house of Valcuebo within its bounds, where Columbus held his first conference. It has, moreover, reared a monument in his honor, plain, simple, massive—perhaps best fitted to commemorate the man; though our own Capitol at Washington, in its statue, and especially in its mighty doors of bronze, is a nobler monument than Spain can show.

Columbus died at Valladolid, according to the accepted statements. There, in a little deserted street called the Calle de Colon, a whitewashed house, No. 7, is pointed out as the last abiding-place on earth of the great Admiral of the Indies. Did Columbus really die in this obscure, one-storied house, with its three little windows opening on the street? Valladolid was once a famous city, and its annals, recording every trifling event for centuries before and after the death of Columbus, devote not a line to the fact that he died within its walls. There is no mention of his death, nor of his interment; it preserves no copy of any epitaph placed upon his obscure tomb. Peter Martyr, his own countryman, and historian of his voyages, was then in Valladolid, but gives not a line to Columbus in his letters. Not till nearly a month afterward a Government paper mentions, incidentally, that Columbus was dead.

Amid all his reverses the Franciscans clung to him, and, as the story runs, when he died unhonored in the inn they bore his body to the modest Church Santa Maria la Antigua, still overshadowed by the great cathedral. It is a venerable church, wearing well its seven centuries, but there is no tablet there to his memory. If he was buried with pomp, strange that the pomp found none to mention it. Harrisse, a cool, clear-headed investigator, finds no actual proof of his having been interred there at all. Valladolid disappoints us sadly. We cannot feel any enthusiasm before such ill-attested memorials of his death-scene and burial.

Seville preserves the precious Columbus library, some at least of the books over which he spent his studious nights and days—some, perhaps, that were borne with him when he sailed beyond Iceland, attempting to solve the secret of the sea; some that may have crossed the Atlantic with him on his famous voyage from Palos to San Salvador. The margins are arabesqued with his notes, and here, really, we penetrate to his mind and thought, and begin to understand the enthusiasm of his character. The cathedral of Seville, too, boasts a rare relic of the discoverer. In an immense monstrance, or *cussodia*, as it is called in Spain, all sparkling with precious stones and elaborate with artistic work of skill, is incased a smaller monstrance, made of the first gold brought by Columbus from the islands which he discovered, and which was thus consecrated on the altar of his faith to the service of God.

In 1509, according to the will of Diego Colon, the body of Columbus was transferred to the Monastery of Las Cuevas, at Seville. His son Ferdinand was interred in Seville, and his tablet is still to be seen in the cathedral; but of Christopher Columbus himself there is no memorial, either at Las Cuevas or in the cathedral. An inscription found in some works as having been his epitaph is a mere poetical flight of fancy. No historian or annalist describes any tomb or tablet to his memory there. In 1537 the Spanish Government, at the instance of the family, authorized the interment of his remains in the Cathedral of Santo Domingo, and twenty-two years subsequently Las Casas states that they were actually there.

How strange a lot! No witness of his death or burial; none of the removal of his remains to Seville, or thence to the city in the Western World selected for his final resting-place. All is vague, all uncertain. The world rolled on, and took no note of the death or fame of Columbus.

Inclosed in a stone chest, the remains of the discoverer lay in the Cathedral of Santo Domingo, and as no mention is made of any tablet, there seems to have been nothing to mark the spot. A synod held at the close of the seventeenth century affirms that they lay there, not as recorded on sculptured stone or shown by storied bust, but as attested by the oldest inhabitants of the city. A century later, when a French writer sought definite knowledge, there was the same statement, an appeal to the memory of the aged. This tradition pointed to the gospel side of the sanctuary.

In time Spain lost one-half of the island, and in 1795 ceded what remained in her hands to France. The Spanish officials, before withdrawing in that year, resolved to bear away the remains of Columbus. On the 21st of December an opening was made where the remains were traditionally held to lie. There, according to the official statement, were found "some thin pieces of lead, indicating that they had been a box of that metal, and some pieces of bones, like limb-bones or other parts of the body of some deceased person." These were collected, with the mold found there, properly incased, and with solemn religious and civic honors conveyed to Havana. The official Act, strangely enough, does not, from beginning to end, mention the name of Columbus, or indicate that anything was found to verify, in any way, the identity of these remains with the illustrious man whom they sought to honor.

So hastily was all done, that a doubt has always existed whether the remains still honored in Havana are really those of Christopher Columbus, or of some member of his family.

In our time the doubt has been increased, and a violent discussion has arisen, in which writers in Cuba, Santo Domingo, Spain, France, and, incidentally, in England and this country, have taken part.

Santo Domingo has ceased to have its titular archbishop; but in our time, Mgr. Roque Cocchia, Bishop of Orope, was appointed to exercise episcopal authority there. He was a student, and had already made diligent research into the history of the missions of the Order to which he belonged—that of the Capuchins—and had published the result of his labors, establishing a reputation as a judicious historical scholar. It was fortunate that such an antiquarian presided in the cathedral, for in April, 1877, he was notified of the discovery in the gospel side of the cathedral of a vault containing a metal casket. On his return to the cathedral he repaired to the spot, and, after satisfying himself of the fact, had it formally opened and examined on the 26th of June. On the casket an inscription, "El Almirante Don Luis Colon, Duque de Veraguas, Marques de. . . ." is still legible.

They had thus come upon the vaults of the family of Columbus, and further investigation was natural. On the 10th of September, in the space between a vacant vault and the main wall of the presbytery, a rough stone was met, and on breaking off part of this, another small vault was discovered, containing a metal casket. The bishop was immediately summoned, and thrusting his arm into the opening, rubbed off a deposit formed on the casket, and saw some lettering, which proved to be "P^{er} A^{to} Y." Further examination was deferred till persons of official rank were summoned to make a solemn Act in the Spanish style. The hole was then enlarged, and the box extracted and placed in the bishop's hands. When the exterior of the box was cleansed, they could read, "DE LA A. P^{er}A^{to}" on the two sides, and in front "C. C. A." The box was opened, and found to contain human bones. The top of the lid, on being freed from the crust formed on it, had cut in it, "ILL^{tre} Y ES^{do} VARON D^{n} CRISTOVAL COLON."

The joy and emotion of all present were intense. The box was borne to the pulpit, and thence the bishop addressed the throng which crowded into the church.

All were convinced that these were really the remains of the great discoverer, and that the unidentified remains borne to Havana in 1795 were those of some other person. Bishop Roque Cocchia, in a pastoral letter, announced the discovery. This excited the discussion. A Cuban writer, Lopez Prieto, assailed the theory, and not only arguments were adduced, but the good faith of the Vicar Apostolic of Santo Domingo was challenged. The Spanish Government used its influence, and even in this country the newspapers were employed to carry on this system of weak argument and personal abuse; strange elements for a grave historical discussion. In Spain, the Spanish Academy of History undertook to examine the subject, and a memoir, addressed to it by Señor Colmeiro, followed the same course. Harrisse, a student well known in this country, has, however, examined the whole matter impartially, and the Spanish Academy owes it to its own well-earned renown to remove from its escutcheon the stain made by the ill-judged work of Colmeiro. Archbishop Roque Cocchia has since calmly reviewed the whole question, and every critic must admit that all that can be considered evidence supports the authenticity of the remains found, while the Spanish side is characterized by lack of evidence at every point of its chain of argument. The case, as found, with the inscriptions, complete our series of illustrations of Memorials of Columbus.

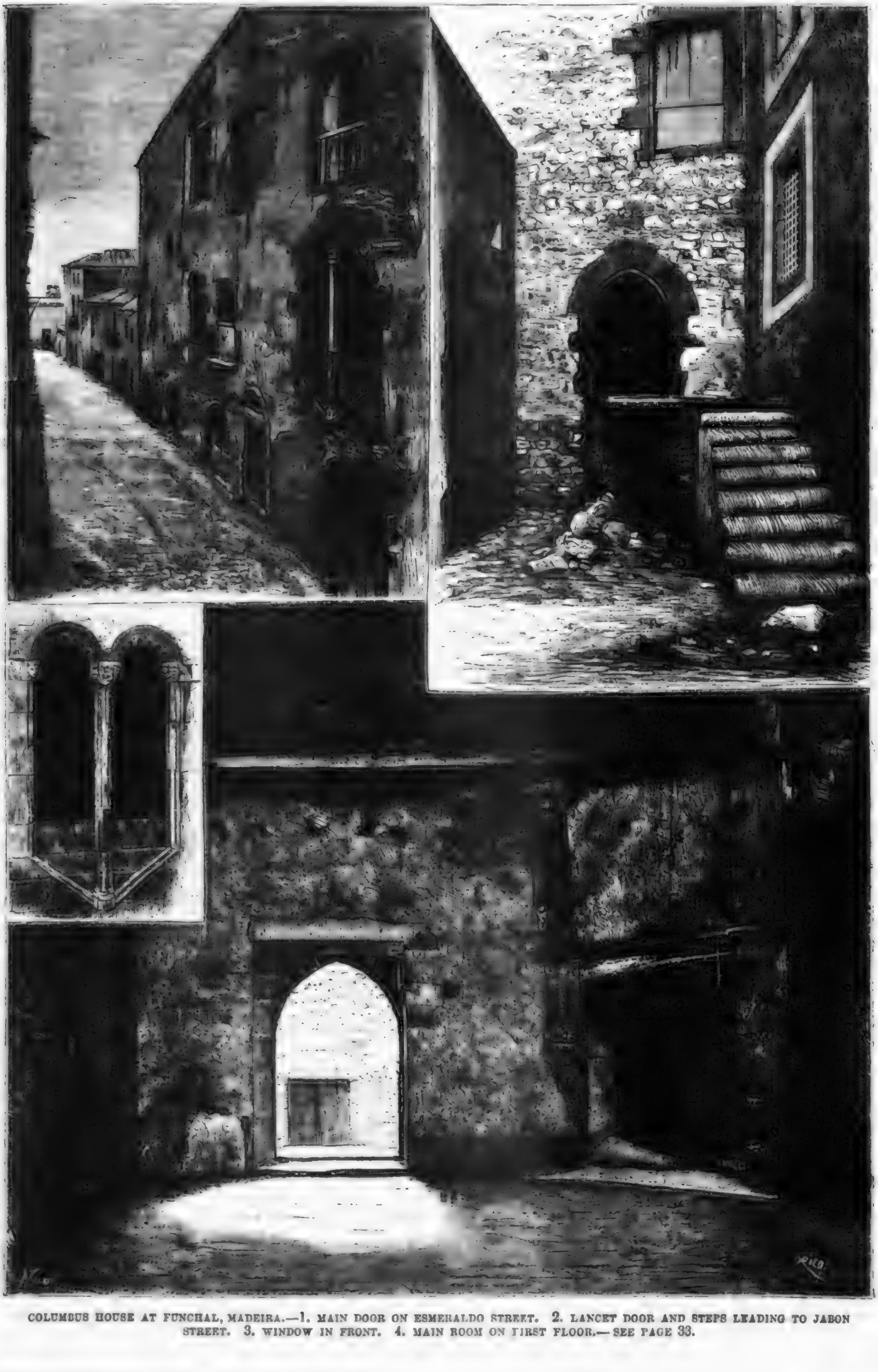
THE TRADING RAT.

By A. S. Fuller.

Among the many strange animals one meets in the Rocky Mountains, the hairy-tailed or trading rat is perhaps the most unique and interesting to the naturalist. It is a common remark that "there is no one thing in nature more wonderful than another," and while this may be true to those who seek "first causes" or origin of things in general, still there are some objects, animate and inanimate, that command attention, and interest us more than others.

The trading rat seems to possess some human traits of character, that makes one think that he has either been taking lessons of man, or man of him, in the matter of trading, if nothing more. If Darwin is in want of an original type of the genuine "swap," he can find it in this little animal, for it is not only sharp and cunning in driving a trade, but, like a majority of its two-legged congeners, it endeavors to get the best end of the bargain.

A few weeks since, while standing near one of the mining camps on Old Baldy Mountain, in northern New Mexico, I made the acquaintance of what is called by the miners the hairy-tailed rat (*Neotoma occidentalis.*—Cooper). One of these rats was stretched full length on the logs of a hut near by, watching our movements, and seeming to



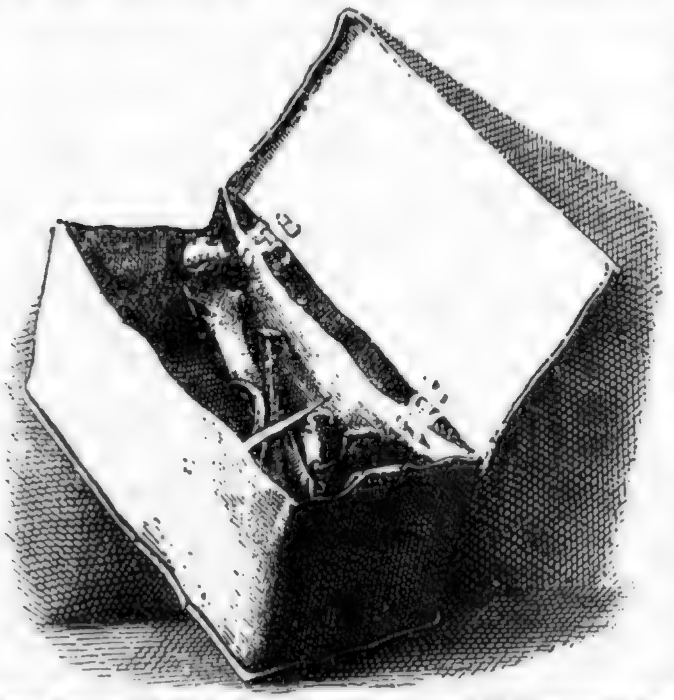
COLUMBUS HOUSE AT FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.—1. MAIN DOOR ON ESMERALDO STREET. 2. LANCET DOOR AND STEPS LEADING TO JABON STREET. 3. WINDOW IN FRONT. 4. MAIN ROOM ON FIRST FLOOR.—SEE PAGE 33.

take much interest in what our party were doing. His glistening black eyes were indicative of mischief, as well as intelligence of no mean order; while the general make-up of the animal showed that he was of a higher type than his namesake that inhabits barns and cellars in older and more thickly settled parts of the country. Wishing to obtain an opportunity of a closer examination of this inhabitant of the mountain, and expressing my desire, a lad of some ten years, standing near by, replied, "I'll get you one." "Do it, my boy," said I, "and I'll give you this silver dollar," drawing one of our "In God We Trusts" from my pocket. Away went the lad, and soon returned with the dead rat in his hand.

"How did you kill it?" I inquired.

"With a stone," he replied, at the same time gazing very intently upon his silver dollar, turning it over and around as though it was something that he had not been accustomed to handle, or call his own.

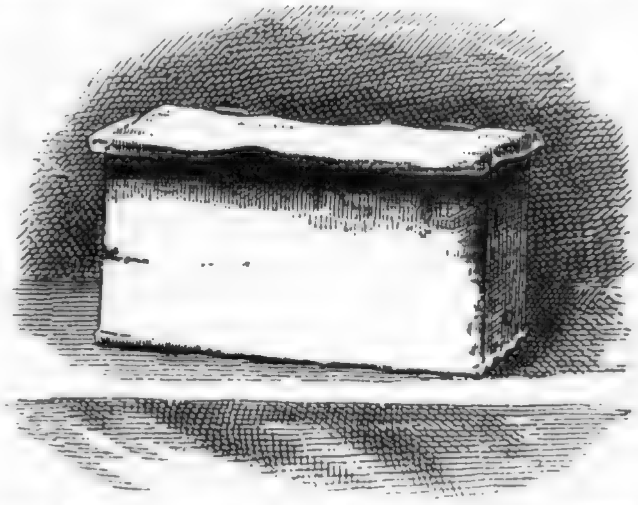
We soon learned that killing rats, birds and other kinds of small wild game was an everyday pastime with these miners' children, for, by constant practice, they become very expert, and can throw stones with a velocity and accuracy that make such rude weapons dangerous in the hands of those who know how to use them.



SOME MEMORIALS OF COLUMBUS.—CASKET FOUND IN CATHEDRAL OF ST. DOMINGO IN 1877—INTERIOR.—SEE PAGE 33.

But to return to the rat, which I had been holding in my hand while the boy's skill in throwing stones was being discussed. This hairy-tailed, or, what I think should be called, "trading" rat, measures sixteen inches from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail. He is covered with rather long hairs, mainly of dark brown on the back, with a sprinkling of yellow, and gray on the sides, shading off to nearly pure white underneath. The tail is also thickly covered with hair of the same colors as that on the body. Upon the whole, he has very few points in common with our Eastern rats; in fact, he does not belong to the same genus, according to the classification of our best zoologists.

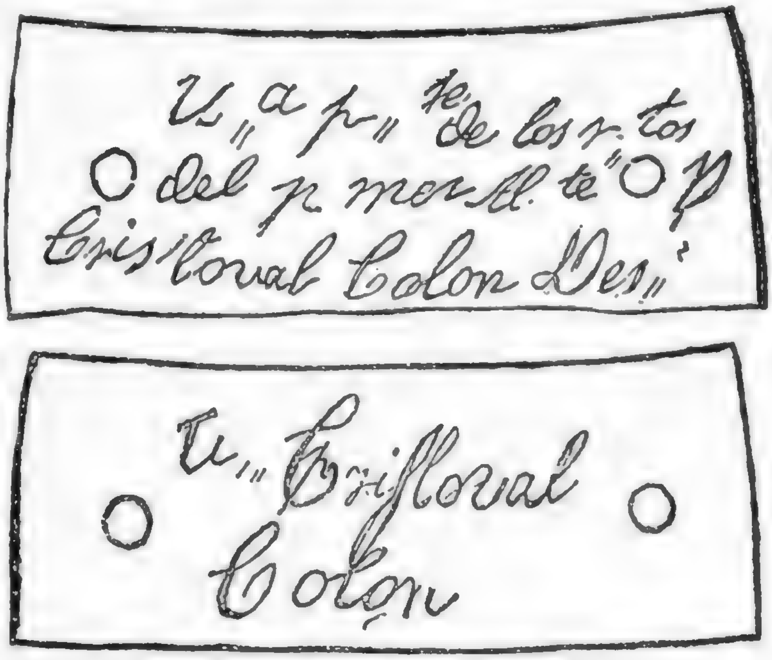
Upon expressing a desire to learn more of the history of this little denizen of the mountains, every miner in camp had a story, or a number of them, to tell about him, all agreeing that he was a great thief, which, I think, is a slander, as their own statements fully proved.



CASKET FOUND IN CATHEDRAL OF ST. DOMINGO IN 1877—EXTERIOR.

That these rats enter houses, camps and mines, and take things that do not belong to them, is doubtless true; but the universal testimony of the miners, their wives and children, is that the rats never take an article without leaving something in its place. They make a trade, but never actually steal an article. They will come in at night and carry off spoons, knives and forks—in fact, almost anything of the kind; but will invariably leave a chip, stick or stone in place of each article taken.

The miner with whom I was stopping for the day said that one evening he brought home a peck of potatoes and laid them on the floor in one corner of the room, but the next morning they had all been removed, and piled up in the opposite corner, by one or more of the rats, and a pile of chips and bark left in their place. The rats had neither eaten nor carried away any of the potatoes, but their propensity to mischief or trading had induced them to bring in chips, and move the tubers across the room. They also seem to be very fond of trading chips for tobacco, and, although it is not known that they either chew or smoke, my host assured me that one of the little rascals actually carried off a pound of plug tobacco, a pipe and a box of matches, leaving a few chips on the shelf from which these articles were taken. Next morning a search was made for the missing articles, and all were found in a pile under the corner of the house, none the worse for moving. The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INSCRIPTIONS ON ST. DOMINGO CASKET.

telltale chips and sticks always give a clew to the author of the mischief, and by instituting a careful search, the missing articles can usually be found. But it is often quite annoying to the miner's wife, when in a hurry to get her husband his breakfast, to find the spoons, knives or forks gone, and a few chips carefully laid in their place by these mischievous traders in household wares.

These rats, however, do not confine their labors to the houses of the miners, but visit the diggings, and every tunnel and shaft becomes a favorite resort for these traders, where they take special delight in carrying off any small article left lying about.

As the miners quit their work at night, they are in the habit of leaving pieces, or whole candles, as the case may be, on some jutting ledge of rock near the mouth of the tunnel, where they will be ready for use when returning to work next morning. But if there are any of the trading rats about, all these candles will be gathered up and carried far into the mine, and probably all placed in one heap; the stick or chip left in the spot from where each candle was taken, informs the miner who has been around in his absence. The rat has no taste for tallow or wax, consequently never eats the candles or the pieces gathered up; but they are nice things to hold and carry in his mouth, and perhaps he enjoys hearing the miner curse him in the morning, while safely hidden in some fissure in the rocks.

I would not care to become responsible for all the stories told by the miners in regard to these rats, but the above are among the most simple and easy to believe, besides being of almost daily occurrence during the Summer months, among the mines in the mountains of New Mexico.

"WALKING LEAVES" AND "WALKING STICKS."

THE several insects popularly known by these names are not confined to Australia. There are many "walking sticks" in our Northern and Western States, belonging to the genus *Spectrum*. One, the most common, has no wings; it is about four inches long, and looks, when not in motion, exactly like a small piece of a twig. The female is somewhat stouter than the male, and of ash color, her lord being of a greenish-brown hue.

The bodies of some of the species have excrescences which appear like the knobs or bark of a tree, and the delicate legs of the creature seem like little branching twigs, the long, slender antennæ resembling still minuter sprays. These are the very large walking sticks met with in the East Indies, Australia and South America, and the mischief some of the family do to the cocoanut palm in the Pacific Islands is very great, for the similarity in their hue to the color of the objects on which they feed prevents birds and other animals from discovering them and lessening their ranks.

The "walking leaves," or leaf insects, are even more astonishing, and they vary in color from the delicate yellow tint of the bursting bud to the dark rich green of a full-grown leaf and the decaying brown of Autumnal foliage. Their wings seem modeled to resemble the leaves on which they rest, and the very joints of their legs expand into a fold like some half-opened leaflet. The imitation is perfect, and, to still carry on this strange resemblance, even the eggs laid by some of these insects can scarcely be distinguished in shape and color from seeds.

Sir Emerson Tennant kept a walking leaf under a glass shade on his table, and it there laid a quantity of eggs, which, he states in his work, were "brown and pentangular, with a short stem, and slightly punctured at the intersections." The "praying mantis," of Italy and the South of France, belong to the same family as the leaf spectre and walking-stick insects.

THE CARVER AND THE CALIPH.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

(We lay our story in the East.
Because 'tis Eastern? Not the least.
We place it there because we fear
To bring its parable too near,
And touch with an unguarded hand
Our dear, confiding native land.)

A certain Caliph, in the days
The race affected vagrant ways,
And prowled at eve for good or bad
In lanes and alleys of Bagdad,
Once found, at edge of the bazaar,
E'en where the poorest workers are,
A Carver.

Fair his work and fine
With mysteries of inlaced design,
And shapes of shut significance
To aught but an anointed glance—
The dreams and visions that grow plain
In darkened chambers of the brain.

But all day busily he wrought
From dawn to eve, and no one bought—
Save when some Jew with look askant,
Or keen-eyed Greek from the Levant,
Would pause awhile—depreciate—
Then buy a month's work by the weight,
Bearing it swiftly over seas
To garnish rich men's treasuries.

And now for long none bought at all,
So lay he sullen in his stall.
Him thus withdrawn the Caliph found,
And smote his staff upon the ground:
"Ho, there, within! Hast wares to sell?
Or slumber'st, having dined too well?"
"Dined!" quoth the man, with angry eyes,
"How should I dine when no one buys?"
"Nay," said the other, answering low—
"Nay, I but jested. Is it so?
Take then this coin; but take beside
A counsel, friend, thou hast not tried.
This craft of thine, the mart to suit,
Is too refined—remote—minute;
These small conceptions can but fail;
'Twere best to work on larger scale,
And rather choose such themes as wear
More of the earth and less of air.
The fisherman that hauls his net;
The merchants in the market set;
The couriers posting in the street;
The gossips as they pass and greet—
These things are plain to all men's eyes;
Therefore with these they sympathize.
Further (neglect not this advice!),
Be sure to ask three times the price."

The Carver sadly shook his head;
He knew 'twas truth the Caliph said.
From that day forth his work was planned
So that the world might understand.
He carved it deeper, and more plain;
He carved it thrice as large again;
He sold it, too, for thrice the cost,
—Ah, but the Artist that was lost!

CENSURE is most effectual when mixed with praise; so, when a fault is discovered, it is well to look up a virtue to go in company with it.

THE STORY OF A PILGRIM BOTTLE.

By Helen W. Pierson.

NO, SIR; we can't make any use of them. You seem to have no notion of what the public require. Now, is that your idea of a pleasant design for wall-paper, sir? This thing, which looks like the half of a scarecrow, what do you call that, sir?"

"That's the split-eagle pattern," I answered, in a crestfallen tone.

"Split eagles! And who the deuce wants to see a hundred—a thousand—no, hundreds of thousands of split eagles on his walls? Why, sir, it would be a sort of delirium tremens to a fellow. Not that any one would recognize a likeness to our noble national bird in these things—they are more like skeletons of starved chickens. I'm sorry to disappoint, but we don't like your style. Now, here is something like a wall-paper."

And the wretch held up a very lively design, indeed—a garden trellis, with morning-glory vines running all over it, and pink and white blossoms everywhere.

"There, you see; nature itself. Makes a perfect bower of a room. If you could do anything in that way——"

"But decorative art should not copy nature," I said, very firmly, though there was a strange choking in my throat; "it should typify, not imitate."

The fellow smiled, as though compassionating my ignorance.

"All right, sir. I know what my customers like, and what will *sell*. Good-morning."

I bowed in a dispirited way, and went out. It was a drear November day, and a fine, mist-like rain was falling. I had eaten a penny roll for breakfast, and I was provided with the requisite amount for the same ample repast for dinner or supper. I was a young man, with plenty of energy, but I belonged to the great army of the unemployed. I was artistic in my tastes, and had advanced ideas on the subject. I was an artist of the future, and therefore at present could find nothing to do. I was just starting in life, but could not get the chance to start. I had wonderful ambitions. I saw Fame's misty ladder rising before me, its summit cloud-capped, but I could not find a place for my feet, even on the first round.

I walked gloomily to my lodgings, but made a slight detour that I might look once more in a certain window, to which I had made many pilgrimages of late. I had stood there, sometimes a half-hour at a time, studying a certain Limoges pilgrim bottle. I had rashly spent my last money in buying one of the same shape, in the hope that I might succeed in making a good imitation and sell it luckily.

The clouded blue background baffled me; the strange tawny tints of an inexplicable flower were hard to catch; the heaped-up color, as if it had been thrown on in lumps; the long, straggling stem, the half-faded leaves—all these made a difficult task.

After making another study of it, I went on toward the quarter where I lived. The mist had turned into a decided rain, and it was nearly dark, although not yet five o'clock. In the narrow street where stood the dingy house in which I made my home, the lamps were already lighted, and showed the dirty, glistening walks and squalid surroundings. But I hurried to the miserable shelter, for a chill, not wholly from the weather, seemed to freeze my blood.

Heartsick as I was, I went first to the window to examine my pilgrim bottle. If that sold, my prospects would brighten. I could not see the outline of it, standing there, so I groped about for a match. Horror! it was not there!

One glance at the floor showed me the fragments. My last hope was shattered. I sat down and covered my face with my hands. I must own to some unmanly tears. I had no money to buy again, to experiment any more. I had no friends from whom I could borrow, for the poor have so few friends, and I had seen how soon a man's friendly smile froze over when the idea of borrowing was introduced. I was sick, faint, hungry. There lay my work—ruined!

And the tints were so good—a little brighter, perhaps, but a success.

I sat for a few moments paralyzed, and then I called Mrs. Sproule, my landlady—deferentially, of course, because I owed her rent. Besides, she was stout, and resented coming up-stairs.

"Look at that!" I said, with contained wrath. "Do you know how it happened?"

"Lors, now, how should I?" she answered, indifferently. "Likely it's that Lucindy, drat her!—she's allers a-droppin' somethin'; or the cat."

"If Lucinda did it, she must pay for it!" I exclaimed, reviving somewhat at the idea of getting damages out of some one.

"More like the cat, since you set it in the windy," answered Mrs. Sproule. "An' talkin' of pay, Mr. Grandon, it would come wery conwenient like if you'd settle up."

"I'm sorry," I answered, "but just now it is impossible. Next week, perhaps——"

"Oh, come now," said Mrs. Sproule, working herself up into wrath. "I can't stand this sort o' work now, I can't. Parties as can't pay must go. That's the ticket. Come, now!"

"I've given you an answer," I said.

"But not the money," she answered, sharply. "Ugh! I've no patience with yees. An able-bodied young fellow a-spongin' on a poor widder! Go to work! a-wastin' of yer time daubin' up crockery—an' hidjus daubs, too, you make. As I was sayin' to Lucindy, 'Wotever is the thing like? Nothin' in the 'evings above or in the earth beneath.' Remember, now, young man! my money in two days, or go it is!"

And then she was kind enough to leave me alone, and I heard the clock strike six. I took out my pocketbook and scrutinized it carefully. I squeezed it, in hopes a lucky dime had lodged somewhere. Then I looked through the rickety chest of drawers for something to sell or pawn. They were, alas! almost emptied already.

One by one I picked up the few articles lying there, and dropped them again with a sort of groan. It was no use. Fate was too hard for me. Here was an old pocketbook that had been taken from my father's pocket when he was found dead—murdered, and thrown into a ditch. My father, it must be confessed, was a *mauvais sujet*, and I had no reason to mourn his demise. I was no more alone afterward than before; yet I could not forget the shock of it. I was only a boy of fifteen at the time, and it seemed to open before me terrible vistas of crime. Murdered! I was haunted for days by the fearful scene called up by a vivid imagination. The stealthy stab with a sharp, glittering knife—the groan—the fall!

I never saw the old pocketbook—a peculiar one, of a dull olive green, with a red rim about it—without recalling that time with a shudder. This empty pocketbook was all the heritage left me. He had probably been robbed,

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for there was no money left about him. Empty, did I say? there were a few scraps of torn paper in it which I had kept, and tried sometimes to put together into some sort of meaning, but in vain. I took them out mechanically on this night, those yellow bits of paper; but I was in no mood to make any more vain attempts. I soon pushed them back again, and shut the drawer.

I believe I said I had no relatives. I had, however, a godmother living about six miles off, and I decided on going down there on this night. Her husband, my godfather-in-law I might call him, was a gruff, overbearing, purse-proud man, who esteemed a person according to his success in life. You may, therefore, imagine his opinion of me.

But there was a daughter.

I could not spend that evening alone with my despair. The very thought was maddening.

I picked up the remains of the pilgrim bottle, and gazed at them with the grief of one who sees a shattered hope before him.

> "As looks a father on the things
> Of his dead son, I looked on these."

There were the strange, tawny pink buds, struggling out of the cloudy blue gloom of the background; the yellowish green leaves had caught the very tint of the original—and the wandering stem: ah! it was too much.

I laid the fragments down tenderly, and hurried away.

Mrs. Sproule eyed me suspiciously as I passed her open door, as if she feared I carried my belongings surreptitiously away.

The night had closed in stormy and cold, but my old frieze overcoat, once purple, but now with a bloom all over it like a plum, kept out the rain.

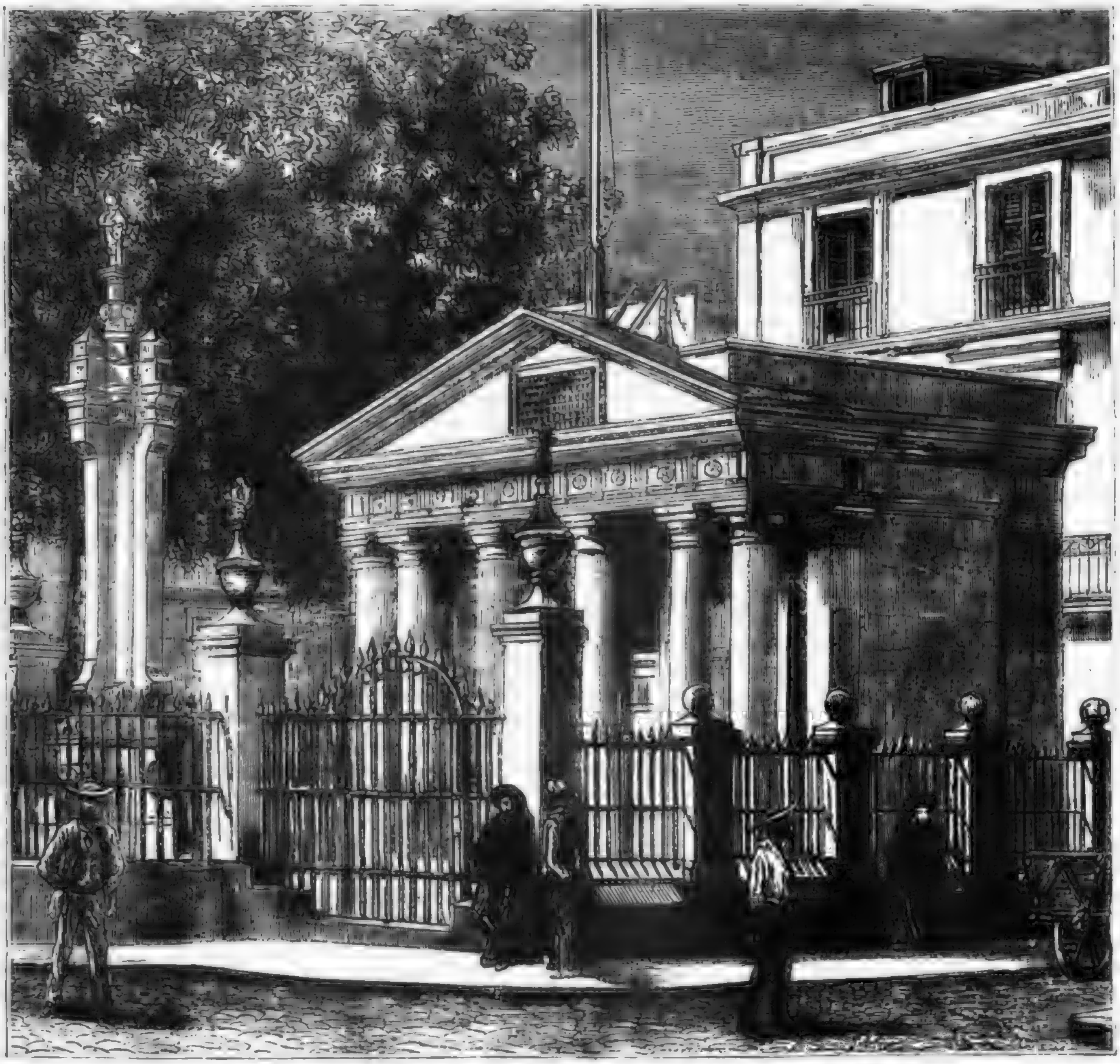
It was the last of November, and the stores already had put on a holiday appearance. I could see their bravery through the slanting showers; their splendor struck athwart the gloom of the night, and brought a new pang.

What part had I in Christmas cheer and joy?—I, with starvation staring me in the face, a gaunt spectre which would not be laid.

I must confess that the fat turkeys aggravated me, so gorged with overfeeding as they appeared; and the savory strings of sausages, how appetizing they appeared. I did not notice the fruit much; I was too hungry.

I had six miles before me, and I felt already faint and sick; so I spent my last cent for a penny roll.

What a wretched walk it was, through mire and water,


SOME MEMORIALS OF COLUMBUS.—COLUMBUS CHAPEL AT HAVANA.—SEE PAGE 33.

with a keen wind cutting my face like a knife all the way; but I tramped on in a sort of grim despair.

I would look once more in Nelly Masters's sweet face, and then—let death come: "the shorter the struggle, the longer the sleep."

Hiram Masters had been a banker in the city I was leaving; but had retired two years before and bought a handsome place in the country. I had often been there, although I could see that I was not a welcome guest to him. I braved all his sneers and cutting words, for Nelly's sake. Her mother, a silly, inconsequent sort of woman, who had been cowed into imbecility by her ferocious husband, still seemed to have some lingering tenderness for me in her heart which she dared not show; but I felt grateful for it.

Oh! how long the way was. My head fairly reeled before the end, and the road seemed to rise and fall like waves. At last, a few twinkling lights showed the little village of Burnham—a mere suburb of the city.

I dragged myself through the gate, and leaned exhaustedly against the pillars when I rang.

I was shown into the library, where the warmth and light almost sickened me.

The family were all there Nelly, in a pretty olive-green silk, with her fair hair gathered in a mass of curls behind, and short ones clustering about her white forehead. Perhaps she was not a regular beauty; but her face seemed sweeter to me than all the fabled beauties of the Greek ideal. She had soft, bluish-gray eyes, of the appealing kind; a straight little nose, and a mouth—well, it's no use trying to describe Nelly's mouth—in fact, most descriptions are bosh; I could not even paint that soft, fleeting smile, or the ghost of a dimple that always——

But I must not linger over Nelly, or I shall never get on.

Old Masters, whose head was as bare as a plaster cast, save for a fringe of gray hair about it, had fierce gray eyes under a gray thatch, and a set of false teeth, which he seemed to gnash as he talked.

"Oh! hullo, Noel!" he growled. "Down again? No business yet, I suppose?"

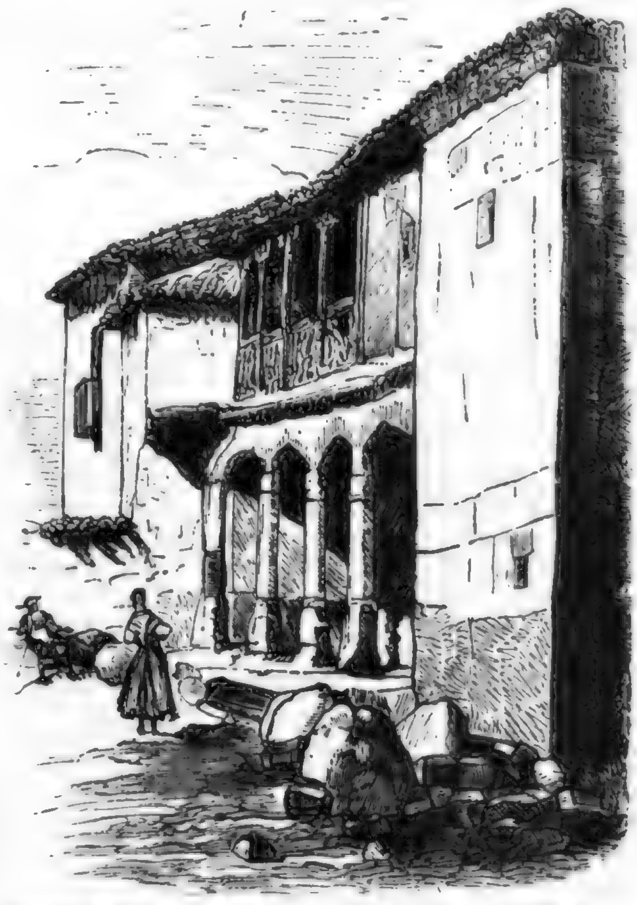
"Not just now," I said.

"Oh! how wet you are!" cried Nelly. "Let Sam take your coat."

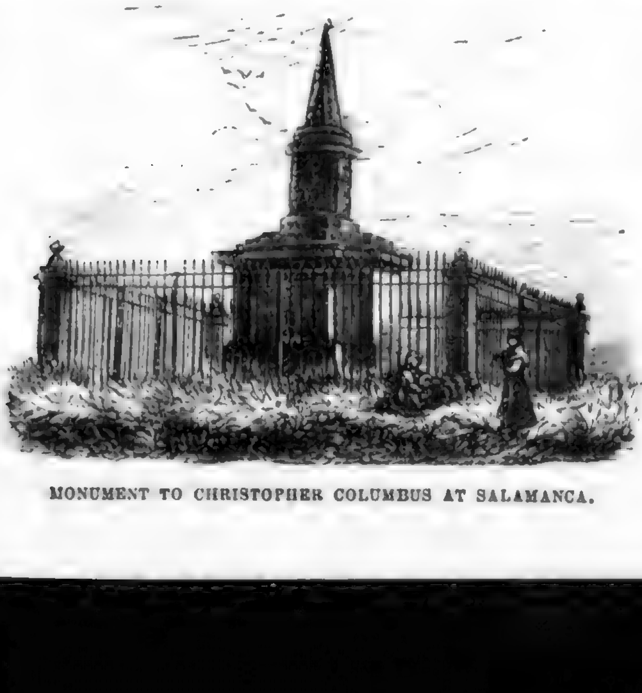
"You're dripping all over the carpet," growled old Masters.

"Come near the fire," suggested his wife, whom I had always called Aunt Pam.

I hurried out of the library—which, I have forgotten to say, was furnished in most luxurious style. Old Masters prided himself on having all that money could buy, and he kept an accurate account of the prices, so that he could state them to any visitor. He knew nothing of bric-à-brac, but he bought it as he did his library: so much a volume. He never read one, or understood the other. He would, nevertheless, point various objects out with pride:



VALCUEBO HOSTELRY AT SALAMANCA, WHERE COLUMBUS HELD HIS FIRST CONFERENCE.



MONUMENT TO CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AT SALAMANCA.

"Hideous, isn't it, that majolica plate? Well, it stood me in—about fifty dollars. It's genuine—what do ye call it? You know—well-authenticated what's-its-name?"

I had sent away my rough wet coat by Sam, and sat down before the cheerful fire, shivering somewhat from the chill of the weather and the chill of the welcome. Nelly was silent, but her sweet, pitying eyes were upon me. Aunt Pam went on nervously knitting, and old Masters eyed me maliciously.

"Eh!" he grunted; "in my day a young fellow would scorn to be dawdling around in such a useless way. I'd go and break stones in the road——"

"But Noel is not strong enough," ventured Aunt Pam.

"Then let him sell peanuts," growled the old hyena; "or dance a tight-rope, or learn to eat fire. Blast me! juggling tricks are better than idleness!"

I did not answer. I felt that I was turning white, and the room began to swim.

"Bless me, the boy's going to faint," cried Aunt Pam; and Nelly forgot prudence and sprang to my side.

"Can we get you anything?" she whispered.

"I'm—hungry," I answered, in an almost inarticulate voice, forgetting all pride; "that is all."

The others did not hear, but Nelly sprang up and disappeared. Soon an ample tea-tray was brought in. How delicious was the bread-and-butter! how the cold meat disappeared!

"Umph! not very ill, I take it," growled the old man. "Did you ever read Solomon, young man?—'if a man will not work, neither let him eat.'"

"But Noel wants to work, papa," said Nelly, goaded into my defense. "He can't get it; he's tried everything. You know these times are not like when you were young."

XUM

"Bosh! Where there's a will there's a way. Look at me. I began without a cent; no help, no favor from any one. Let him begin at the bottom of the ladder; sell peanuts, I say."

And then he buried himself in his newspaper, and I was thankful.

"I did know a man, really, Noel," mildly meandered Aunt Pam, "who made an immense fortune out of dolls' eyes; the first who made them open and shut, I believe. Don't you know, Nelly—those Beadles, who lived in Park place; you turned down Wintergreen Street, and it was a white house, two, or, well, perhaps three doors from the corner, on the right side. And they had such poor relations, too. Why, Mr. Beadle's cousin's sister used to——"

And so on in a mild stream till bedtime.

"S'pose you mean to stay all night?" growled old Masters, at last getting up with a yawn.

Nelly and I had arranged by cabalistic signs, understood by ourselves, that we must have a few words alone; so, when I was sure the old folks were in bed, I took off my shoes and stole softly down-stairs to the library, where my darling waited for me, looking very sad. We had known each other from babies.

"Oh! you poor, poor boy!" she cried, "to think that we have so much and you are starving!"

"Never mind; it is a cordial to see your dear face again, Nelly. I can live on that for a week. But I own I feel pretty low to-night," and then I told her about my discouragements and the pilgrim bottle.

"Why, I think we must have one very much like that," she said, more cheerfully. "Dear old boy! don't give it up. See here; I have a five-dollar gold-piece here. You must take it for a new capital—and—I'll lend you ours to copy. It stands to reason that you'll do better with one before you. Now, I'm sure you'll succeed this time, and there is really such a fancy for this sort of thing at present——" I took the shining gold-piece the dear little girl pressed upon me so anxiously.

"You are an angel," I said, "and I must take heart again, since you do not give me up."

"I never know exactly where papa keeps his keys," Nelly said, as she rummaged about. "He likes to change the place, I think. I know the pilgrim bottle is in this cabinet, and he'll never miss it for a few days.'

She had found the key of the small drawers which were in the bottom of the cabinet, and I stood by her side looking on as she opened them.

As she opened the last—of course the key was in the very last—I saw lying there a small olive-green pocketbook, with a red rim about it, the exact counterpart of the one I had left lying in my drawer at home.

I cannot tell why the insane idea crossed my mind that this pocketbook also contained some scraps of paper, or why I felt an irresistible longing to examine it. But I did; I stared at it as if it had been the ghost of mine, and, while dear little Nelly had her back turned, I snatched up the strange phenomenon and slipped it into my pocket. I must see what it held, and I promised myself that I could make a chance to return it the next day, even if I had to tell Nelly the whole story.

"Here it is," said Nelly, holding up the pilgrim bottle before my covetous eyes.

It was a gem. The groundwork a rich brown, paling into a buff, and out of the gloom, great white trumpet-shaped flowers bloomed amid odd tufts of green.

"But it is so large," said Nelly.

"Oh, I think I have a pocket in my old frieze which will hold it," I said; and on making the attempt it proved successful. "But how gingerly I will have to walk with such a precious load! I shall start out on my pilgrimage with new courage, darling."

"It is so little—so little I can do for you," murmured my darling, in such a softly pathetic voice, that I could not resist snatching her up in my arms and pressing kiss after kiss on her sweet lips.

"You have done everything!" I cried—"you have given me back hope and life! Oh, Nelly! if I could only believe that one day you would be mine, I could bear anything. But that old curmudgeon of a father of yours——"

"Humph!" said a gruff voice at the door, which made us start and tremble as if a thunderclap had interposed, or the floor yawned in a gulf under our feet. In fact, I should have welcomed any such yawning chasm at that moment, if I could only have vanished in it utterly.

"Humph!" growled old Masters, a baleful fire gleaming out under the gray thatch of his eyebrows. "The old curmudgeon would see you blown into perdition before he would give you his daughter. Ho, ho! this is the plot, is it! You are to step into fortune by an easy process—no hard work for my gentleman! By Jove! an easy way to get rich, by deluding an innocent girl. Go to bed, Nelly! You are a hussy—a bold, forward hussy! So you meet young fellows when the old folks are snoozing, do you? Go, girl; I shall not forget it."

"How can you abuse your position to slander your daughter," I said, roused to indignation for Nelly. "Is it anything that she should have remained here with me a few moments? haven't we played together from children?"

"You—young jackanapes!" he cried, almost inarticulate with fury. "Don't let me see you again! You've abused my kindness, you scamp! you've betrayed my hospitality, you villain! Don't darken my doors any more. I'll not turn you out in the storm to-night, because I've promised my foolish wife; but don't let me see you in the morning, sir. Mind that, you idle dog!"

Nelly stood there, pale as a ghost, her pretty, beseeching eyes fixed upon my face, or I should have felled the old man to the floor. My blood boiled so, that it seemed as if a hundred wheels were turning in my brain. I longed to go out of the house at once, but the storm was terrific, and I was not strong enough to face it.

"You are arrogant because you are prosperous," I said, in a choked voice; "but there are worse ways of getting money than marrying a rich wife."

I don't know what demon prompted me to say this. I had heard vague rumors that he had not been very scrupulous; but I never calculated on the effect of my words. His face flamed, and I heard his teeth gnash frightfully. A sort of convulsion passed over his face; but he could not articulate a word, and he turned away, and walked up-stairs, holding on to the balusters like a weak old man.

I crept up to the little bedroom appropriated to me, trembling from head to foot with excitement. The gas was burning low, and I sat down, weak and shaken, beneath it.

"The purse-proud old wretch," I thought; and then I remembered the pocketbook. How could I ever return it now? what madness ever to have taken it!

I opened it, wondering at my own temerity. Why should it be odd that there were two pocketbooks alike? Probably there had been a thousand made at the same time.

But—ah! this *was* odd. No one could deny that this was a singular coincidence. In old Masters's pocketbook there were *scraps of torn paper;* just as yellow, just the same in number, and with disconnected letters on them, as in my father's.

This roused me from dwelling on the stormy scene that had just passed, and took me into a bewildering region of doubt and conjecture, which kept me awake all night.

The morning was frosty and clear. A new day! Somehow, it always brings a little hope. There are so many possibilities in a new day! I rose very early, and was slipping quietly out of the house, when Sam arrested me.

"Miss Nelly, sir, said as 'ow business would call you up herly, as the cook has a bit o' steak an' a 'ot biscuit ready, sir."

Dear Nelly! I thanked her in my heart for her thoughtfulness, for I had lived low lately, and did not feel very strong for the walk.

It was still early when I found myself on the road, the ground frozen, the frost sparkling everywhere. Pleasant little country houses were scattered here and there. One, half hidden in honeysuckle, which still bravely held its leaves and a few fragrant buff blossoms, had a bill on it—"To Let." That bill seemed to open the gates of dreamland to me. If Nelly and I had the place, what a delightful home it would make! Just imagine what a Christmas would be together, in our own house, with no ogre to gnash his teeth at us—alone with our love. Ah!

A long-drawn sigh over the bliss of it was brought to a sudden end by the fall of something almost at my feet. The something was a man. He had not fallen from the clouds, evidently, but from a high, spiked wall that he had apparently been trying to scale. He lay as one dead, and I saw he wore an odd uniform, and his hair was cropped.

"An escaped lunatic, I suppose," I thought, remembering that this was the wall of an asylum. "Poor dog, he has escaped the madness of life altogether."

But, bending over him, I found he still lived, and I looked about for water, and remembered the pilgrim bottle.

"He has never had such a lordly drinking-cup before," I thought, when I had found some water and was trying to restore him to consciousness.

I bathed his head, and he opened his eyes, then swallowed a mouthful and looked around timidly.

"Oh!" he said, with a shudder, and most painful utterance. "Don't—let—them take me again!"

I felt sure the poor fellow had had a fatal fall, and that it would not be long before he would be beyond all mortal fear.

"You are safe," I said, consolingly. "I will take care of you."

And I stripped off the old frieze coat and put it on him to cover the well-known uniform. A carter happened to be passing by, and I hailed him.

"Just take my friend to the nearest cottage," I said. "He has had a bad fall."

Between us we lifted in the groaning man, and in a few moments he was laid in a clean bed in Mrs. Grig's cottage, and the good woman herself was waiting on him kindly, while her son went for the doctor.

The man lay there silently, with his eyes fixed on me. He was not very old, although gray was sprinkled in his hair, and deeper lines than those of time marked his face.

"I am going to die," he said, at last, quite calmly. "I have really escaped this time."

"Oh, wait for the doctor's opinion," I answered.

"You will see. I am right," he said, "and I am glad."

He was right. The doctor said at once that he would not live till night. He forced the truth from the suave man of medicine, and smiled.

"It is the best news I have had for ten years," he said, looking at me. "Man, you wonder. But if you had been buried alive for years, you'd be glad to die out and out."

I was once more alone with him when he said that, and I felt an awful pity for the poor creature, so—

Mad from Life's history,
Glad to Death's mystery-
  Glad to be hurl'd
  Anywhere, anywhere
  Out of the world."

"If there is any one to whom you wish to send a last message——" I said.

"Yes, there is some one!" he cried, with sudden strength. "Tell Hiram Masters that I have gone to tell my story to the Judge of the living and the dead."

The words struck me like a blow. A cold sweat broke out on my forehead. I drew out my handkerchief, and the old olive-green pocketbook fell on the bed. The man, crushed and dying as he was, seemed to recoil in absolute terror.

"What!—whose?" he faltered. "Who are you?"

"My name is Noel Grandon," I began.

"Grandon! Oh, my God!" he groaned. "And your father—how did he die?"

"He was foully murdered," I answered. "And now you must tell me why you ask."

"I will, with God's help," he moaned. "He must have brought you here. But I must tell it in few words. You will not give me up, now I'm going before—a higher court? A little water."

I gave him a drink, and he began to speak very feebly:

"Your father and I were friends—such friends as boon companions make. We drank together, we gambled together, we won—mark you, we *always* won together. We had our own ways. Well, at one place our gains amounted to twenty thousand dollars; we had broken the bank. There was a hue-and-cry about cheating. We took our gains and escaped. We wished to deposit them in a safe spot till the noise was over. Your father thought of Hiram Masters. He was president of a bank. We did not dare to go openly. We went at night. He took the money and gave a certificate of deposit. We did not trust one another, so we cut the paper into bits, and each took half. The money was not to be given till both halves were produced. I happened to have two new pocketbooks, which my nephew had given me as samples—he was in the pocketbook line. I gave one to your father, and kept one. We put the papers in them."

The man paused and choked. I gave him more water.

"As we went away, in a lonely spot the devil took possession of me. I wanted all. I tried a blow first, but he defended himself. Then I took a knife. But I did not find the pocketbook. Some one passed, and I was forced to hide myself. So I committed the crime, but did not get the prize."

"And then?" I muttered.

"Then, after a year, I went to Masters, to try and get my half of the money. He is a worse villain than I. He denounced me, or threatened. I was weak. He offered to take care of me. He took the pocketbook, and sent me to the asylum. There, among gibbering maniacs, I have lived. Part of the time I was mad."

"And if the papers in these pocketbooks are put together?" I asked.

"They make a certificate of deposit for twenty thousand," he answered; "and it is yours, if you are James Grandon's son. It is a small reparation for me to make, to give up my share, which I have never had; but that rascal Masters can be brought up now. If he can be punished, I die happy. I have repented my crime, with tears, for ten years. God must forgive me. I wish I had died when I was learning my prayers at my mother's knee!"

The disclosure overcame me. I felt stifled, and went to the door for a breath of fresh air. Old Masters was just passing along the road, and I slipped back, that I might not be seen. But the lynx-eyed old man was not to be deceived. Stranger still, he crossed the road toward the house. When I saw this, I went back boldly and met him at the door. I saw that his whole face was convulsed with wrath, but I was ready for him. He did not seem able to speak.

"Well, sir?" I began, to help him along.

"Blast your impudence!" he said, in quite a hoarse voice; "I want my property. If I had my way I'd have started out with a policeman, though I didn't know you were skulking in the neighborhood."

"It's well you thought twice before bringing a policeman," I said, "or he might have had more business than he expected."

The old fellow grew blasphemous.

"My pocketbook, you sneak-thief!" he cried; "and that other thing, blast me, the what's-its-name. Oh, my daughter owned up."

"Then she told you she lent me the pilgrim bottle! As for the pocketbook, it does not belong to you."

His face twitched.

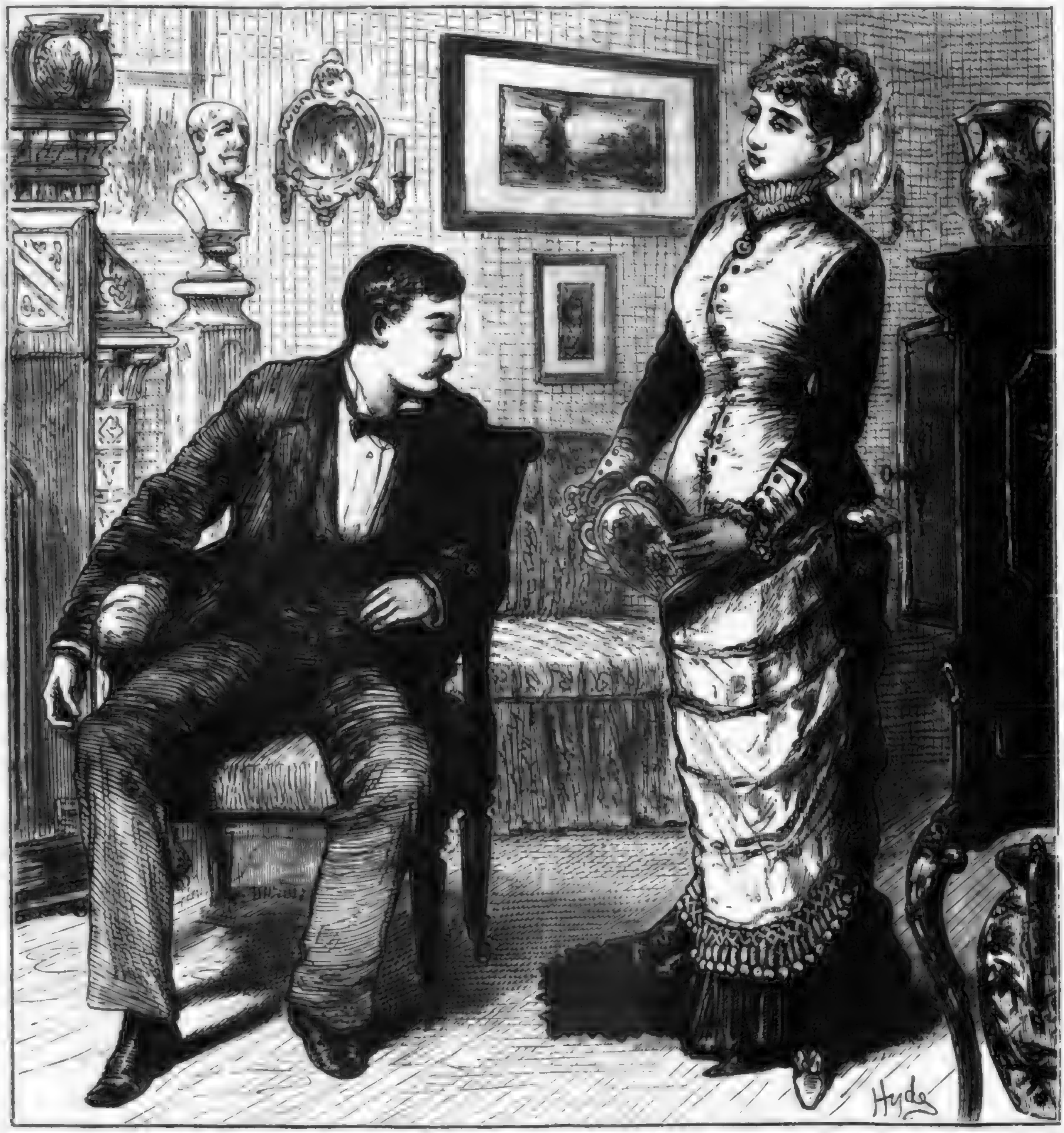
"What—what?"

He could not say more.

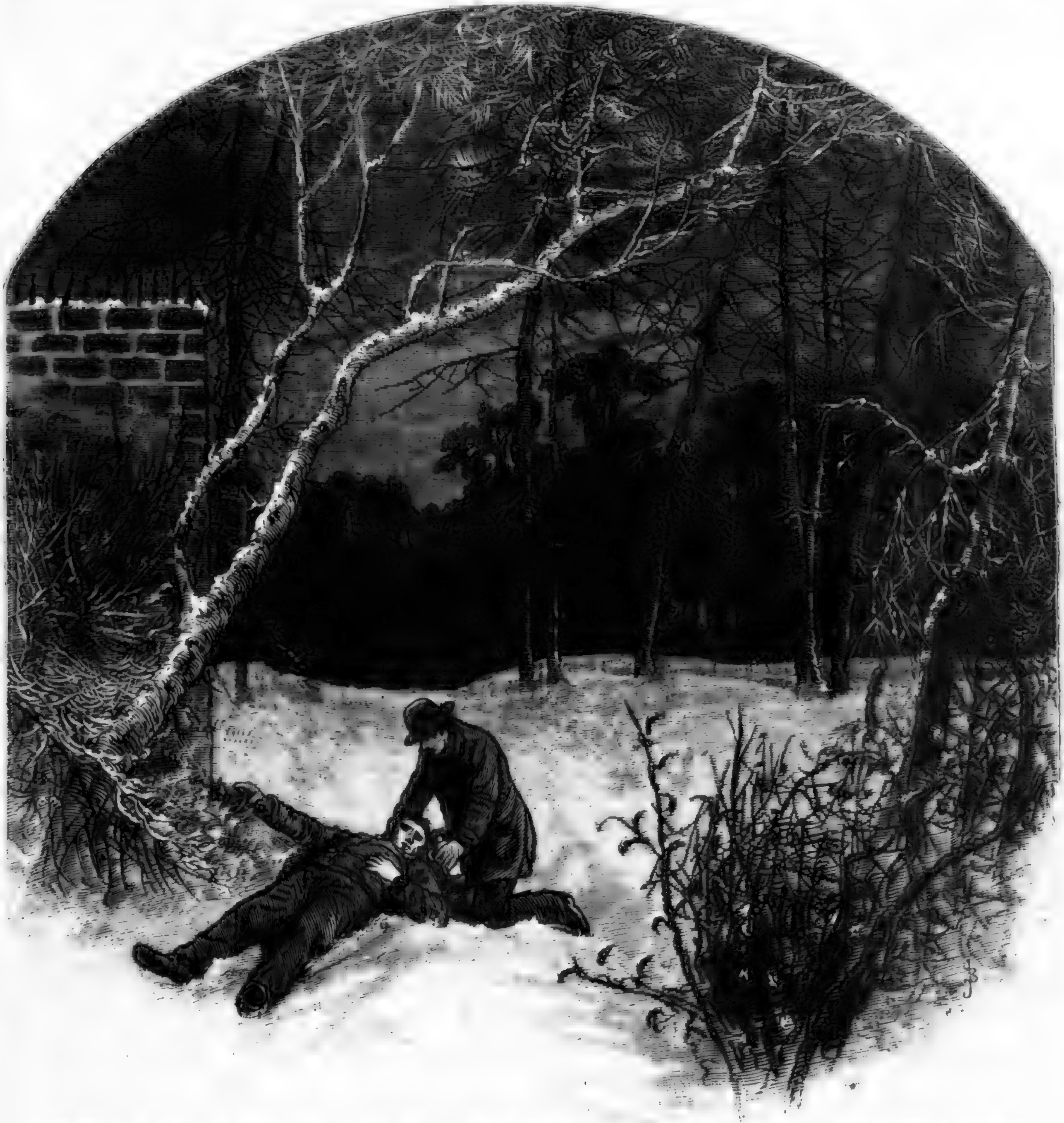
"I know what I am talking about," I answered, coolly, "because the real owner of the pocketbook is lying here, at the point of death, and he has told me his story."

"His story, eh? A lunatic's story! You'll not make much of that," he faltered.

"We'll see. Remember that I have the other pocketbook, and between them we may make a certificate of deposit for twenty thousand dollars."



THE STORY OF A PILGRIM BOTTLE.—"IT WAS A GEM. THE GROUNDWORK A RICH BROWN, PALING INTO A BUFF, AND OUT OF THE GLOOM GREAT WHITE TRUMPET-SHAPED FLOWERS BLOOMED AMID ODD TUFTS OF GREEN."—SEE PAGE 39.



THE STORY OF A PILGRIM BOTTLE.—"HE HAD NOT FALLEN FROM THE CLOUDS, EVIDENTLY, BUT FROM A HIGH, SPIKED WALL THAT HE HAD APPARENTLY BEEN TRYING TO SCALE. HE LAY AS ONE DEAD."

The man's courage left him then. He saw the game was up

"Is poor Neal in there?" he said, his face quite white. "Dying, did you say?"

"Dying, because he tried to escape from the living death to which you had consigned him," I answered.

"I'd—I'd better not see him, I think——"

"I think you'd better not."

"We can arrange this, Noel," he went on, in a cringing tone that I hated more than his tyrannical one; "no need to let it get out of the family; the money's all right; you can have it. I've used it, it's true, but I've plenty to pay up."

"And Nelly?" I asked. "I care more for her than for the money."

"You shall have her," he answered, looking as if he had swallowed a very bitter pill. "She, poor little girl, it would break her heart if this got out."

"It shall not, if you keep the conditions," I said.

And then I went in to the poor man, who had fallen into an uneasy slumber.

He did not wake from it, but slipped quietly away from the troubles and the crimes that had embittered his life.

I shuddered as I looked at him, and remembered how he had struck down his friend in cold blood, and sent him all unprepared before his Maker. *He* had time given him, at least, to repent. What a mystery it all was!

Old Masters had forgotten the pilgrim bottle, after all, and I had the courage to go to the house to return it.

I met a very different reception from the last; so I grew bold enough to press my suit for a very early day.

"Twenty thousand is a small fortune," I said; "but, under *the circumstances*——"

"Yes; under the circumstances!" said old Masters, gnashing his teeth; and I felt that I should never love my father-in-law.

XUM

Nelly made a few objections when I told her my dream of keeping Christmas in our own house.

"Only four weeks!" she exclaimed.

"But money will do it, and we will be at home. Oh, what unutterable joy to me, after Mrs. Sproule's lodgings!"

"I suppose it isn't very nice," said my darling, nestling up to me.

"Oh, it's charming!" I said, laughing; "furnished in strictly Eastlake style. No bent wood." And then I told her of the pretty little cottage in the honeysuckles, and she consented.

What a Christmas Day it was, to be sure! Never did the solemn yet joyous church-bells usher in greater joy and peace to two hearts than to ours, as we looked about our home, decked in holly and evergreen, and furnished according to *my* ideas of correct decoration.

Nelly, flitting around in her pale-blue merino, with hollyberries in her hair, was quite correct art, also, in my opinion.

We did not care that the storm fell without. Indeed, when Nelly peered through the window, and announced that the sleet was driving like mad, and that papa would never venture out such a day, I felt I only needed that to complete my felicity.

And Nelly has enshrined the pilgrim bottle as one of our household gods; for she says, "If you hadn't broken yours, you poor boy, you'd never have walked out that stormy night, and I should never have offered you ours, and you would not have seen the pocketbook, and you would not have had the quarrel with papa, and gone out early in the morning and met the man who told you the story——" and so on, like the House that Jack Built.

HOW RICE IS COOKED IN JAPAN.

A RECENT traveler in Japan says: "The Japanese do know how to cook rice, so for the benefit of grocers and consumers in the United States I investigated the matter. Only just enough cold water is poured on to prevent the rice from burning to the pot, which has a close-fitting cover, and is set on a moderate fire. The rice is steamed, rather than boiled, until it is nearly done; then the cover of the pot is taken off, the surplus steam and moisture are allowed to escape, and the rice turned out, a mass of snow-white kernels, each separate from the other, and as much superior to the soggy mess we usually get in the United States as a mealy potato is to the water-soaked article.

"I have seen something approaching this in our Southern States, but I do not think even there they do it as skillfully as it is done here, and in the Northern States but very few persons understand how to cook rice properly. I am sure that if cooked as it is here, the consumption of this wholesome and delicious cereal would largely increase in America."

MONTENEGRIN WOMEN.

DEPRIVED of all moral or social pleasures enjoyed by her sex elsewhere, it might be fancied that the woman of the Black Mountain would find in her home a reward for the hardships she endures, and for her unremitting devotion to the men of her family. Nothing of the kind. Within the compass of the domestic walls the men are even more brutal than despotic. However careful the wife, the husband finds a pretext for scolding and grumbling. The wife who remonstrates is soon convinced that silence is the best policy. No Montenegrin woman dares concern herself in her husband's affairs. Whether he goes out or comes in, she is not permitted to make any inquiry, nor show in any way that she worries over his prolonged or unusual absences. When he is absent, his wife, though threatened with death, will never reveal his whereabouts. No husband writes to his wife, no matter how long he is away from home. In the vicinity of Mustar I met a woman whose husband had been two years in Constantinople. Through a friend's indiscretion she learned of his whereabouts sixteen months after the separation. At first, I thought I had met with a very rare exception, but I soon discovered that it was the general rule. A Montenegrin laughed at me when I expressed indignant surprise. "Write to a woman—to one's own wife!" said he, in scorn. "Are we doves, or men?"

HUNGARIANS AND ROUMANIANS.

THE Hungarians, all who have traveled on the Danube know, are dandies in their own fashion. They delight in clean shirts, richly embroidered in red and black; in cotton drawers or trousers, edged with lace and crochet work, such as English ladies affect upon their clothes, and in magnificent Hessian boots, which are brushed to brightness at least once a week. The male Roumanian, on the other hand, is dirty and careless in his attire. A filthy sheepskin jacket, swarming with fleas, is his chief garment; short trousers, of leather or the coarsest cloth, and the everlasting conical cap, together with some minor articles, among which the pistol or knife, stuck in the waistband, must not be forgotten, completing his attire. But when we turn from the men to the women, we find that the comparison is reversed. Nothing can well be more wretched than the dress of the Hungarian women on the banks of the Danube. At Mohacs, for example, one saw them marching down to the banks of the river to get water, clad in a pair of their husband's enormous boots, a short petticoat scarcely reaching to their knees, and a sheepskin jacket that also was evidently the property of their better half. In Hungary, in short, while the man is well dressed, his wife or daughter is clad like a savage. In Roumania, on the other hand, the dress of the women is decidedly better than that of the men, and offers a most favorable contrast to that worn by their Hungarian sisters.

THE LOST TRIBES.

IT is interesting to trace the fate of the different tribes of Israel. A part of Simeon was absorbed in Judah. A part, as we learn from I. Chron. iv. 42, migrated to Mount Seir, and ultimately were lost among the Arabs. The Rechabites seem to have taken the same direction, namely, toward Arabia. Reuben appears to have lost itself in Moab. Gad and the half tribe of Manasseh were absorbed in other peoples. Of Ephraim, probably Issachar, and the other half of Manasseh, the well-to-do people were deported by Sargon; the poorer classes, with settlers from Babylonia and Elam, formed the Samaritans, so hated by the Jews. Asher, Naphtali, Zebulon, and the greater part of Dan, so far as they were not lost in the neighboring Phœnician and Aramaic population, formed, with some admixture from the Jews proper, the despised Galileans. Judah, Levi, Benjamin, a part of Simeon and a part of Dan, with stray families from other tribes, are the modern Jews. Among the Jews of Habor, or some of the Jewish tribes of Arabia, it is not impossible that valuable discoveries may yet be made.

HOW TO JUMP FROM A STEAMER IN CASE OF ACCIDENT.

It is worth while for persons who travel on steamboats to know and remember that they have little chance of escaping with their lives if, in the event of an accident, they leap into the water in front of the paddle-wheels while the wheels are in motion. In spite of their efforts they will be drawn close to the side of the vessel, and suffer a blow from the wheel, which will either kill them outright or disable them so that they can no longer help themselves. They should leap from behind the wheels if possible, when they find it necessary to take to the water. A person used to the water, if compelled to leap from in front of the wheels, may escape the stroke of the paddle by diving as deep as possible, without making special effort to dive away from the vessel. If the boat is moving with nearly her usual speed, the wheel will be likely to pass over him before he rises, and his chances for escaping will be fair. In cases where communication with the after part of the vessel is cut off by flame, it is best to remain on the boat as long as possible, and, if forced to take to the water, to plunge headlong. Persons diving in that manner do not come to the surface as soon as they would if they descended to the same depth dropping feet first; and they go deeper with the same effort, unless they have trained themselves to hold the limbs entirely rigid, descend perpendicularly and not move hands or feet until they begin to rise. Very few persons who are accustomed to swimming in salt-water have acquired the art of sinking feet-foremost to any considerable depth.

AN ARTIFICIAL MONASTERY.

The owner of a rich villa, a Sicilian nobleman at Bargeria, near Palermo, has a fondness for satire, which he has exemplified in a novel manner. After occupying the villa for some time, he turned it into an artificial monastery, which you understand only after entering it. In the cloisters you see groups of monks standing, sitting and kneeling, and you are about to retire, believing that you have invaded their privacy, when you discover that they are wax. They look exceedingly pious and solemn, as if they had entirely relinquished sublunary affairs, and fixed their hopes and thoughts on a very melancholy heaven. The sarcasm lies in their exact resemblance in face, form and manner to the nobleman's different acquaintances, noted for their worldly and selfish disposition—well-bred egotists and sycophants, who frequent the tables of the rich and hang on the favors of the titled. Their secular expression is skillfully blended with one of sanctimoniousness, and yet the likeness is accurately preserved. The effect is ludicrous, and the figures are stinging sarcasms embodied in wax. The originals do not like it, as may be supposed, but they do not want to quarrel with the nobleman, of whom they speak as a humorist that will have his way, and so try to hide their chagrin. A number of new toad-eaters have carefully kept away from the Sicilian's entertainments, fearing that they shall be reproduced in his monastery.

SUNDAY IN NEW MEXICO.

Now that there is so much talk about keeping Sunday, it is interesting to learn that there is probably not a community in all this broad land where Sunday laws are so stringent, so rigidly enforced, or so universally obeyed as in New Mexico. The Mexicans predominate in the population ten to one, and their religion is imperative in its prohibition of work, or play either, on Sunday. The minority of Americans have to fall in with the prevailing custom, and the result is that Santa Fé is said to keep Sunday more strictly than any other American city. And New Mexico has, somehow, never impressed itself upon the country as producing the highest type of civilization.

AMERICAN TOURISTS IN ENGLAND.

In common with most Americans who visit the Tower of London, Dr. Furness, who has recently been in that city, felt what a desecration of the place is involved in using as armories the chambers most splendid in poetic memories and historic associations. Along the walls upon which the most eminent characters in English history have written their names or recorded their sorrows, are now muskets and other weapons arranged in stars and various patterns. Upon these the conductor expatiates, to the all but entire exclusion of references to history. So long as guides are taken from the class which now supplies them, it is, perhaps, as well that the historical associations of the Tower should be allowed to rest. "As one who has visited not a few places of historical interest at home and abroad," says an English editor, "I may say that the views of history one would obtain from trusting the statements of guides and *ciceroni* would be not a little confusing. American visitors of intelligence bring with them their own knowledge of history. None the less, they are anxious to vivify it by connecting it with the exact scenes of familiar events, and it would scarcely be superfluous to place the guides in a position to state who were among the more illustrious occupants of each chamber."

Some of the explorations of American visitors perplex not a little the modern occupants of buildings in England associated with memories of departed greatness. The distinguished editor above mentioned told, also, how he called at one of the houses in which Johnson is known to have resided, and asked to be shown the room in which he is supposed to have lived and worked.

"This is the room, sir," said the little Abigail who conducted him. "Leastways, I am told as it is, for the genelman wasn't here in my time."

How long will it be ere England's new system of national education puts an end to this state of affairs? The answer of the little "domestic" might have been taken out of the pages of Dickens. It is worthy of the Marchioness.

"A SHOOTING."

"A shooting" has rather a special meaning in Scotland. It denotes an area of field, "forest" or moor over which gentlemen armed with deadly weapons bring down various kinds of game, estimating their booty not by any monetary standard, but by the pleasure of proving themselves to be crack shots. Many of these shootings are very valuable, and are advertised to be let for the season, or for a term of years, with the same publicity as houses and other buildings are elsewhere. We are told, for instance, of one shooting of 25,000 acres, well stocked with grouse, black game, partridge, roedeer, hare, wild duck, woodcock, pheasant and rabbit; and having a shooting-box or lodge conveniently located and handsomely furnished. Another advertisement points to the fact that there are an episcopal church and a doctor near at hand; while the proprietor supplies the tenant with housekeeper, gamekeeper, etc. Another dwells on the advantage that a well-horsed stage-coach or a steamboat passes at no great distance from the lodge. Whether these shootings are rented for a single season, or on lease

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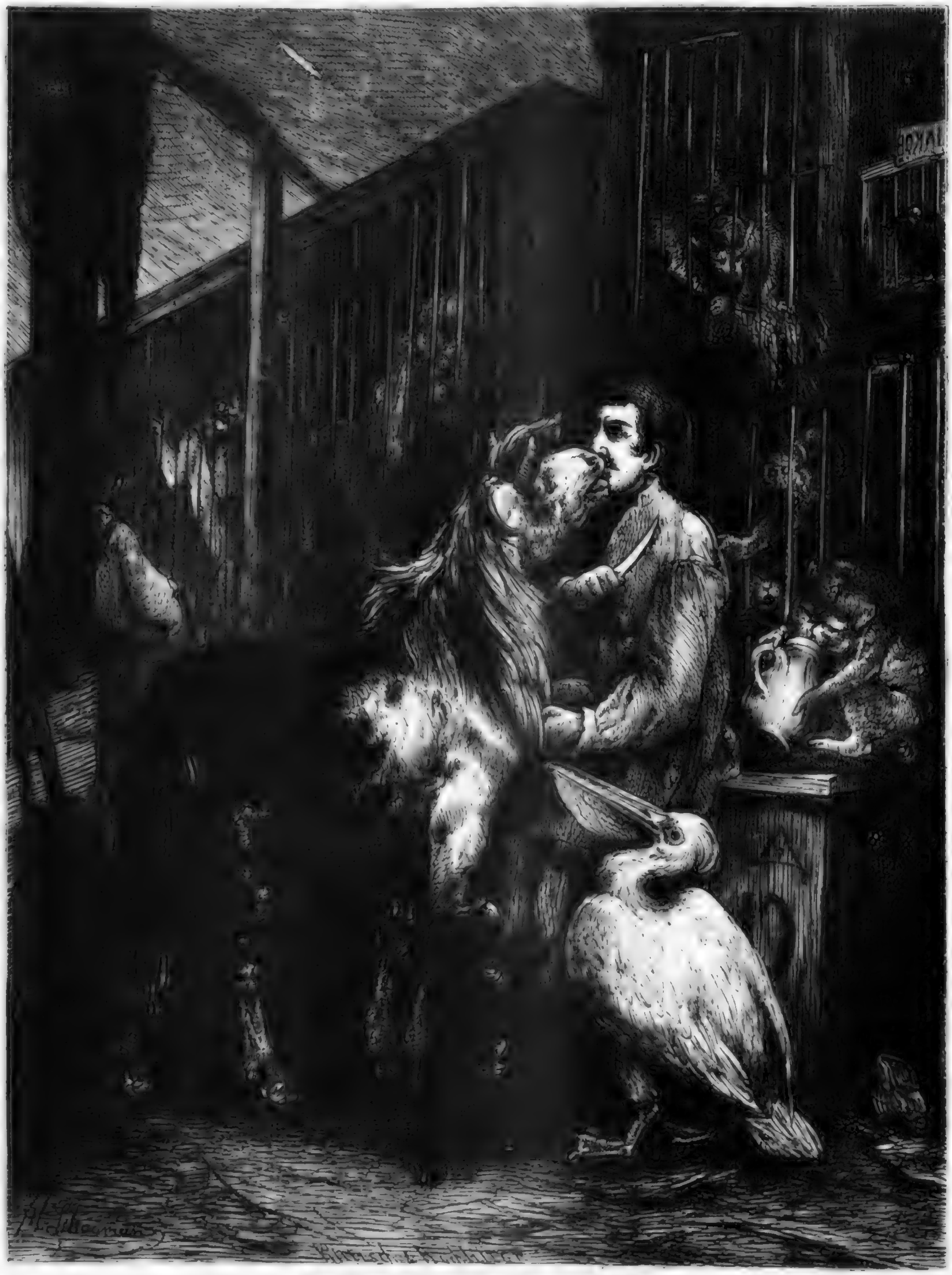
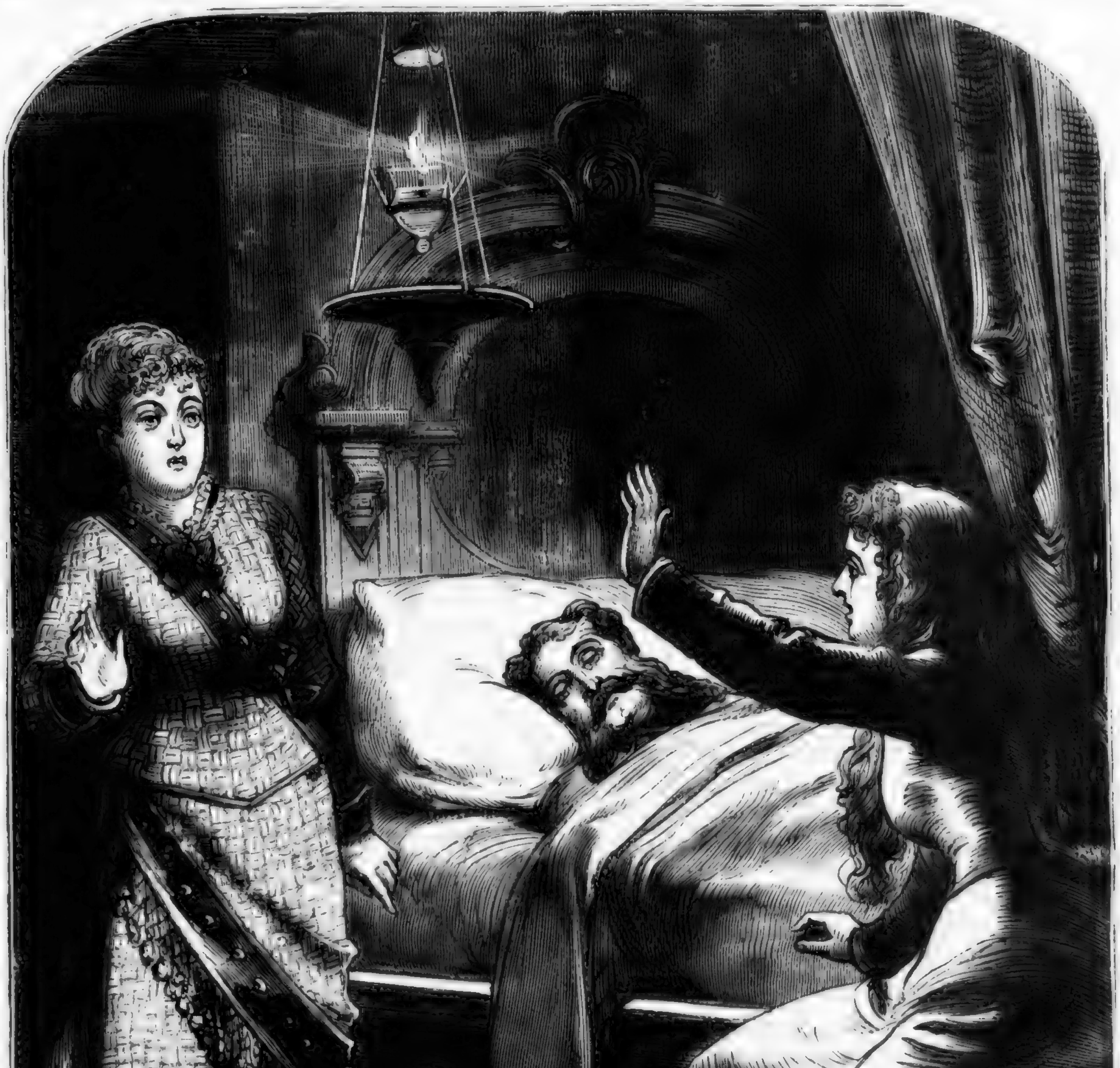
for a term of years, is a matter of agreement. The rents named range between very wide limits, £40 or £50 per annum up to £2,000 or £3,000, or even higher. Let us notice one instance, without exactly specifying the name, locality or date. The lodge is a fine, handsome house, elegantly furnished; has four dining and sitting rooms, thirteen principal bedrooms, nine servants' bedrooms; the kitchen department replete with every appliance; hot and cold water apparatus; coachhouse, stabling for twelve horses, rooms for coachman, groom, gamekeeper, gillies and gardener. There are 20,000 acres of well-stored grouse and low-country shooting, and 10,000 acres of deer-forest. There is a right of salmon-fishing on several miles of a famous river, and good trout-fishing on small lochs and streams. The lodge is within two miles of a post-office and a railway station. A grand affair this, which none but a man of ample means could afford, seeing that the annual rental named is very heavy indeed.



THE POWER OF KINDNESS—A MENAGERIE SCENE.



THE LOVES OF SNOWDON EARLE.—"'I'M NOT GOING TO LEAVE HIM! I'M GOING TO STAY—IT'S MY PLACE TO STAY HERE, AND NO ONE SHALL KEEP ME OUT OF IT ANY MORE.'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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HIERONYMUM.

By Pauline.

THE gold sun smiles a sad adieu
  On flowers and streams and woods to-night,
And long hills doff their dreamy blue,
  To wear his crown of parting light.
At this sweet time fair Memory brings
  Her garlands from the withered Past,
And sheds a radiance from her wings
  On joys that were too bright to last.

Oh! still the echo of thy words
  Rings through my heart in ling'ring chimes,
Like music of rich Summer birds
  That trill in air their rippling rhymes.
And still my spirit bows to thee,
  As some sent messenger from heaven,
To whom the tide of harmony
  In all its glorious strength is given.

Around my life a richer hue
  Thy warm soul-atmosphere has thrown—
Like flowers that drink the sunlight through,
  Deep in that wine like life I've grown.
On the bright day our eyes first met,
  When perfumes reeked from every grove
(I feel the sweetness of it yet),
  I knew my soul had clasped its love.

Brimmed with the poet's high desires,
  The humming solitudes are thine,
Where Nature in baptismal fires
  Lifts to her child her bright propine;
And glitt'ring down the ocean walls
  Her mystic meaning pales and burns;
And through the sweet earth's emerald halls
  'Tis writ with mosses and with ferns.

An elfin world of gracious gleams
  Thy pure tones fling athwart my soul,
And evermore in sliding dreams
  I hear immortal rivers roll.
I drink the glorious light of Love,
  I freshen in the heavenly dew,
And feel the Spirit-ocean move
  The great pulsations of the True!

And born within that noble land
  Are Thoughts and Feelings white alway;
They walk upon the starry strand
  And seem the children of the Day.

I bless thee! yes! that thou canst bring
  A realm, like this within my ken,
Thus, all its milky glories fling
  A lustre on the brows of men.

Perhaps, within the future's maze,
  Together we shall rove the plains,
Where light supernal round us plays,
  And Truth falls down in golden rains.
Our souls may pierce all mystic state,
  All glades of blue, all symbols deep,
And take from off the eyes of Fate
  The lids of their unstirring sleep.

Oh, joy to wander thus with thee!
  To feel thee with me, high and strong;
To live within thy melody,
  The fragrance borne from off thy song!
There, down the wide columnar aisles,
  Cloudsprent with dewy, amber floss,
Perchance we'll walk Love's shining miles,
  And kneel before the lucent Cross.

Night from her ebon halls on high
  Comes down the world with darkened sweep;
Her trailing skirts touch earth and sky,
  And stars among her tresses sleep;
I kneel in worship unto her,
  As slow she treads the blue, blue sea,
And listen to the downy whirr
  That drips her murm'ring minstrelsy.

Oh, love that all my being fills!
  Oh, passion of the pulsing heart!
Oh, flower that blood-red dew distills!
  Its heat through all my senses dart!
As tropic growths in tropic seas,
  Unfold to wooing airs each plume,
So, thou hast been the sunlit breeze
  That kissed my soul-life into bloom.

And I, through all the years that roll
  In freighted wavelets over me,
Shall hold thee as a star-like soul
  That dipt my life in melody.
And I shall bless thee evermore,
  For the dear light that soul has given,
Till life shall break on Lethe's shore,
  And swell within the chimes of heaven.

THE LOVES OF SNOWDON EARLE.

I KNEW what I was doing—yes, perfectly well—when I wrote that note asking Nina Vandyke to spend a week with us. I knew her whole life—all of it—that is, all that it behooved me to know: that part wherein she had loved Snowdon Earle and he had loved her, in the days—not so many or so long ago—before he married *me*. I knew the whole story—how they had been engaged, and, quarreling, had parted; but when he met me, the sting was three years old, healed over, to all appearances, and forgotten. *I* never dreamed of it, God knows!

He had kissed me, sleeping and waking, and I never guessed that another woman's lips had drained the fire and sweetness from his mouth. I had been his wife two months—two months of blind, unreasoning bliss—before I knew that my kingdom was only a bubble shining in the sun, a castle in the air.

Never mind how it came to me; it was sharp and sure and unmistakable. He never knew that I had found it out. He only saw that I had changed a little. How could I help it?

As for him, it was in his nature to be outwardly tender. Snowdon Earle could have driven a dagger clean into a woman's heart and watched her die, if need were, but he could not have spoken an unkind word or offered an intentional slight, even to one whom he hated "with the hatred of hell." He was always gentle and tender with me; only, being a proud man to the last fibre of his nature, he checked the old warmth of manner as *mine* iced over.

After a little while—a very little while—I ceased to be afraid of his enforced kisses, or to shrink from the caresses which he had given me, I knew, only as my right.

So, when nearly a year had gone by since our wedding-day, Nina Vandyke, passing through New York on her way South, came to visit us. It was against his wishes—my husband's. He said so, once, briefly, and then dropped the subject for ever.

"Do you particularly wish to have Miss Vandyke here?"

He was standing before me, looking down with his stern, pure face, whose shade of melancholy so many young ladies had called "romantic."

"Yes, very particularly."

"I never thought you liked her much."

"No? Why, I'm devoted to her," I said, carelessly, staring past him into the fire. I knew he was annoyed. He stood there, pulling his curling brown mustache, as he did in such moods, with unsteady fingers.

"I'm sorry that you are."

"Sorry! Why, pray?"

"Because—for a thousand reasons—Miss Vandyke is the last person I care to have for a guest—your guest and mine."

I held the note up in my fingers, weighing it daintily, and glancing at the address which I had just written, as I answered:

"As you please, of course. I've expressed *my* preference in the matter; but it lies wholly in your hands. I can toss the invitation into the fire if you say so."

Without turning my eyes on him, I saw the strong, slender white hand move quickly, impulsively, as if to snatch the note, and then Snowdon folded his arms tightly over his chest again.

"If it gives you any degree of pleasure to send it," he said, in the cold, courteous tone that always covered a hurt, "I haven't one word to say."

And so the letter went.

* * * * * * *

"Oh, how exquisite! What perfect taste! Snowdon is quite a lover yet, isn't he, Maidie, dear?"

How she says it!—such a compassionate, soothing lie as one feeds a fractious child upon! Nina Vandyke bends over the great basket of flowers that has just been handed in "for Mrs. Earle," and glances from them up at me with a false, sweet smile. She came to us, knowing just how much of Snowdon Earle's heart had been hers in the past; she had no need to stay twenty-four hours, I fancy, before she knew as well how little of it belonged to his wife in the present.

"Unmistakably a lover's offering, eh?" I answer, carelessly, drawing the basket to me. "Well, it doesn't happen to be from Snowdon; I'm indebted to Mr. Herbert Clive's perfect taste on this occasion."

"Oh, Maidie, dear!" Nina says, in gentle deprecation this time. She has such an innocent, girlish way of speaking, and of using those great brown eyes of hers—a piquant, pretty fashion, which makes even one who knows her age forget the stubborn fact that she is just one year younger than Snowdon Earle—and Snowdon is twenty-nine. "Surely," she is saying, softly, hesitatingly, "you do not receive flowers from any gentleman but—your *husband?*"

"Will you be a believer in total depravity for ever if I admit that I do?" I arch my eyebrows rather contemptuously; I've no faith in Nina's soft, shocked tones.

"Don't laugh at me—I suppose I'm a very foolish little thing, after all; but really, Maidie, it seems to me as if a wife ought not, *could* not, accept a flower from any hand but the dearest one."

She looks down with a tender, saddened face, and sighs. I am not the only one who hears that sigh and sees the pretty falters of the drooping eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Earle! how you startled us!" she cries, turning swiftly as he comes into the room. "Have you seen Maidie's lovely flowers?" hesitating a little, and glancing at me as if for a cue. Something in the look makes my face redden and glow as if kindled with a flame.

"No," he says, looking down at them, not at me.

"Aren't they lovely? Such exquisite roses! You are so fond of roses, I know," and her voice falls a little—just a little.

"I particularly dislike them," turning away and walking across the room without another glance. When he walks back again—Snowdon has such a restless fashion of wandering up and down—his own peculiar nonchalance and indifference has wrapped him round again completely.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you about the seats at Booth's to-night, Maidie," he says, quietly. "I found it impossible to get those you wanted, and I was obliged to take a box instead."

"I detest a box!"

"I'm exceedingly sorry, but I could do no better. I knew neither you nor Miss Van Dyke would care to sit in the last rows."

"It doesn't matter, I suppose. I believe Nina likes a box—don't you, Nina? As for me, I'm not going."

"Not going?" cries Nina.

Snowdon never stirs a line of his face. His eyebrows are lifted up, and his blue eyes look steadily down.

"No!"

"Is there any special reason why you don't wish to? Will you wait for another night? I can change the tickets."

"No, thanks," I reply, indifferently. "I don't care to go at all. I'm satisfied with 'Richelieu'; if Nina will excuse me, I'll withdraw from the party. You don't mind going without me this once, I'm sure!"

"Maidie, dearest——"

It is Nina—not he. *He* says not one word. I know I am rude; I cannot help it, for I know, too, that in another minute I shall burst into tears before them both, and I would rather die than show the quiver of a single nerve.

So, in the very midst of Nina's speech, I leave the room, swinging one of Herbert Clive's roses in my hand, rush into my own room to fling myself down and cry as children do—as I have done every day of my life since Nina Vandyke came into the house at my own wish and will.

It is the rarest of events now for Snowdon to come to my room; but, as I lie there sobbing this late afternoon, he walks directly in. If he knocked, I have not heard it.

"Maidie, for heaven's sake! what is the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? But there *is*—there must be something!" he says, kneeling down by the bed where I have thrown myself. "My darling, why can't you tell me? For God's sake, Maidie, if we two *cannot* be as husband and wife to each other, give me, at least, the right of a *friend* to help you—answer me, child," he says, with bitter entreaty.

And I feel, lying there with hidden face, the soft touch of his hand on my shoulder—round my neck—clinging there for an instant. Then I push it away.

"I told you there was nothing at all. I—I'm nervous—my head aches; I only want to be left alone," I say, trying desperately to steady my voice.

Still he kneels there, drawing his breath a little quicker, as if in pain.

"Will you never want anything else of me?" almost in a whisper "Maidie, do you know what you're doing? Do you know that this life is *killing* me?"

No answer. I force myself to lie still with the bitter knowledge in my heart—how well I know it only God knows—and *I* dare not tell Snowdon Earle!

"Won't you speak to me? Maidie, it's the last time I'll come to you and ask for a single word. For God's sake, say it now, unless you *hate* me; answer me, and tell me what hurts you. Say one word—that you trust me—that you're sorry! My God! you might say as much to any stranger, if you saw his heart broken as mine is!"

Still I keep my face buried deep in the pillow; he is waiting with drawn breath and throbbing pulses, but I *cannot* say a word.

How long he kneels there, clinching his two hands hard together as they rest against the bed, and bending nearer and nearer all the time, I never know; it might be hours or minutes. But he starts to his feet at last, stands lingering over me one second, and then turns and walks straight and steadily out of the room.

It is the last time that he will come—he has said it—and the words keep ringing over and over in my wretched head as I lie there all alone—the last time—the last—the very last!

THE DISPUTED DEER.

They went to the theatre together without me. I sat in the parlor when they had gone, and the roll of carriage-wheels had died away down the quiet street; I was staring into the fire, at a visionary, anxious face, sparkling and smiling, with brown eyes and dancing dimples, and at a man's face beside it, sternly sweet and pure and sorrowful, that softened and grew glad just for the brown eyes' sake—and the devil was stirring stronger in my heart, whispering closer in my ear, when Herbert Clive came and found me there alone.

I don't know why I saw him—because I was desperate and mad, I suppose, and nothing in the world seemed to matter very much—even that he loved me, and should tell me so. What did Snowdon Earle care? and why should I, whose heart lay in me "as an ash in the fire"?

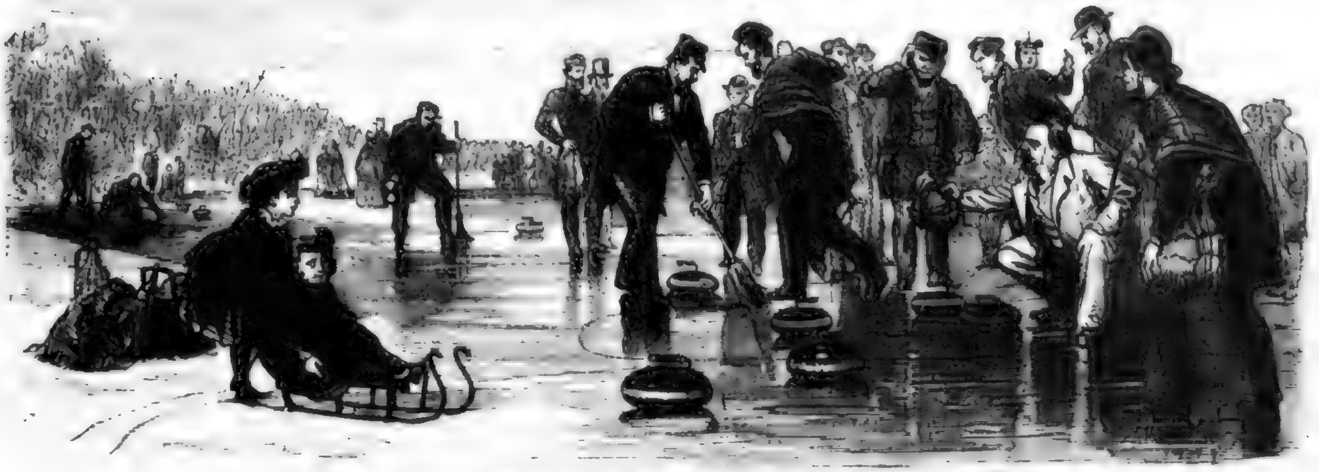
So I let Herbert stay, and I let him go on in his own fashion, and only listened to him with a weary, pitiful, disdainful smile. What he said was an old story to me; I had heard it from him before ever Snowdon's day. And I sat there wondering what it was all worth, pitying him a little and myself a great deal, and scarcely hearing the words he said, when the carriage-wheels came rolling back again, and stopped just as the clock on the mantelpiece struck ten.

"Maidie, dearest—oh!" Nina rustles into the parlor, starts at the sight of Mr. Clive standing on the hearth-rug before me, and then recovers herself with graceful ease. "Good-evening, Mr. Clive! Well, isn't this a surprise, to see us home so soon? I'm positively ashamed of myself, giving Mr. Earle so much trouble; but I was seized with one of my old attacks of faintness while in the theatre, and I thought, perhaps, I had better leave quietly, at once; you know how I hate a scene, Maidie! I'm *so* sorry, for Mr. Earle's sake," she says, turning toward him as he enters the room.

She does not look at all faint; her cheeks are flushed and her eyes glitter with an illy-concealed *something*—is it triumph? I almost think so, as I see her catch *his* eye.

He bids good-evening to Herbert Clive in just the same courtly, distant fashion that he extends to all his wife's friends; only I see his face turn paler.

"I insisted that Mr. Earle should send me home in the carriage," Nina says, sweetly, "and stay to see the end of the piece—Booth was perfectly magnificent to-night!—but he wouldn't listen to it, and I really feel quite miserable to think of having deprived him of so much."



A CURLING SCENE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN.—SEE PAGE 55.

"Not at all," replies Snowdon, abruptly, as though she had spoken to him. He walks up to my chair, rests his hand on the back of it for a moment, and then turns away again. "I shall go back to the theatre, I think—I shall be in time for the last act," glancing at the clock. Herbert volunteers some remark about the length of the piece, and Nina regrets again that her foolish faintness should have caused so much trouble—only *I* have nothing to say, as my husband, with a brief "Good-night," walks straight out of the house again.

Nothing to say—not a word. Let them think as they please; let Nina have her triumph, and Snowdon Earle his sting of wrath. He *can* be angry, I suppose, at the thought of his wife's deliberate deception. Let them make a stratagem out of this miserable chance, if they will. I have nothing to say. I would die sooner than lift a finger in extenuation of what seems to me so mean, so base; my pride swears me to silence as I lie tossing all night in the dark, in my silent room, listening for a single footstep. The dawn is yellow in the sky before that step comes home, and I turn my face to the wall to sleep—to sleep, and wish it were to die.

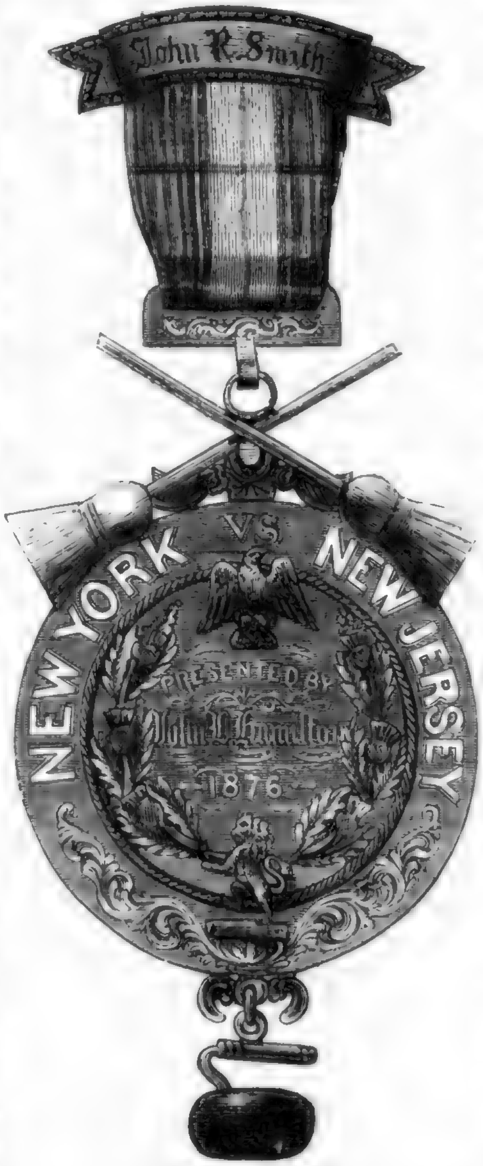
* * * *

"You are looking so miserably ill, Snowdon!"

I hear Nina say it as I stand on the library steps, reaching down a book, and the curtains of the alcove hide me, I suppose, from their notice.

"I am overworked, that is all. I have had very little rest for a fortnight past."

(It is twice a fortnight since Miss Vandyke came to visit us, "on her way South." She cannot *bear* to leave us, she says, and our dear little gem of a house is *so* attractive!)



A CURLING MEDAL.

"Those troublesome cases of yours!" I hear in the next breath. "Do you know, they worry *me* more than they do yourself, I verily believe! I hate to see you overtasking yourself as you do. I used to say long ago, you remember, that I wished you were anything but a lawyer, Snowdon——"

I spring down the steps; I cannot hear any more. But just that little stirs a new chord in my heart—a great fear, as I look at Snowdon Earle and see how colorless and haggard his young face has grown, and how sick with an utter weariness.

I see more than this as the days steal by. The gulf between us cannot be wider than it is, since the night he met Herbert Clive with me. But on the other side of it, where he stands, I can see his old love drawing nearer and nearer to him. She loves him, I know, better, perhaps, than in the past, before their foolish mistake parted them, or grief had taught her the secret of her own heart. I see how faithfully she molds herself to please him; how utterly she identifies herself with his wishes and interests; how subtly she steals into his confidence; and I look on helplessly all the while, and eat my own heart out in my wretched isolation.

Do I wish that she had never come? I think it scarcely matters very much. I had lost him all the same, and it is better perhaps that I should stand face to face with my misery, and not see it darkly in a dream.

He was working very hard—harder, perhaps, than there was need, for he plunged into his work as a sort of desperate relief from the home-life that was no solace to him, as to other men. And the time came, inevitably as it must, when his strength broke down. One afternoon, very early, he came home and went straight to his room, and the next day there was a doctor's coupé at the door, coming and going twice. And I stood by the bedside, staring down at a flushed, unconscious face, and two wild, bright eyes that did not know me, and listening while a grave voice in my ear told me how my husband was "suffering from too great strain on all his powers"—how dangerously ill he was, and how the fever had gone to his brain, and it might——

"Will he die?" I said, harshly shaping the one thought that was eating into my soul.

I saw the grave face look a trifle shocked and startled at such quiet speaking.

"Nobody can answer that question now, Mrs. Earle."

Only God! and I *cannot* leave it patiently in His hands—I *dare* not say, "Thy will be done!"

"Don't *speak* of my leaving you, Maidie, dearest," Nina says that night, with her arm around my neck. "Let me be something more than a mere butterfly friend—let me stay and help you nurse him. Indeed," she says, with gentle superiority, as she might speak to a child—"you are not fit to have all this burden on your shoulders—you're so utterly unused to sickness, and so nervous and delicate, dear. I shall speak to Dr. Howell to-morrow about having some one to relieve you."

By to-morrow there was a hired nurse and I, Snowdon Earle's wife, sat helplessly outside the room where he lay tossing and moaning, and listened with a great, hungry longing for one word on those unconscious lips that might bring me a drop of comfort. I never heard my own name—never; he raved and muttered of places and people I had never known; of his college days—of eternal tasks that once set him to grope through unanswerable problems; of these "troublesome cases" that he never should finish now, and the courts where they were to be heard, and the people who listened—and once, only once, I heard Nina's name.

They did not let me see him very often—"Mrs. Earle was so excited and nervous," Miss Vandyke said, "that it was better she should not be much in the room." She had quietly taken the responsibility into her own hands, and I submitted in a dull, hopeless fashion, always with the old thought in my heart—what did it matter? If my husband was to open his eyes to consciousness, he would never miss me; it was not *my* face that he wanted at his bedside, nor *my* hands to hold in his weakness, when life seemed slipping away from him. Nina—only Nina; it was better so.

But there was one day, when I had stolen into the room, and the nurse had left me there a little while, when Snowdon was lying quite still in a dull stupor from which there was no fear of my waking him. There was nobody to watch me then; I had him all alone just for a minute, and I lay down by him, and took his heavy head in my arms and kissed and cried over it—he was mine, all mine just then, and there was none to take him from me.

The soft, curling lips could not feel my kisses, nor shrink from them, nor the weak arms put me away. He lay, helpless as a child, unconscious as the dead, with my cheek against his, and my hot tears on his face; and all the pent-up passion in my heart broke over him like a mighty flood—and he lay there and never knew.

"Mrs. Allen—why, Maidie, *you* here?" It is Nina, coming softly in without a rustle or a sound. "Maidie!" she cries, hoarsely, "for heaven's sake, what are you thinking of? You must be mad!"

She lays her hand on my shoulder, but I fling it indignantly away.

"My dear child"—sinking her voice to a gentler tone in a second—"this is dreadfully imprudent. How can you do so, when you know that Snowdon must be kept quiet? Come with me. Let me take you away, dear. You *must* go!"

She tries to draw me from the bed, but I clasp my arms tighter around my darling. I can defy her at last!

"I'll not go! I *will* stay by him! I can have him *now!*" I cry, bitterly. "He is dying, and he belongs to me at last—he's mine, my husband! Leave us alone, Nina Vandyke!"

"Maidie, Maidie, dear, you don't know what you're saying!" she cries, in desperation. "Oh, Mrs. Allen!"—turning as the nurse comes in again—"Mrs. Allen, *do* speak to Mrs. Earle, and beg her to go—tell her how terribly imprudent this is. It is so positively necessary that Mr. Earle should be kept quiet!"

I give one look at his face. Oh, God! to see that awful quiet swept away, and the soul in it once more! Its wasted, weary hush, patient death-in-life, calms me as if he had spoken.

"I'm not going to leave him! I'm going to stay—it's my place to stay here, and no one shall keep me out of it any more. Go away and leave us," I say, turning my face to his again—"I want to have him all to myself—my boy——"

And I whisper the rest to him, as they turn and go—whisper over all the passionate, fond old words that I dared once to say aloud; sob out all my vain love softly, when he cannot hear or answer it. I have him "all to myself" at last. And the minutes slip by, and there is no sound in the room except the watch on the table ticking faintly, and his heavy breathing; nobody comes to disturb us since I have taken my place.

I am lying beside him, with my cheek upon his hand and my eyes have never moved from his face, when I see his eyes open large and slow, and the very *self* of Snowdon Earle, asleep so long, looks clearly, wistfully at me through their blue.

"Maidie—it's Maidie, isn't it?" he says, very faintly.

I start up, trembling and ashamed that he has found me there.

"Yes, I—I'll call some one," I say, hurriedly. But the weak hand that I hold closes over mine, and keeps me.

"It is always *some one else;* I want you," piteous and pleading as any child. "Maidie, I want my wife!"

"Me?" I slip down on my knees, as if I were praying to him.

"My wife—my own little wife. It can't hurt you now," he whispers. "I'm dying, little one—and I love you so!"

"Not me!" I cry, the pent-up agony finding voice at last. "Oh, I've known it all this while! I know you love *her*, Snowdon! It's Nina—not me!"

I bury my face out of his sight, but I feel his hands creep round my neck and clasp there.

"My poor little girl!" There is a hush of great wonder, and then his voice comes solemnly, full of pity, and something sweeter, stronger far. "My darling, I was a boy once, and I had a boy's dream—it was nothing more. It never could be anything more, when *you* were in the sa world with me!"

"But—it *can't* be—you—you don't love me—*you*——" I whisper, as all the old cruel days of coldness and defiance roll back like a great stone on my heart.

I listen, breathlessly, and the answer comes.

"Not love you! My wife, I'm *dying* for you!"

XUM

"Take me, too, then !" I cry, wildly, despairingly ; and in my anguish I gather him back into my arms, close to my heart, as if there could be a clasp firm and fast enough to bind in the soul which God has called away. Death—if death comes—must take us both. I am his wife, and I will go down with him into the grave, just to lie as we do now, safe in each other's arms, for ever and for ever.

* * * * * *

"And so he died ?"

The grave doctor who came twice a day had said that it must be, and the wise nurse "gave him up." But love and I took him into our hands and saved him. From the day that Snowdon Earle woke up and found his wife again, life fought so strongly in him, that it won at last. The *finis* to our story must be written by another hand, I pray to God, years hence.

A GOSSIP ABOUT CURLING.

"Of a' the games that e'er I saw,
Man, callant, laddie, birkie, wean,
The dearest, far aboon them a',
Was aye the witching channel-stane."
—*The Ettrick Shepherd.*

As most readers know that curling is a sort of "bowls" played upon ice, and many have seen it played, we shall say little in this brief sketch descriptive of a game that owes to its accompaniments so much of the undoubted fascination it exercises over a host of enthusiastic devotees. We propose, rather, to gather together a few stray notes and anecdotes of curling and curlers, and the feats done on the "Transparent Board," since the Scotch took to this manly and invigorating game.

But when was that ? Endless disputes have raged about the origin of the sport ; papers have been written to prove, on etymological and other grounds, that it was, and that it was *not*, introduced into Scotland by the Flemish emigrants who came over toward the end of the sixteenth century. All the words in the technical language of the game are of Low Country origin ; but the "Noes" thought nothing of that, especially as one waggish enthusiast of their party had, they thought, triumphantly settled the native origin of the game by the lines in "Ossian," telling how, "Amid the circle of stones, Swaran bends at the stone of might." He, however, was completely eclipsed by a poet of the old *Scot's Magazine*, who tells us, in many verses, how—

"Auld Daddy Scotland sat ae day
Bare-legged on a snawy brae,
His brawny arms wi' cauld were blae,
The wind was snelly blawing;"

when to him comes the king of gods, rebuking him for his grumbling against the weather :

"Quo' Jove, and gied his kilt a heeze,
'Fule carle! what gars you grunt and wheeze?
Get up! I'll get an exercise
To het your freezing heart wi'.
I'll get a cheery, heartsome game,
To send through a' the soul a flame,
Pit birr and smeddum in the frame,
And set the blude a-dirling;"

and forthwith told him all the mysteries of our game.

Where doctors so differ, we shall not attempt to decide ; but it is certain that no authentic mention of the game occurs in any work till about the beginning of the seventeenth century. In the Carse of Gowrie, indeed, there is a model of a curling-stone in silver, which is played for annually by several parishes. Tradition says that it was given as a challenge trophy by King James IV., himself a keen curler, during Perkin Warbeck's visit to his court. If it was so presented, then certainly this merry monarch must have omitted to pay his silversmith for it, as, in the accounts of his Lord Treasurer, though there are many entries relating to the King's other games of golf, football, "cach" (tennis), "langbowlis," "kiles" (skittles), and many others, not a word is said about curling ; and it is quite clear James was not a keen player, or else some expense would have been incurred in connection with it.

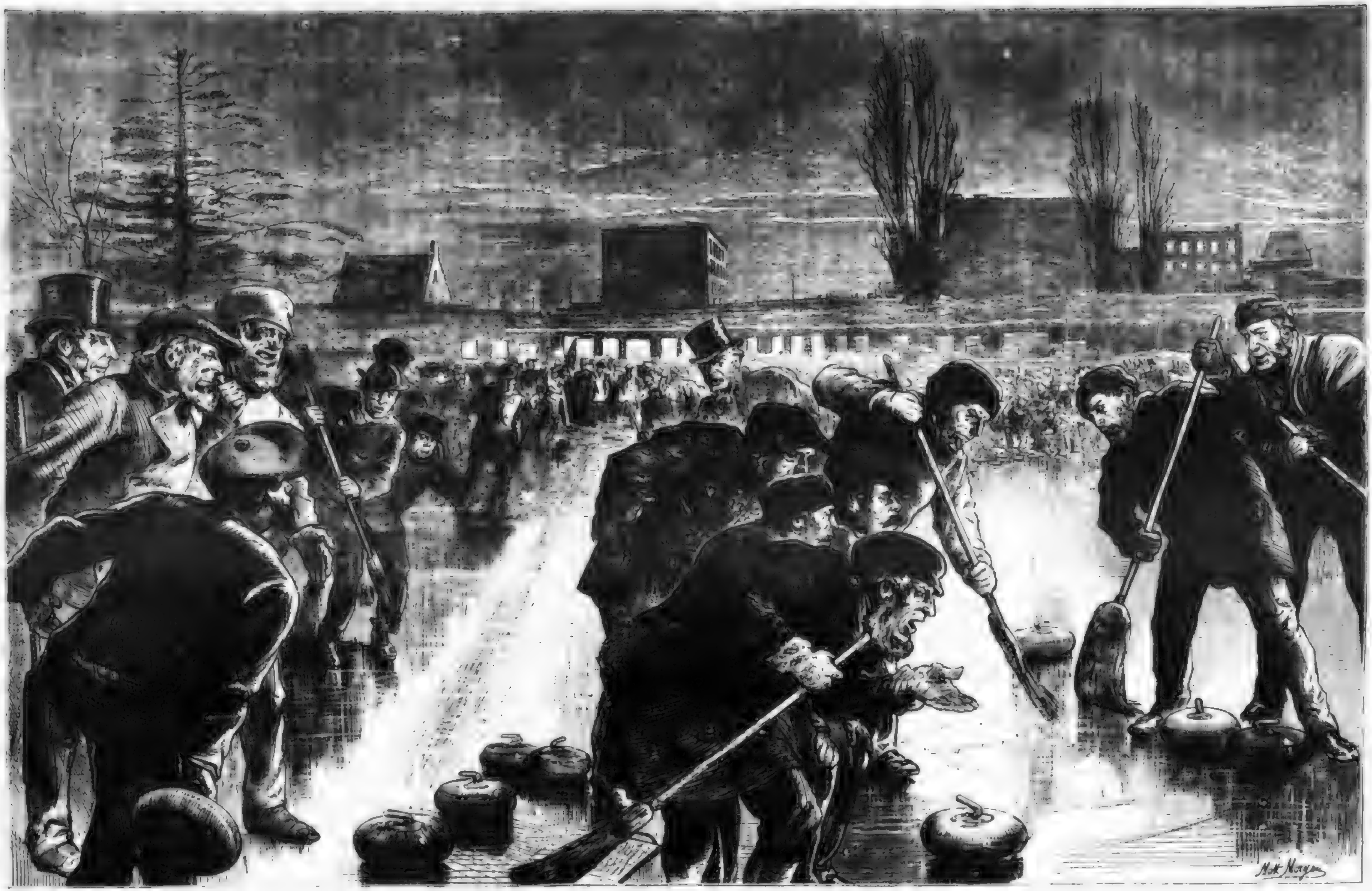
The unfortunate Henry, Lord Darnley, amused himself during the severe Winter (1566-7) he spent in exile at the little town of Peebles on the Tweed, by curling on a flooded meadow, now part of the clergyman's glebe. He was as fond of this game as was his wife, Queen Mary of Scots, of golf and pall-mall—amusements she liked so much that she put a weapon into the hands of her accusers by playing them in the fields at Seton a few weeks after Darnley's tragic end at the Kirk o' Fields.

Camden, in his "Britannia," published in 1607, speaks of this game as if it were well-known then. He mentions that, "To the east of the mainland [of Orkney] lies Copinsha, a little isle, but very conspicuous to seamen, in which, and in several other places of this country, are to be found in great plenty excellent stones for the game called curling ;" though he was mistaken in calling them "excellent," as, upon trial, that great authority upon this game, Sir Richard Brown, of Lochmaben, pronounces them "not worth a rap."

Sir William Scott, younger, of Harden—a member of that noted family of border raiders, one of whom is the hero of the "Mickle-mouthed Meg" story, when he, a captive, had set before him the alternative of the rope or wedding his captor's ugly daughter, and wisely chose the latter, thereby getting an excellent wife—having got into trouble for his connection with Jerviswoode's and Lord Tarras's conspiracy, and their correspondence with Russell, Shaftesbury and the "Carolina Company," we are told by Lord Fountainhall in his gossipy "Decisions," that a party of the forces were sent out to apprehend him, but that a William Scot, of Langhope, getting notice of their coming, went and told Harden of it, "as he was playing at the curling with Riddell of Haining and others." It was said Harden was so engrossed in his game, and so unwilling to spoil it by leaving, that he narrowly escaped capture, and had to ride hard before he baffled his pursuers ; but Fountainhall does not bear this out, as he makes Harden leave the ice at once.

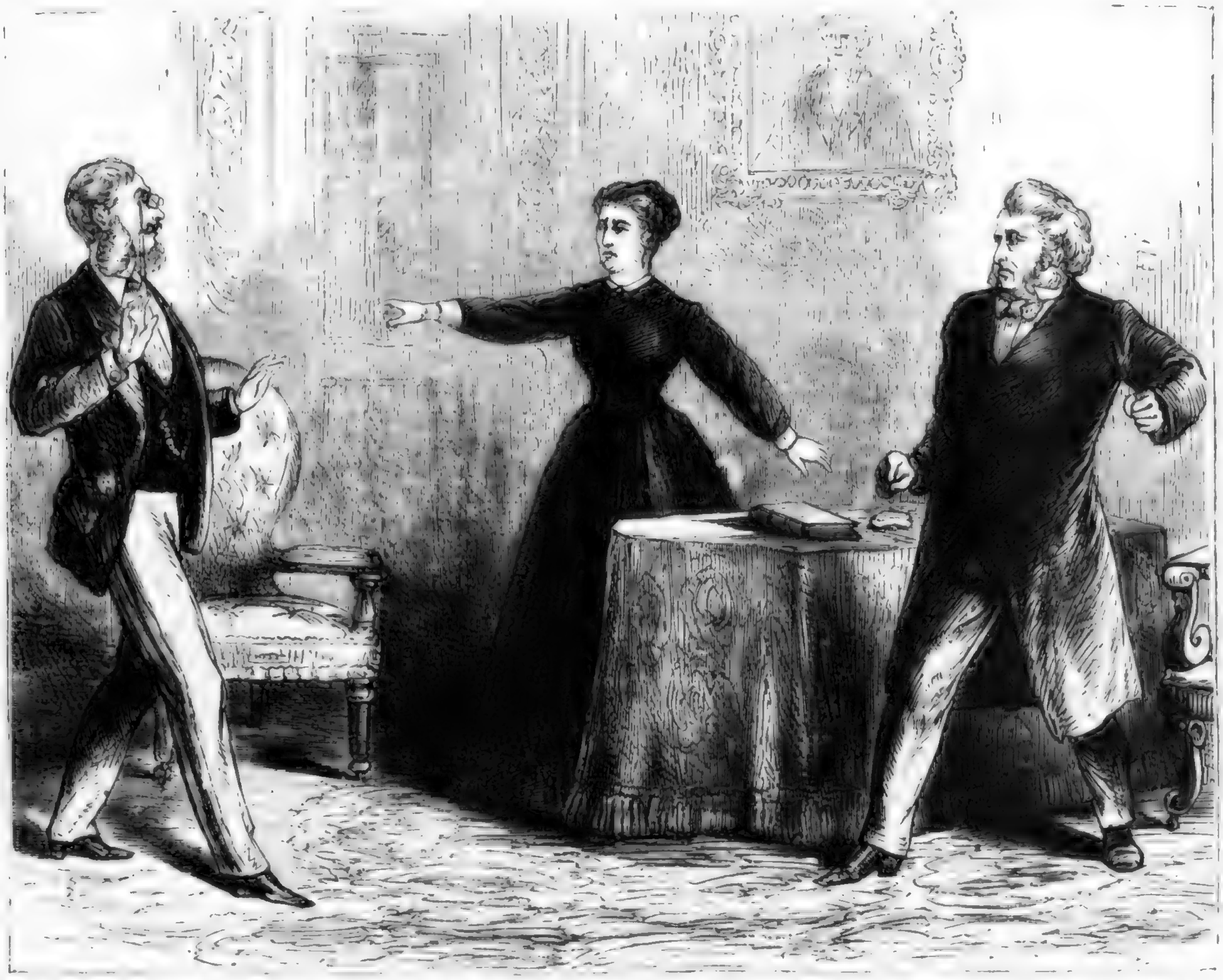
About the same time an unfortunate Bishop of Orkney got into a scrape ; his "process," says Baillie, in his Letters, "came first before us : he was a curler on the Sabbath day"—a libel, as it turned out, on the worthy bishop, as he neither curled on Sunday nor in Orkney ; "for the bishop, like other dignitaries of modern times, resided anywhere but in his see."

Many amusing stories are told of such Sunday curling. Long ago it was believed that this was the favorite amusement of fairies on a fine frosty Sunday afternoon, and no doubt this helped as much as anything else to keep superstitious youngsters off the ice, lying there before them temptingly as only forbidden fruit and Sunday ice can. In an early number of *Blackwood*, a good story is told of "a peddler, well known in Dumfriesshire, whose love of gain was generally considered as an overmatch for his conscience, but who was withal very fond of the amusement of curling, who chanced to pass Loch Etterick, with his pack on his back, upon a Sabbath morning. The ice was evidently in fine order, and there were a few curling-stones lying on the banks of the loch, with which the shepherds of those mountainous districts had been in the habit of



A CURLING EXCITEMENT.—INTEREST AT ITS HEIGHT.

occasionally amusing themselves. Watty hesitated a little. . . . On the one hand there was the Lord's Day, and the sin, and so forth; but then, on the other, appeared the stones, lying quite ready—the fine board of ice, together with the absence, at present, of all human eye. In a word, the result of this deliberation was an advance made by Watty into the middle of the loch, where he quietly deposited his pack, and had recourse to a pair or two of the best stones he could select. Everybody who understands the game knows quite well how Watty would proceed. He would just set a stone on each tee, and then try to hit it off. The sport, no doubt, was imperfect without a companion, and so Watty felt it to be. He gave a glance or two to the surrounding hills, as if half desirous that Will Crosby—a wild, reckless body—might heave in sight and bear a hand; but there was no human creature within view. The play became tiresome, and Watty, in order to rest and resolve upon future measures, seated himself quite at his ease upon his pack. No sooner had he done this, however, than, with a boom and a roar that made the ice shake and sink beneath him, an invisible, and consequently a fairy, curling-stone came full drive against Watty's shins. The instinct of self-preservation restored Watty immediately to his legs, and, in the course of a certain number of hasty strides, to the adjoining bank. This was doubtless a visitation upon him for his profanation of the Sabbath. What was to be done? The pack was in the power, at least within the dominion, of the Fairy Queen, and to contest the possession upon her own element seemed little short of madness. At this instant another fairy stone made its presence audible, and Watty, unable any longer to resist his terrors, fled. He fled to a shieling about four miles off, and with the assistance of Will Crosby, whose faith was not much stronger than Watty's, possessed himself *next morning* of his lost goods. The story I have often heard him tell with a serious countenance; nor have I the smallest doubt that he believed every word which he said."



THE GOWERLEIGHS' GOVERNESS.—"HER VOICE RANG OUT, CLEAR, DISTINCT, BELL-LIKE IN ITS VIBRANT TONES. 'THE MISERABLE WRETCH WHO DARES ASK YOU FOR YOUR DAUGHTER'S HAND IS MY HUSBAND!'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

About the beginning of last century the good folks of Edinburgh used to curl on the Nor' Loch, and so highly was the game esteemed, that the Town Council used to march in a body to the ice, headed by a band. When this loch was drained, the headquarters of curling in the east were shifted to Duddingstone Loch, in the shadow of Arthur's Seat; and under the auspices of this and many other clubs the game was immensely improved and turned into a highly scientific exercise, instead of the rough and clumsy amusement it had been in its early years, when it bore a strong resemblance to quoits on ice—indeed, in many places it was called "kuting"—and was played with "channel-stanes" picked out of the bed of a stream, and roughly shaped into an oblong form, with a niche to admit the points of the player's fingers. In December, 1830, a kuting-stone of this kind, bearing the initials I. M. and the date 1611, was dug out of the foundations of an old house in Strathallan; and the Duddingstone Society possess several like it, which were fished out of Linlithgow Loch early in this century.

XUM

The curlers of Lochmaben in Dumfries have been long celebrated for their excellence. They have given a phrase to the game, "Soutering," which has puzzled philologers to explain before now. Soutering means defeating an opposing party in so hollow a way that they stand "love" when the victors are "game." In Lochmaben there was a rink of seven players, all shoemakers—Scoticè, *souters*—by trade, who were so expert that not only did they conquer all comers, but often without allowing their opponents to score a single shot—hence the phrase. On the same loch, during the French war, there was another rink, headed by Sir James Brown of Colstoun, famed all over curling Scotland as the "Invincible Board of Lochmaben." Many are the feats recorded of these doughty champions. So marvelous was the skill of Deacon Jardine, chief of the Souters, that he could with his stone thread a needle! He attached with a piece of shoemaker's wax two needles to the side of two curling-stones, just the width of the one he played with apart; then upon two stones in front, similarly apart, and in the line of direction, having affixed two *birses* (bristles), he played his stone so accurately that, in grazing through the "port," or opening between the stones, it would impel the birses forward through the eyes of the needles. Unique as was this feat, it has often been rivaled in difficulty by delicate shots of other curlers.

There have been instances of a curling-stone being thrown a mile upon the ice. Sir Richard Brown says that in his day there were many alive who could throw a stone across the Kirk Loch—one of the many lakes at Lochmaben—"a feat not much short of the above." Once a celebrated player of Tinwald, named Lawrie Young, challenged the Lochmaben curlers to a trial of strength. Their president stepped forward, and taking his stone, threw it with such strength across the Mill Loch that it jumped off the brink upon the other side and tumbled over upon the grass. "Now," said he to Lawrie, "go and throw it back again; I will then confess that you are too many for us."

Captain H. Clapperton, R.N.—an African traveler of some repute sixty years ago—used to play with an enormous mass of granite, known far and wide as "the Hen." This rough stone weighed about seventy pounds; and yet, such a strong man was Clapperton, that he not only played some capital shots with it, but could hold it out at arm's length, and whirl it about as if it were a feather. An uncle of his used even a heavier stone, because, as he said, no other curler on the Lochmaben ice could throw it but himself. These were rough-shaped stones, almost as they were when found, and would never be allowed nowadays.

One of the Dukes of Athole, very fond both of curling and skating, suggested a game in which both were combined. The skater, armed with a long pole, impelled his curling-stone with it; but, though it was described as "an elegant mode—making a highly interesting game," it never took either with curlers or skaters, never at any time best of friends on the ice.

At a time when the game was not as fashionable with the Scottish nobility as it is nowadays, "Archibald the Handsome," the ninth Duke of Hamilton, was a great patron of curling. He often headed rinks from Hamilton in contests with other parishes, and took the keenest interest in the "spiel." Once in the "dear years," when meal *was* meal, the fate of a game depended on a critical shot being played; his grace called out to the player about to attempt it, "Now, John, if you take the shot and strike away the winner, your mother shanna want meal a' the Winter—I'll send her a boll"—a prize John had the satisfaction, both as a curler and a son, of winning.

When the game is over for the day, victors and vanquished retire together to the inn, where they allay the enormous appetites engendered by the keen frosty air and their healthy exercise. "Beef and greens" is the invariable fare—"curlers' fare"—washed down by copious tumblers of toddy, under the influence of which the battles of the day are fought over again by voluble tongues; old jokes—venerable, but all the better liked for that—are retold, and all is mirth and jollity. Strange are the pranks sometimes suggested by the too potent toddy, and many are the stories told of them; here is one that takes us back to the ice again, but by night this time:

A large party of Kilmarnock curlers had been playing all day in a match, which they had won. After dinner, while the social glass was being drained, it was proposed that they should again repair to the ice; the hint met with universal approbation. It was about eleven o'clock, and they had to walk a mile in the country to reach the loch. The night was very dark, but a lantern at each tee-head guided the player in his delivery. "The stone," says the poetic chronicler of this game, "having left the hand, was heard booming, unseen, along the ice, 'startling the night's dull ear,' its destination unknown, until it dashed among the others around the tee. The stilly calmness of the dark night—the roar of the stones in their progress along the ice—and the screaming and fluttering of flocks of wild waterfowl, startled from the margin of the loch by the unusual intrusion on their haunts, formed a scene of interest and novelty. In these strange circumstances the game was continued with the utmost enthusiasm and hilarity, till long past 'the wee short hour ayont the twal'; and ere the party finally separated, 'gray morning, like a warder on his tower,' was beginning to smile upon the snow-clad world."

Our space will not permit us to say anything of the "Curling Court"—a mock tribunal—a secret society, and the scene of frequent "High Jinks" like those of Counselor Pleydell; nor of the songs and song-writers of our game, nor even to tell of the lady curlers who have before now adorned a rink and played a capital game.

THE GOWERLEIGHS' GOVERNESS.

SHE was a pale, quiet woman, not older than twenty-five at the furthest, and with traces of former beauty that always struck people on first meeting her. She had come to the Gowerleighs with the best of references, and after a week's stay at their fine country-seat in Enderley, became quite a favorite with motherless little Elsie and Geordie, with Miss Adelaide Gowerleigh, the grown-up daughter, and with good-natured old Squire Gowerleigh, who always made it a point, by-the-way, to like everybody.

But *why* Mrs. Fanshawe had become a favorite is quite another matter. Nobody thought of explaining their reasons for being fond of her, which it may be safely affirmed admitted of no definite explanation. Whatever charms Mrs. Fanshawe may have possessed, conversation was assuredly not one of them. She *never* spoke, except when speech was a positive necessity. Now and then, but by no means often, she smiled. Occasionally she accepted the genial squire's very cordially worded standing invitation "to be sociable, and mix with the family." But generally her time, after school hours, was spent in the privacy of her own apartment. The essence of unsociability, you will say; and yet everybody who had seen Mrs. Fanshawe since her arrival at Enderley, somehow, liked her. Her residence in the house had been of about three weeks' duration, when one evening a servant knocked at the door of Mrs. Fanshawe's room, with a request that she would attend the squire in his study below-stairs. The governess promptly acquiesced.

When Mrs. Fanshawe entered the study and quietly took a seat at respectful distance from the squire, he "ahem-d" and "aha-d" very imposingly for several minutes, as if thoroughly at a loss how to open conversation.

"I sent for you, Mrs. Fanshawe," he finally began, "with a view toward asking of you, madame, a favor—a most *important* favor."

The lady bowed in silence. The squire would rather she had spoken; but, gaining self-possession, he proceeded:

"You may have noticed, Mrs. Fanshawe, the feeling of affection which I entertain for the son of my friend and neighbor, young Mr. Graham Blanford. As you know, he frequently dines at the house, and is an intimate visitor here. You may also have noticed the evident attachment which he feels for my daughter, Adelaide."

Another grave inclination of Mrs. Fanshawe's head—no more. The squire waited for a reply, but as none came, he continued:

"Possibly you may have heard, madame, that my daughter Adelaide has, till within a few weeks, reciprocated Mr. Blanford's attachment; that they have been considered throughout Enderley an engaged couple. I purposely use the words 'within a few weeks,' for during that time my daughter's feelings have undergone a sudden and very surprising revulsion. A gentleman now staying at the hotel—a certain Mr. Effingham Walters, of whom I know nothing and care as little—has used the hundred accomplishments of a city-bred dandy to alienate her heart from its former love. He has succeeded, for a time at least. Were I to consent to Adelaide's immediate marriage with this person, she would eagerly embrace the opportunity of becoming his wife. But my consent has been withheld in the hope of convincing her that Graham Blanford is far the superior man of the two. This, however, seems, so far at least as concerns my powers of persuasion in the matter, an almost impossible task. Adelaide, in spite of all my arguments, persists in her preference of the worthless, fortune-hunting fop, with whom she is so singularly infatuated. Can *you*, Mrs. Fanshawe, do nothing to convince this foolish girl of her own headstrong conduct? She likes you; I believe that you have already gained peculiar influence over her. May I rely upon your making one attempt to effect the desired change?"

Several moments elapsed before Mrs. Fanshawe responded to the squire's concluding question, that gentleman, meanwhile, becoming rapidly more and more embarrassed at her delay in accepting his proposal.

"You may rely upon me," the lady at length said. "I will do my best."

And with this monosyllabic response, the conference between Mrs. Fanshawe and Squire Gowerleigh ended.

As the former was passing through the lower hall, on her way to her own chamber, a hand lightly touched her shoulder, and a gentleman's voice addressed her in respectful tones.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Fanshawe, but I am aware on what subject the squire has been speaking; indeed, it was through my advice that he made the request which you have doubtless just heard. May I join with him in earnestly begging that you will use all the influence in your power over Adelaide?"

The speaker was Graham Blanford, a tall, well-built man of three-and-twenty, with honesty and truth written in very legible characters upon every feature of his handsome face.

"I will do my best," replied Mrs. Fanshawe. That was all she said. Then she passed on.

"I wonder if her 'best' means four or five words of Spartan laconicism to Adelaide?" grumbled poor Graham, very discontentedly, after she had gone. "If so, I think Mr. Effingham Walters stands a very fair chance of becoming the squire's son-in-law—miserable, crafty coxcomb that he is!"

Tea at Gowerleigh Manor was rather late that evening. On seating herself at table, Mrs. Fanshawe leaned slightly toward the squire, next to whom she sat, and said, in a low voice:

"Miss Adelaide will not be down this evening."

"You have spoken with her?" eagerly inquired the squire.

Graham Blanford, who was seated on his other hand, bent forward to catch her reply.

"Yes."

That was all. A servant entering at this moment, put an end to further discussion. But it is doubtful whether Mrs. Fanshawe meant to say more than the monosyllable she had already uttered. For, while the servant was still in attendance, she asked to be excused, rose from the table and left the room.

"Provoking woman!" muttered Graham Blanford.

"Enigma!" was the squire's annoyed *sotto voce*.

Before either gentleman had finished his meal, a card was handed to the squire, on reading which his face flushed angrily. Then he handed it to Graham Blanford, and rising from the table, left the room. The card contained the name of "Effingham Walters, Esq.," printed with innumerable flourishes.

Three minutes later the squire entered the parlor, where Mr. Effingham Walters awaited him.

An elaborately costumed gentleman of the genus "swell," with a pink-and-white complexion, and the most surprising of blonde whiskers, rose from the sofa on the squire's entrance.

"I have come," he began, with perfect self-possession, both in voice and manner, and an affected drawl in his mode of speaking that was rather ludicrous—"I have come, Squire Gowerleigh, to request in marriage the hand of your daughter, Miss Adelaide. I am aware that such a marriage is viewed by you with disfavor. I am aware, also, that you attribute to me the base motive of seeking to possess myself of the large fortune she has inherited from her mother. I am—— Oh, good gracious! who *is* that?"

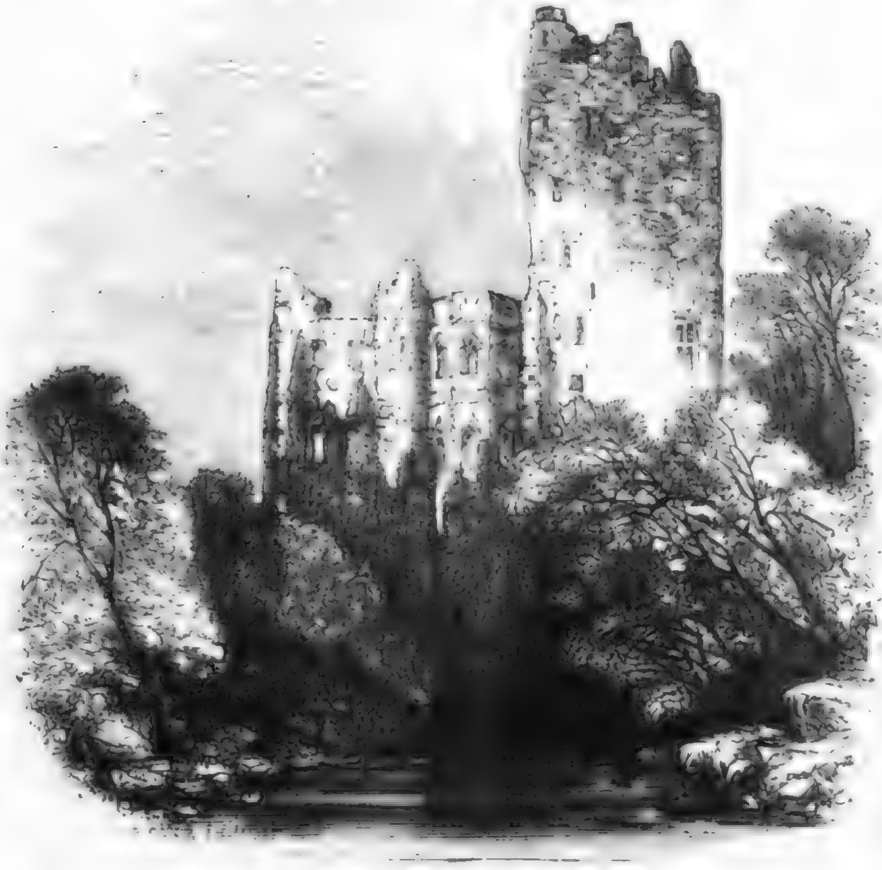
Mr. Effingham Walters, a very picture of dismay, was staring fixedly at the door. Upon its threshold stood Mrs. Fanshawe.

"Do you know me, John Robertson?" her voice rang out, clear, distinct, bell-like in its vibrant tones. "The miserable wretch who dares ask you for your daughter's hand, Squire Gowerleigh, *is my husband!* It is five years since he deserted me in New York, but I have managed to keep a tolerable account of his *aliases* since then, and I readily recognize Effingham Walters as one of them."

A desperate, hunted look was suddenly assumed by the Apollo-like countenance of Mr. Effingham Walters, as the squire strode furiously toward him with clinched fists.

Somehow, he managed to evade the sweeping blow that would have leveled all the pride of his coxcombry had it touched him, and slipping past his injured wife, who made a dexterous seizure of something from his person as he rushed by her, the rogue disappeared an instant later, through the hall door. From that evening Enderley heard

XUM



BLARNEY CASTLE, IRELAND.

of him no longer. Mr. Effingham Walters became henceforth "a memory and a name."

"How can we ever sufficiently thank Mrs. Fanshawe?" said the squire to Graham Blanford, whom a hearty roar of rage from the elder gentleman had attracted thither. "Her timely exposure of this scamp was superb. By Jove, Mrs. Fanshawe," turning to that lady, "I cannot find words to——"

The squire paused. A feeling that very much resembled horror thrilled him from head to foot. The lady, with a quiet smile, was extending toward him nothing more or less than one of the blonde whiskers of Mr. Effingham Walters!

"You don't mean," ejaculated the squire, "that you tore it out by the roots?"

"Oh, no. There were *no* roots, Squire Gowerleigh; the wretch's whiskers are false!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the squire. "Very cleverly done, Mrs. Fanshawe—very cleverly done, *indeed*. Will you oblige me by showing that trophy to Adelaide when you go up-stairs this evening? I think the effect will be rather disillusionizing. Eh, Graham?"

"I have already explained the identity of Mr. Walters to your daughter," was Mrs. Fanshawe's reply, "which accounts for her non-appearance at the tea-table. I mentioned to you that I immediately recognized the *alias* of Mr. John Robertson on hearing it this evening. Miss Adelaide will have a severe struggle with her own heart, but depend upon it, Squire Gowerleigh, that the result will be humility, repentance, and a joyful return to her old love."

And so it was. Adelaide Gowerleigh is now the happy wife of Graham Blanford. Mrs. Fanshawe, yet retaining her position of governess, is still the same silent, reserved oddity of womankind. And the squire, remembering how she once spoke to such excellent purpose, likes her better than before.

BLARNEY CASTLE.

This picturesque edifice, of antiquarian and jocular fame, almost coeval, is situated in the village of Blarney, about four miles northwest of Cork. It consists of a massive square tower, that rises broad and boldly. A short distance to the southwest of the castle is a lake, said to abound with a species of leech. It does not afford one good subject for the pencil, being without islands, the margin swampy, and the adjacent trees planted with too much attention to regularity.

It is a very generally believed tradition that, before Blarney surrendered to King William's forces, Lord Clancarty's plate was made up in an open chest, which was thrown into this lake, and has not since been recovered; nor does this appear improbable, as we understand repeated attempts have in vain been made to drain it.

In 1814, Mr. Milliken, whose well-known song of "The Groves of Blarney" has identified his memory with the place, gave Mr. Crofton Croker a clumsy silver ring for the finger, which had been taken out of the lake by a boy who was fishing in it.

In the highest part of the castle is a stone usually pointed out to visitors, and which has the legendary property of conferring on the person who kisses it such persuasiveness as to compel the hearer to believe anything he asserts. It is no easy matter to reach the stone, and still more difficult to kiss it.

AMBER.

By Emma North.

Leslie Thorne sat idly at his desk in the Senate, twirling his mustache with one elegant white hand.

It had been a dull day for the members, and especially dull for him; his Bill he had worked for with such interest had passed both Houses—he knew it would win—his enterprises always did, and he had nothing else to wish for. He had succeeded in everything he undertook since he began, seventeen years ago, a poor newspaper-boy in a printing-office, steadily

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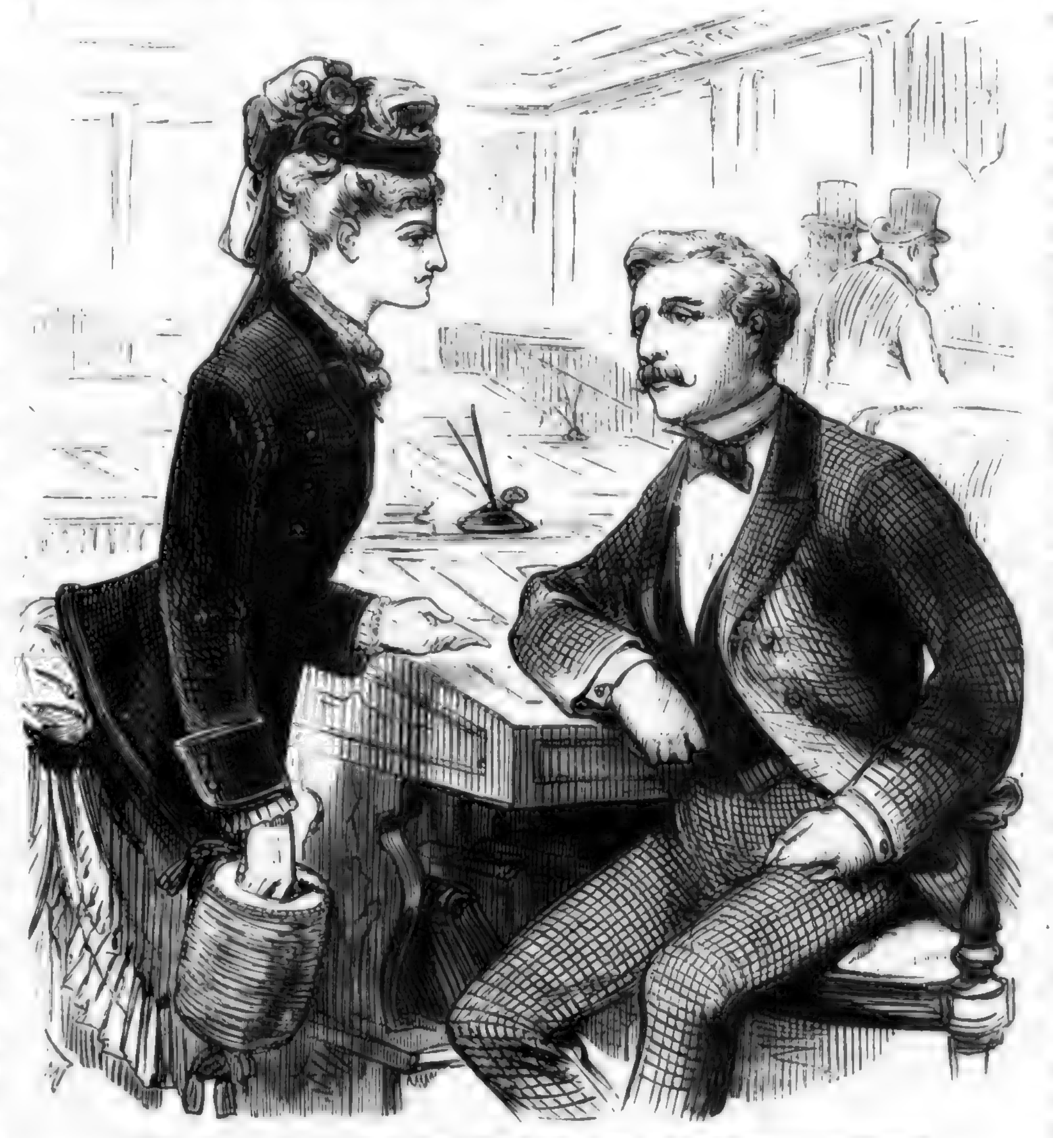
gaining wealth, friends, position, everything. Did I say everything?

If ever glossy broadcloth hid an aching heart, it was the one beating dully under Leslie Thorne's immaculate vest. If ever genuine sorrow looked from a pair of fine eyes, it was that which clouded Leslie Thorne's. His fair face, rounded and almost boyish in its outlines, had that glossed-over look of woe, the ennuyed look of premature age, that will settle on such young faces sometim

When scarcely twenty, he had married the belle of the city where he lived; he did not love her, but he felt a spiteful sense of pride in winning her. She was beautiful, accomplished and high-strung.

He was over-sensitive, tyrannical and selfish, from early success. They lived together a few miserable years, and separated. Since then society had courted and flattered him as much as ever; brilliant women had smiled on him even more, till he had little faith left in them; though he treated them with polite courteousness, he mistrusted and despised them.



AMBER.—"I CAME TO ASK IF YOU WOULD VOTE FOR ME FOR ENGROSSING-CLERK?'

He was just now thinking that there never was, and never would be, any one in this world for him to care for, or to care for him, and wishing he might die, if he were only certain as to his future destination, when he caught the words of a blear-faced lobbyist, and one of the former members, in the next desk.

"Pretty as a bird, isn't she?"

"Not so very pretty; but got a deal of mesmerism about her; brought me over before she had said a dozen words. Calculated to say something rough to her, but some way I couldn't."

"How old is she?"

"Dunno; looks young, and looks old; mighty queenly way with her for such a little woman; there she is now, making for Thorne, I'll be bound."

Leslie stretched his aristocratic neck past the sergeant-at-arms' room, indicated by the men, toward the lithe young figure approaching him. Though he had such a poor idea of women, he was not above the curiosity of seeing one.

He looked sharply at the girl's face—no, it was not handsome, but so bright and intense, it beguiled you into thinking it pretty, when it was only a common, freckled face, already sharpening with the unmistakable look of an over-worked woman.

A little shiver ran over Leslie Thorne. Some way it seemed to him the sweetest face he had ever seen, and the sweetest of mesmeric voices he had ever heard, that said:

"I came to ask if you would vote for me for engrossing-clerk?"

Vote for her? Why, if she had asked him to fly, he would have tried to have done so.

'Indeed I will. Sit down a moment, and tell me what I can do for you," offering her the inevitable Brussels-covered senatorial arm-chair.

Oh, women, who sit tenderly cared for at home, not depending upon clerkships for a living, do not blame Amber West as she takes this chair, for flashing at him her prettiest glances, and smiling her sweetest smile, knowing that her bread-and-butter depended on a good impression. Also, do not blame Leslie Thorne, who was a great lady-killer, and the handsomest man in the Senate, for flashing back at her just as winning glances, and for making himself so agreeable, partly out of pity for her, and partly to try his power over this blushing girl.

To kill the time, and for the sake of a flirtation, he used all his influence for her, rejoicing when she got the situation, and before the week was out found that for the first time in his life he had fallen madly in love with a girl he had only intended to patronize.

Each day he spent with her he felt himself growing better and happier, and he grew to have more faith in women, watching her. He had found truth and purity where he had least expected to find it; frankness and innocence in the midst of that corrupt and worldly legislature, just as we may sometimes find violets blossoming in the darkest corners.

Amber met all his advances timidly and wonderingly, remembering, humbly, how Dallas Graves, back where she used to live, had pretended to love her in the past, and had left her on account of her blind father and her poverty, to marry an heiress older than himself even, thereby breaking, not her heart (such women as Amber do not break their hearts), but breaking her life up into bits of dull blanks, called Mondays and Tuesdays and Wednesdays, etc.—long, loveless, sunless days, that had no kiss or smile in them for Amber.

Having grown used to being shocked at home and abroad, she was not startled very much when one of the Senators told her (what Leslie had attempted, but never dared to venture to tell her) that he had a wife living. She was only grieved, and accepted it as her necessary fate to be disappointed.

In spite of her blind father, Leslie Thorne loved her—in spite of his fellow-senators laughing at him, and calling him "spooney on the little clerk"; and when he received her tenderly reproachful note, asking him why he had so deceived her, and requesting him to cease his attentions, he loved her more devotedly than ever.

Both went back to their homes when the session closed in the Spring, he to his elegant leisure, she to long days in a musty office, over her copybooks, at a less lucrative salary than at the Capitol, her past Winter only a brilliant memory with a cloudy ending.

* * * * * * *

A green May Day, Dallas Graves lounging drowsily over a book of paintings in the open window-seat of his elegant apartments. Outside the tulips flamed brightly; the May wind came in heavy with laburnums.

At the toilet near him, in front of the big cheval-glass, his wife was making her after-dinner toilet. Dallas watched her listlessly, although he had all these details by heart.

First, the spot of rouge, softened down by the white on either cheek; next, the little line of antimony under each eyelid; then a diamond pendant fastened in each thin ear; then that tall ruff and that broad band of velvet with the diamond clasp to hide her scraggy neck—how rounded and lovely those shoulders used to look to him in his courting days through the deceitful puffings of white *crêpe* and *tulle!*—then that little wisp of her own hair, let down out of crimping-pins, and arranged to make the most of it. What lovely hair he had supposed she had! All those glossy switches and ringlets she was pinning on, or most of them (he was not quite imbecile), he had thought grew there, instead of being bought at Parker's.

Here his wife dropped her teeth into the tumbler with a crash, and put aside the point-lace curtains.

"There goes that everlasting Amber West again, this scorching day, in her hot black dress! Is it true, Dallas, that you used to wait on her?"

Dallas gives a great start, and his book falls from his fingers into the tulip-bed beneath the window; but he only says, carelessly:

"Who told you that, Mary?"

"The Gaston girls; and more than that, they said everybody in the city thought you expected to marry her, till you brought me here."

"Tell the Gaston girls to mind their own business!" said Dallas, petulantly.

"Oh, you needn't be so savage about it—it does not trouble me any. I only thought it on a par with your usual taste. She looks forsaken enough, at all events."

Forsaken! If there ever was a mournful word that took you almost down to the steps of Hades, it is that one word *forsaken*. There is such a wail in it of the selfishness of human kind, the faithlessness of those who are their brothers' keepers!

Dallas picked up his book again, but he did not see the pictures; the flushed, tired face of little Amber West looked up at him from every page he turned. She had not looked toward the house as she passed; she had loved him as few men get loved in this lower land, and was trying to have him think she did not love him at all. He had loved this girl, but this world *crowds* us so, the present moment, the *now*, are all that we are sure of. Then there is nothing so dangerous as a veteran coquette, nothing so convincing as to have all your relatives tell you what a good match it will be.

Now he had left Amber and married another, she was just as sweet, just as frank, just as smiling to him as ever; but such an old, old look had crept into that little face! such a quivering of the sweet red lips! such a flushing and paling of her peachy cheeks when he spoke to her!

* * * * * * *

Another scorching hot day, with Amber West dragging past as usual in her hot dress. Dallas is at the bay-window, looking hungrily out at her. What a world of comfort he had taken with that girl in the old time!

"If people gossiped as much about me as they do about Amber West, I would kill myself!" broke in Mrs. Graves, suddenly.

"If you were as pretty as she, and were obliged to write for five cents a folio, no doubt you might have the chance," observed her husband, sarcastically.

"As *pretty as she!* You know very well you told me before you married me that I was the handsomest woman—of my age—that you had ever seen."

"Well, yes," still more sarcastically; "but *then* I was a fool."

"Dallas Graves, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I hate that Amber West, and I wish I was dead!" And his wife went off into an angry fit of hysterics.

Some months later Dallas had occasion to think of his unkind speeches, when his wife lay dead in his darkened home, and for a while he was truly miserable with that blank loneliness we all feel when one we have grown accustomed to seeing daily passes out of our life for ever.

Amber West and her copybooks went past regularly, a little more blithe and red-cheeked, it seemed to him, than usual.

After a while he wondered would she favor his suit again if he should tender it? His self-conceit whispered she would, for she smiled and blushed just as she used to when he spoke to her, and he got a notion of putting himself in her way and following her up and down dark nights, when she did not know he was near.

She was looking happier, at all events, and she dressed better than formerly. Her hat had blossomed out in a bunch of baby rosebuds, and her face also blossomed beneath it like a rose as well. The neighbors, noticing the change, remarked, in pleasant little asides, "that she expected to get him the second time, and they hoped she would have her labor for her pains."

It was late one August afternoon when Dallas intercepted Amber coming home early from her Saturday's work. He does not, this time, stand afar off and follow her at a distance. He thinks he has a right to walk with her now, and he takes her arm with an assured air of proprietorship.

She starts the least bit in the world, and turns on him her old bright smile.

"We meet quite often," she says, innocently.

"Yes, and it is to be hoped we may meet still oftener in the future."

"What do you mean, Dallas?" Amber is never one of the kind to make a pretense or waive a subject.

"Why, you must know that I want you to be my wife. I love you—indeed, I believe I have always loved you, and I have no greater wish than to call you mine."

"I am very sorry," says Amber, sweetly; "I did not suppose you had any more serious intention than when you used to walk with me, or I should not have given you the trouble of this confession. I have been engaged all Summer to Leslie Thorne, of Albany."

"What, Senator Thorne?"

"The same," says Amber, her voice full of tremulous joy, and the least bit of womanly triumph in it. "He is now a widower, and we are to be married in September."

Dallas Graves turned away with a whitened face. All the sunshine of his life seemed to be going round the corner with Amber, who was turning about gayly, nodding and smiling back at him, and waving him an eloquent good-by with her parasol.

CHILLON.

The transformation at Chillon is, indeed, startling. Formerly there was a little narrow path that ran around the shore, and the great rocks plunged abruptly down into the waters of the lake. Chillon, the fine old castle with its grand memories of *Le Petit Charlemagne*, Pierre of Savoy, and its sadder ones of the good old Abbot of Corbie, the true "Prisoner of Chillon," instead of jolly old Bonnivard, to whom Byron gave a glory unmerited—Chillon of my day stood on a sort of island. Who does not remember Byron's description:

> "Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls,
> A thousand feet in depth below
> Its massy waters meet and flow;
> Thus much the fathom-line was sent,
> From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
> Which round about the wave enthralls."

Twenty odd years ago we used to drive there and spend the whole Spring or Autumn day. We would be rowed across in a little boat to the then solitary castle. How often I have sat in the Duchess's chamber for hours, and while I looked out from the window on the enchanting view, felt as far removed from our world, its trials and cares, as if I had been translated into another sphere. No such delicious loneliness exists there now. The rocks have been blown up to make a pathway for the railroad, and the locomotive goes whizzing and snorting along where the lake waves used to dash up against the stones. The castle is attached to the mainland. You drive to the gate, and find a regular show place. The name, "Chillon," is printed in tiles like a shop-sign of the Bon Marche, on its venerable historical tower roof. The entrance court is hung with photographs and has stands of Alpine sticks for sale, with cases of little wooden Swiss cottages and rubbishy crystal and ivory jewelry to tempt the tourists. A guide accompanies a crowd of travelers through the building, and as they file into hall and chapel and chamber, she drones over the same rigmarole you hear in all medieval castles of Europe where tourists go gapingly in crowds.

SURVIVALS.

In the Shetlands, old women still employ the spindle and the whorl, exactly as their ancestors employed them 4,000 years ago, the only difference being that modern whorls are far less ornate than their antique predecessors. Near Inverness, a potato does duty instead of a stone or clay whorl.

At Barvas, in the Island of Lewis, the people manufacture handmade pottery without a wheel, as rude as the rudest ever discovered among the relics of the stone age or in use among the modern savages. Yet the inhabitants of Barvas are not clothed in skins, and eaters of raw flesh; "in intellectual power and in their mode of living, they are just what their neighbors are." Manchester cottons, Staffordshire crockery, Sheffield cutlery, West Indian sugar and Chinese tea may be found in the self-same cottages where these primitive jars and bowls are fashioned. Thus, the very rudest arts may co-exist in a single community side by side with the most advanced.

Similarly, the "Norse Mills" of Shetland are the simplest and most ineffectual application of water-power known among men; yet they answer the purpose of their makers well enough, because water-power is abundant, and there is no need to economize it by such cunning inventions as overshot wheels.

The beehive houses of the Hebrides form another example of a surviving archaic type, equally out of keeping, at first sight, with our existing civilization. The rough bone buttons, the stone beds, the one-stilted plows, the wheelless carts, dragged along upon their tilted beams, and the bismar, or rude steelyard, used in many parts of Scotland, give rise to similar reflections.

But the strangest instance of all, is the all but modern stone implements found in Shetland. These consist of rough flint flakes, shaped by chipping, and quite recently used as knives or hatchets. So far as mere external appearance goes, they might be implements from the drift, were it not for the absence of that peculiar weathered appearance which is the distinguishing mark of genuine paleolithic specimens. The pre-glacial flints are discolored for about a quarter of an inch from the surface, and display a banded outline when fractured. The Shetland implements, on the contrary, are apparently all but modern, and are found under circumstances which do not seem to imply any remarkable antiquity.

A QUEER OLD LADY.

How different people appear at different times, as, when we are sick or well, rejoicing or mourning, laughing or weeping! A few days since I met an old lady who nodded very familiarly to me, and yet I hesitated to call her by name, lest I should miscall it. She looked old, and yet young; soft and smiling, and yet wore stern frowns. She was fair in face, yet her hands were iron. It seemed as if the wind would blow her away, and yet she moved with the strength of an elephant.

"Why, sir," said she, "you seem to stare at me, though you have seen me a thousand times before."

"That may be, madam; but I never saw you so loaded down with all sorts of things. I am curious to know about them. Would it be rude if I should ask you a few questions?"

"Not at all; ask away."

"Well, what are you going to do with those small, thin, ladies' shoes?"

"Why, make the ladies wear them, to be sure."

"Not in this cold, wet season? Why, I can scarcely keep my feet warm in these thick, double-soled boots. I must have overshoes. How can they wear such thin, cold-catching shoes?"

"Oh, sir, I have only to bring them to them, and the dear creatures put them on, and never hesitate a moment. They know me!"

"And those little half-dresses, hanging on your arm?"

"They are to put on little children, in cold weather, or

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to walk out in—naked at the knees, naked at the neck, and scarcely covering half the body. You can't think how eager parents are for these dresses."

"What have you in this little tin box?"

"Lozenges, sir—troches, hoarhound, candy—things that always go with thin shoes and thin dresses. And this bright red box, sir, contains what is called 'conscience-salve,' which I always keep on hand to rub on the conscience when any one feels that he has done wrong in obeying me. It's in great demand, sir, and a certain cure."

"What is in that bundle, madam?"

"This? A few knick-knacks, which I sometimes distribute in the Sabbath-schools, in the shape of dialogues, speeches—things to make people laugh, and to prevent the school from feeling too serious or thinking too much about religion. You must understand, sir, that I continually have to attend church, to regulate things there, and see that the bonnets are right, the rings are bright, and the dresses complete; yet religion itself I hate as poison! And here is a box of the finest—what shall I call it? It is a sort of wit and smartness, which I deal out to preachers, with which they spice their sermons, and become popular. I sell them by the gross. They are growing in demand, and they are a real saving of conscience and heartache. Warranted to keep in any climate—a kind of sensation powder."

"Pray, madam, what are those screws for?"

"Why, to pinch the feet and make them look small, without regard to corns and bunions. They can't wear those little, dear little, shoes, except you have these pinchers to go with them."

"And that great heap of books in your arms?"

"Those? They are the latest, most exciting, and the weakest and most silly novels. But I hand them out, and shake my head with a smile, and crowds read them."

"Well, madam, I'm very inquisitive, I know, but I do want to know what you have in that great bag thrown over your shoulder?"

"A great variety of valuables—such things as 'late suppers'—in great demand, and which send people to the grave early, and thus make room for more. Then, there are 'late hours,' and 'late rising,' and all manner of hair-dressing, and expensive dressing—things that ladies must have, even if their husbands fail. Here are diamond pins and rings—just the things to stir up envy and create extravagance Here are gold watches, cigars, meerschaum pipes, gold-headed canes, eye-glasses, and all manner of things to suit all manner of people. And I laugh and coax and frown and command, till I get them to wear and use them, and do just what I please. Now, I have just stopped to talk with you a few moments, don't you see what a crowd have gathered round me?—low necks, thin shoes, muslin dresses, tight boots; some on crutches, some coughing, some breathing short, all crowding to get near me; and when I move you will see how they all run and rush and crowd after me. Oh, sir, I am the great power of the world. I rule kings and queens, beggars and philosophers. Don't you see?"

"Truly, madam, truly. And now, *may* I ask your name?"

"Name! FASHION, sir; my name is MRS. PREVAILING FASHION! I thought everybody knew me!"

"REMEMBER THE POOR!"

THE bearing and training of a child is woman's wisdom.

DEER REPOSING BY THE LAKESIDE.

THE AMBER WITCH.

By the Author of "The House with an L," Etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

From the Journal of Beatrix Amberside (pro tem.).

Monsieur Shirley has decided that we are to visit Venice, and I am surprised to find how little the fact interests or excites me. My sensations all seem to have fallen to a dead level. *Here*, I have Monsieur Shirley on land; *there*, I shall have Monsieur Shirley on water! and, if this condition of stagnation lasts long, I shall be tempted either to pitch him or myself into one of the canals.

If it were only Venice as it used to be!—the city of romance, where life was a perpetual drama, and its everyday scenery picturesque and dramatic, with no "half-lights" about it, but all strong illumination, or deep shadow! But a modern Venice! dirty—it is said to be fearfully so, notwithstanding the abundance of water—dull, indescribably so, I have heard; a city of decaying palaces set in a marsh! And with Monsieur Shirley always at my side! The idea is suffocating!

* * * * * * *

I feel more hopeful of being able to *endure* Venice, for I learn that Rafe is going there, also. Perhaps I may get a chance to meet her on one of the canals! She has kept her word to Monsieur Shirley religiously—that is to say, she has neither spoken to nor looked at me since his last visit to her studio. Of course, ever since she was seen *en masquerade* on the streets of Florence, Monsieur Shirley's bad opinion of her has been confirmed. But, when I am married! How I long to have the bit in his mouth and the reins in my hands! . . . . Clemence came to me to-day in a new toilet—a "combination" of strawberry-and-cream color cashmere and light-blue silk—which she put on, probably, to give effect to the announcement that, as she must now begin to look out for herself, she had decided to devote herself to the lassoing and capturing the great American lion.

"Although something of a barbarian," she went on to say, "he is evidently frightfully rich, and needs such a woman as myself to tone down his robustious good humor, and educate his somewhat florid manners. I think I have only to let him see that I am *favorable*, to bring him to my feet. There he is now, dancing attendance on that little Bohemienne!"

I could not help smiling to hear Clemence—herself adventuress to the backbone—thus designate Rafe, who has a profession, and makes money by it.

"She would prove a dangerous rival, Clemence," said I.

"A rival!—that child! Why, Monsieur le General must be sixty years old!"

"But some people have the bad taste to prefer lamb to mutton, you know."

Clemence laughs, but there is a malicious glitter in her eyes.

"My dear, 'tisn't every man who knows that his lamb is mutton. You do succeed in looking wonderfully young, Florestine."

"*Merci*," I reply, carelessly. "Clemence, sometimes I have half a mind to let Monsieur Shirley know *what* he has bought with this pretty diamond ring, and the promise of a plain gold one." Clemence shrugs her shoulders.

"*Pas si bête!* One doesn't burn down the bridge unless one is sure of a boat to carry one over; and the waters are too deep for you to wade across, *ma chère!*"

"What if I try a gondola?" I say, significantly.

"Ah! I'm afraid that chance is lost to you. The riches seem to have taken to themselves wings."

"If I could only meet him in Venice!" I reply. "He has encountered me in every place I have visited in Italy, so far."

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"A silver spoon in the mouth is better than a gold one in a jeweler's window."

"Clemence, do hasten to forget your 'proverbs of the people.' They smell of the *pot-au-feu* a mile off!"

Clemence takes my snub graciously, with her golden citizen of America in view.

"I am intending to marry a Republican," she says. "I must be myself *citoyenne*."

* * * * * *

We are in Venice, and it is not so bad, after all. It has something the effect of old and dilapidated stage-scenery, by daylight, with its crumbling, stained and moldy-looking palaces, very green where the water laps their bases; very yellow and brown, in streaks, where the waterspouts have leaked through their grinning gargoyles, which have lost half the terrors of their original aspect, in gaining a strangely wrinkled and toothless look. The water, that is always lap-lapping hungrily at the rough and broken edges of the marble steps from which one *lurches* into one's gondola, looks green and slimy in the sunshine. But by moonlight, presto! the whole scene changes, and Venice—like Venus rising from the sea—becomes all white and shining, as to her marble palaces; all silvery gleam and velvet gloom as to her winding water-ways; suggestive of a thousand romances and mysteries, musical with the soft halloo of her gondoliers, bright with the diamond eyes of the perfumed beauties reclining in the hearse-like gondolas.

Monsieur Shirley has provided Clemence and myself with a gondola and gondolier, as he would have supplied us with a carriage and coachman, had we been in any other city. Fortunately, he does not think it necessary to accompany us in all our promenades on the water, as he thinks we know no one in Venice yet. If I ever prayed to the saints, I should implore them to keep from him the knowledge that Rafe means to come here, perhaps is here now. I have threaded the principal canals every day, in the hope of meeting her.

* * * * * * *

To-day I was fortunate enough to encounter her, in the company of Clemence's "barbarian" and Madame Van Zandt. Our two gondolas "saluted" each other, and then joined company; our gondoliers, also, proving to be acquaintances, and exchanging remarks in the Venetian dialect over our heads, as we moved along in unison, Clemence making snatches of remarks to her "barbarian," while I vainly tried to win more than a glance and stiff bow from Rafe, who was devoting herself, mischievously, to playing on the fears of Madame Van Zandt, who is horribly afraid of the Venetians, and looks upon every one of them as an embryo bandit, only waiting for circumstances to develop his inherent wickedness.

"Well," said Rafe, "the waters of these canals look smooth enough, considering what is beneath them. If we only knew how many skeletons we are sailing over, we should never wish to get into a gondola."

Mrs. Van Zandt began to look quite nervous. When she is at all agitated she shows her teeth alarmingly. I whispered to Clemence that I thought we saw quite bones enough above.

"I suppose people have been murdered and thrown into the canal for objects of much less value than Mrs. Van Zandt's beautiful brooch," continued Rafe, with cruel deliberation. "I never dare to wear any nice jewelry, these gondoliers look so murderous. Now, just look at this one of ours"—she dropped her voice—"his eyes look like stilettos, and are ominously near one another, and that thin, curved nose of his is as cruel as the beak of a hawk."

"Goodness gracious, general!" said Mrs. Van Zandt, in a tremulous whisper; "what did you engage such a villainous-looking wretch for?"

"He was highly recommended," said the general. "Rafe is only trying to frighten us."

"I don't like his looks. I wish I had staid at home."

"I wouldn't be left alone in that great, rambling palazzo for anything," said Rafe. "I suppose the number of murders that have been committed in every one of these Venetian palaces is incredible; and then, the concealed passages and sliding panels and hidden doors must be very tempting to modern criminals."

"Mercy, yes!" commented Mrs. Van Zandt. "I wish I were back in America, where we can see where all the doors are."

"Then it would be so easy for a gondola to glide up behind one, and somebody in it to pull some one into the water, almost before it could be known that one was gone."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Van Zandt, glancing apprehensively behind her. "Are we almost at the Ducal Palace? General, I think I must hold on to your arm."

When we landed at the broad stairs of the Ducal Palace, Mrs. Van Zandt clung tightly to the general's arm, and grasped it yet more closely as we passed the deserted court, with its pillars and statues marred by the green stains of the damp, and then went up the "Giant's Steps," where we found the warder awaiting us, with an enormous bunch of keys in his hand.

"He looks as if he had just been let out of the prisons himself," said Rafe; and, indeed, he was frightfully emaciated and hollow-eyed, with a tangled, grizzly beard, and long elf-locks hanging from under his cap.

"I wish I were at home," murmured Mrs. Van Zandt, as we entered the gallery from which the first range of cells opened. I disliked the odor, and told Mrs. Van Zandt that I would stay with her while the others visited the two ranges of cells below.

When they came back, Rafe showed a little sketch she had made of the cell in which the prisoners were stabbed and strangled, with the blood-stains put in with a red-lead pencil. Then the guide drew back the bars of a massive door, and it flew back with a scream like the shriek of one of the tormented; and, ascending a winding-stair, we stood in the covered arch across which the feet of the condemned passed to their death, and which is called the Bridge of Sighs. It is lighted only by two closely-barred windows, and, while we were looking from these at the broad canal called the Giudecca, the torch of our guide went out. The old man made a thousand apologies, and I could feel Mrs. Van Zandt tremble as she looked anxiously into all the unlighted corners. He went out to re-light his torch, when a deep sigh breathed through the gloom. Then my hand was seized and passionately kissed, a grayish figure detached itself from the semi-darkness, and I heard a door opposite to that by which we had entered swing open, and then close with a clang.

Mrs. Van Zandt screamed shrilly.

"Hush!" said the general, "here is your cicerone. Did you know of any one being here when we came in?" he asked the old man, in Italian.

He looked bewildered, and holding his torch above his head, peered around him.

"Some one just went out at that door," said the general, pointing to it.

The old man went up to it and shook it.

"It is never opened, signor."

The general tried the door also, but it yielded no more than the wall.

"It is very mysterious," said he, as we followed the cicerone down the stairs again.

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But I said nothing to any one of my little adventure, until we were out in the open air, when I proposed to the general that he and Mrs. Van Zandt should occupy our gondola with Clemence, while I had a *tête-à-tête* with Rafe.

"All right!" said the cheerful old warrior, while Clemence grew radiant; but Rafe was set and stern as she replied that she preferred the general's society to that of any one else.

"Will you go with me, Monsieur le General, or stay and flirt with Mademoiselle Rafe?" asked Clemence, insidiously.

Rafe colored, the general laughed.

"She doesn't know what is good for herself," he said. "Let the two little ones go together. Their craft will skim the waters like a bird, with two such doves in it," and he seated himself by Clemence's side.

Rafe did not look at me as she took her place, but her eyes flamed and her cheeks flushed, while her lips, set in one scarlet line, said, as plainly as words, "Open me if you can."

"Rafe," I said, "why can't we be friends?"

"Miss Amberside," she returned, "has not Mr. Shirley said that he does not even wish us to be acquaintances?"

"That is one of the reasons why I am determined not to give you up, and when I am married you will find that I *will not* give you up."

As soon as I had said this I felt that I had uttered an imprudence, but she did not seem to remark it.

"I think I had quite as soon be given up," she replied.

"What a strange girl you are!" I said. "Can't I make you like me in any way?"

"I don't dislike you; I only don't care for you particularly."

It was very odd, but this speech actually *hurt* me—and I so seldom care for any one!

"I think we must be antipathetic," she went on.

"I think there is one bond between us," I said.

She looked up at me quickly; a flashing, interrogative glance. It lasted but a moment, and she was again the icicle she had been since she first entered the gondola.

"Do you recollect that picture you showed me—Glaucus and Nydia?"

"Ye-es."

"Do you know that I have seen your Glaucus repeatedly?"

She looked me full in the face; her face was flushed, her eyes eager.

"I thought I should interest you at last," I said.

She turned her face away, the color died from it; the regular profile seemed to be cut in marble.

"Shall I tell you a little about him?" I asked, watching her curiously. She might look as cold and hard as she pleased, she had given me a glimpse into her "inner consciousness." She *had* cared for him at some time!

"Talk on any subject you please," she said, with a very well gotten up little yawn. "One thing will probably interest me as much as another."

"I think this will interest you, if you are fond of romance."

She leaned back, closed her eyes, and resolutely put away all expression from her face; and, beginning at the beginning, I told her all the circumstances under which I had met her "model" and my "guide." She might, and did, control her muscles, but she could not her blood. Her color brightened and paled alternately as I went on. When I concluded with the supposition that it was he who was in the Bridge of Sighs, and told how he had kissed my hand, she said, quickly:

"I think it very possible. All Italians go mad over white skins and fair hair. That last incident is interesting. I will make it the subject of a picture, and call it the Ghost's Kiss, supposing it to be the spirit of one of those who were executed in the Ducal Palace."

She spoke naturally enough, but I thought her lips quivered slightly.

"Wouldn't you like to see him again?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Be gracious to me, then, and I promise that you shall do so, if I meet him again."

"But, Mr. Shirley?"

"Venice is large. Mr. Shirley need not know everything that happens."

CHAPTER XIX.

"IT IS NO SIN TO KISS THE DEAD."

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

I AM sitting under the skies of Venice as I write; and I cannot believe that the skies of paradise were lovelier, or arched above more beauty than this same dome of dazzling blue, still opaline with the fading tints of the rising sun.

I have risen because I was too happy to sleep. So happy, and yet so unhappy! With the rich fruition of my hopes before me, and yet with nothing to look forward to. With a golden harvest waiting for my sickle, and yet not the first sheaf can be mine!

It was after moonrise last evening, and I was sitting in the balcony upon which my window opens, and looking down into the canal, from which my own face looked up at me, ghastly and contorted, like the face of one newly killed and thrust beneath the shining waters. As I looked, a ripple disturbed the features, seeming to make them smile in a ghastly fashion, and the black prow of a gondola shot across them. I looked up; the moon shone on the face of my American!

He motioned to his gondolier to pause; he stared at me, as if I were a ghost.

"Madame!" he said, almost stammering. "*Is* it Madame d'Arbrai?"

"It is I," I replied, calmly. It did not seem so very strange that we should meet thus. Nothing seems strange in Venice.

"I—I did not know that you were here! Have you been here long?"

"But a day or so."

"It is a lovely evening, madame."

"It is, indeed."

"Will you favor me with your company, madame?"

"You are very kind, monsieur."

"You will not need to go around to the steps, for I think you will find a little gate in the railing of your balcony, and if you will trust to the strength of my arm, you can easily descend from it to the gondola."

I went back to my room, put on my Spanish mantilla, and came back again, without stopping to think. I found the gate in the railing of the balcony—made purposely for elopement, I should fancy—and half sprang and was half lifted from it into the gondola. The American seated himself beside me, the gondolier stood to his oar, and we darted down the canal, leaving a tremulous wake in the parted waters.

I was so surprised to find myself here, and in such company, that I could not speak for several minutes, and the American was as silent as myself. At length I made some remark upon the phosphorescent light that sparkled on the

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waters, and the red gleam from the lighted palaces which opposed the white moonlight, and cast fiery reflections in the canal. He replied, and again we were silent, and I began to count the reflections, as we passed, between my wonderings why I had been shown so signal a favor by one to whom my society seemed so little desirable.

"Mademoiselle Beatrix is well?" I asked, at last, as we glided into the Giudecca, which was braided with the silver lines of the many and devious tracks continually crossing and re-crossing each other, of the gondolas with which it was crowded.

"She is well, I thank you, madame."

"I was thinking what a pity that she should not be here to-night."

"I am not sorry to have you with me instead, madame. I feel that—I—owe you—an—apology."

"An apology!—*me*, Monsieur Shirley?"

"You may not remember my offense, madame, but I have not forgotten my happiness."

I was silent.

"Madame, as we have not been alone since—that time—in the garden—I have had no chance to say——"

"Say nothing, monsieur. Let all that be as if it never had happened."

He bent toward me; his breath was warm on my face.

"Do you suppose I can ever forget that our lips have met?" he said, passionately. "I am now the betrothed of my cousin, but, when we sat by the fountain in the garden at Florence, madame, *I loved you!*"

He loved me! Then, why this barrier between us? He loved me! Then, why does he not love me still?

"You loved me, monsieur?"

"Yes, I loved you. It had been before, but I knew it not until that instant. Madame, believe me, I would never kneel to any but the woman that I loved."

"You loved me, monsieur?—and now——"

He sighed heavily.

"*Now* I am the betrothed of my cousin."

A gondola now passed us, and a shower of flowers fell into our laps. Alas! they fancied us to be two lovers! One of them struck my hand—it was a *passion-flower*.

"I accept the omen," said I, holding the flower toward him. "It must be enough that you have *once* loved me. When the dead meet in Hades, they see each other, as God sees them all, for the vail of the body no longer hides the transparency of the soul. Then are many wrongs made right, and to the joy of the redeemed is added the pure delight of saying, without sin or shame, to the soul beloved on earth, 'I love you—I have always loved you.' We are dead to each other, are we not?—parted as effectually as if seas rolled between us!—and I say to you, my American, I loved you when we were in the garden at Florence, and I shall love you still, when we meet hereafter."

He turned and looked at me when I began to speak. I did not attempt to hide either my face or my heart from him. I let the moon search the one, and his eyes the other.

"It is no sin to kiss the dead," said he, softly, as our gondola slid smoothly from the Giudecca into the canal that would carry us homeward.

From the Journal of Beatrix Amberside (pro tem.).

CLEMENCE and I were prowling around the canals to-day, as usual. I use the word *prowling* advisedly, for Clemence was scenting the track of her "barbarian," as she calls him, and I was in search, either of Rafe or my mysterious admirer, as chance should present them. Chance brought me Rafe—and madame. With the gold-dusted atmosphere of Venice giving new brilliancy to her Titian hair, and new light to her long, dark eyes, she was handsomer than ever. And Rafe, with a something palely pink and fleecy drawn over waves of brown hair, and contrasting creamy cheeks and jet-black brows and lashes, was as lovely in her way as madame in hers. With these two radiant creatures dazzling in the sunlight, I naturally overlooked the Van Zandt, and the small, pale B. C., who accompanied them.

Madame greeted me with a pallid smile; she looked as if she could easily have dispensed with my society. Rafe gave me a little bow and a half smile. I could not quite determine if the last were friendly. Clemence inquired, with too evident anxiety, for Monsieur le General; and when we found they were on their way to the Cathedral of San Marc, and expected the general to join them there, Clemence decided that we would go there also; and, our gondolier keeping stroke with theirs, we went on, side by side.

I listened to Rafe, who was talking to madame of the inexplicable fascination the canals had for her.

"Were I a diver," said she, "I would go down and bring up some of the bones of the old Republic. Then, think of all the rings by which the Adriatic has been wedded to her hundred Doges! Why does not some one go down and steal them from the fingers of the faithless old sea witch, who dimples and dances to-day around the tombs of her dead lovers, as if she made merry over her widowhood!"

Mrs. Van Zandt, whose fingers are quite covered with costly and weighty rings, seemed to think there might be something personal in this remark, which she evidently did not quite understand, and looked doubtfully at Rafe, who caught the glance, and said:

"What do *you* see when you look into the canal?"

Mrs. Van Zandt gazed contemplatively over the side of the gondola.

"I see some very dirty water," she said.

"Now, I will tell you what I see," said Rafe. "An old man, with his white hair and venerable beard mingled with the sand, which is grasped by his convulsed fingers. He was murdered for his gold." Mrs. Van Zandt shuddered. "I also see a young man, in the dress of Titian's portraits. His long hair is disordered and uncurled, his hands lie helplessly by his side, one still clinched in the death-struggle, the other open, with retracted fingers and rounded palm, as if appealing to the heaven which heard his dying groan. He lies partly on his face, but the waves lift him tenderly and turn him gently on his back, showing the dark eyes, yet open; the nose, whose fine lines are growing sharp; the mouth, parting above the glistening teeth, through which the sea gurgles. His embroidered shirt, which is fastened with jeweled buttons, that gleam through the gleaming waters, shows a ragged rent above the heart, through which slowly wells a red stream, and the waters carry its red stain upward, as if to bear the guilty witness to the surface. This one was murdered for revenge."

"How do you know?" questions Mrs. Van Zandt, her trembling interest in the description leading her to forget its imaginary character.

"My dear, you are horribly realistic!" says the B. C.

But Rafe silences her with uplifted finger, as she bends over the edge of the gondola, gazing with dilated eyes into the water.

"I see them all," she says. "And this one is pitiful—poor old man! He was a prisoner in the Ducal Palace, and, having walked over the Bridge of Sighs to a bloody death in the darkness of that horrible vault, lies, emaciated to the last degree; foul with the squalor of his long imprisonment; hollow-eyed, tangled in the unkempt masses of his hair and beard, with his talon-like nails clinched into his palms, and his ghastly limbs contorted in the last agony, but a smile of perfect content upon his face, for he is *free!*"

"Goodness gracious!" said Mrs. Van Zandt, drawing a long breath.

The tears were streaming down madame's cheeks, the B. C. was using her pocket-handkerchief, and even I was conscious of a peculiar constriction of the throat. As for Clemence, she was also gazing with interest into the water, but she was admiring her own reflection. Rafe looked around at us, and burst out laughing. She held out one hand, palm upward.

THE FALCONER'S DAUGHTER. BY FREDERICK TAYLER.

"Some baiocchi, for the love of heaven, good ladies and gentlemen! I am sure, I think you might contribute something, for never did I see any people more moved by the tale of an improvisatore."

"You little actress!" said madame, wiping her eyes.

"So you see there were drawbacks to a life in the golden days of Venice," continued Rafe. "I had rather be sitting in this gondola to-day, a poor artist, dependent on my pencil, than be lying at the bottom of the Giudecca, with the jewels heired from some sixteen generations of nobles on the ten bones I once called my fingers."

"Aren't we almost at San Marco?" inquired Mrs. Van Zandt, plaintively.

"There is the piazzetta," said the B. C., and our gondolas swept up to the landing stairs in a magnificent curve.

All the Italian churches are miracles of gold and precious stones; of splendid mosaics, and pictures horrible and beautiful in the extreme; of indescribable filth, and the odors rising from it, and from the throng of worshipers; which odors are somewhat vailed and overpowered by the fragrant clouds of incense, when High Mass is being celebrated. But the cathedral of San Marco was now deserted, with the exception of those who were at mass in a distant chapel, from which the solemn tones of a chant rolled down through the gloomy arches, and were re-echoed from the vaulted roof, as if by the voices of the departed. The close and sepulchral atmosphere, unrelieved by the clouds of incense, made itself very perceptible to our foreign noses; the mosaic pavement, sunk in deep indentations, made very visible the dirt that incrusted its superb coloring, and defaced the work of a master hand.

While we were straining our eyes to catch a glimpse of the gilded and rainbow ceiling, a beggar, who had been kneeling behind one of the pillars, came forward and held out his hand for alms. His long white beard and waving silvered hair, his large, pathetic eyes, caught Rafe's eye in an instant, and she offered him two scudi if he would let her sketch him. He assented, and she was taking out her never-failing pencil and paper, when the old man caught sight of madame, who was standing with her arms folded

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in her mantilla, that had fallen from her head, her eyes raised, more as if in meditation than in examination of the vaulted ceiling, a bright glow on her face, and her naturally curling hair, disordered by a wind that had arisen when we were on the canal, tossed into a thousand rings and tendrils.

"Principessa!" said the old man, making a quick step toward her.

Madame started, and turned her eyes toward him.

"Giacomo!" And the color went out of her face like the light from behind a transparency, and she put out both her hands, with the palms outward, as if to ward off some dreadful apparition. But the old beggar rushed forward, and flinging himself on his knees at her feet, seized her hands, and bowing his face upon them, covered them with tears, while sobs and half strangled utterances escaped from him in a tempest of mingled joy and grief. She stood there like a statue, neither moving nor speaking, with her eyes staring straight before her, until they closed with a short sigh, her head fell back, and she sank upon the pavement.

The old man gave a cry like that of a faithful dog which sees its master expiring, threw himself down beside her, lifted her head and laid it on his knee. He touched her forehead, and bent to see if she breathed; then raising his eyes to us, said:

"She is dead!"

"She has only fainted," said Rafe, who had found a receptacle for holy water, dipped in the old beggar's high-crowned hat—oh, profanity!—and now dashed the water over madame's face. She sighed, opened her eyes, and looked around her, while Rafe lifted her into a sitting position and fanned her with the hat.

"The old man has fainted now!" I exclaimed; and then somebody said, "What has happened?" and, turning, I saw Monsieur Shirley standing behind me, and looking across me at madame. I explained as much as I could, and then he went up to Rafe, saying, very gently:

"This is too much for you;" and putting one arm around madame, raised her to her feet. She looked around her wildly, turned her eyes downward to where the old man lay on the pavement, and murmuring, "Then it wasn't a dream," made a step toward the recumbent form, but Monsieur Shirley prevented her.

"One moment, madame!" he said, going up to the beggar and lifting his head from the floor. "I thought so," he said, gently laying it down again.

"Thought what?" asked Clemence, sharply, looking askant at the white, peaceful face, and drawing her skirts from its contact.

"That he is dead."

Madame drew her mantilla around her face, as several persons began to hurry forward from different parts of the church. One of them was a priest, and madame went up to him, and, unclasping a heavy gold band from her wrist, laid it in his hand, saying:

"I have no money with me, but this will serve to bury him respectably." Then she added something in an undertone.

She then approached the corpse, bent over it, and looked at it fixedly, and as she turned away a large tear fell down upon the dead man's face. Then Monsieur Shirley offered her his arm, and led her from the church down to the landing-stairs, where he assisted the others into their gondola, and then took his seat in ours.

I had expected a sharp rebuke for the companionship in which he had found me, but he said nothing, sitting with his hat slouched over his eyes like a meditative Spaniard. And all that time our gondola—our gondolier evidently supposing us to belong to one party—was following in the wake of that in which madame was sitting, her head on her hand, and half hidden by the vail of her loosened hair.

A gondola had been following us all this time—a fact that would have been in no way remarkable had we been either singing or engaged in lively conversation. I know Monsieur Shirley did not perceive it until it grated on our keel, as our gondolier paused in the rear of madame's gondola, which had stopped at the steps of a palazzo. I looked around then, and saw two men standing erect in the strange gondola, one of whom took off his hat to me, while a deep flush passed over the face of the other; and I recognized the chevalier and—the Protean personage who had played the parts of mourner, guide, jockey and pastry-cook's assistant in our brief Italian drama.

To my surprise, Monsieur Shirley, instead of ordering our gondola to be turned homeward, as I had expected he would do when he saw Germont, remained staring at the handsome unknown, and biting his lips as he did so. *Jealous!* I thought, and scarcely dared to meet the magnetic gaze which so eagerly sought my face. I was the only one who did not seem to experience a species of mental earthquake on the advent of this mysterious personage, for Clemence nipped my arm until I almost screamed, madame was as white as a ghost, and Rafe was as pale as madame.

"Rose-Marie," said Germont, with his finely diabolical smile, "have you no greeting for *our cousin?*"

Why did he emphasize those last two words? and why did madame give her brother such a pallid, questioning glance as she rose in the gondola, stammering out some unintelligible words? If she was agitated, the newcomer was not, for he assisted her to step out upon the landing-stairs, and then stooped and kissed her hand before he released it.

As soon as madame had left the gondola, Rafe gave the signal of return; but Germont said:

"Miss St. John, my sister wishes you to come in," and then proceeded to introduce to Clemence and myself "My cousin, the Signor Guido."

When he was named to Monsieur Shirley, he repeated "Signor Guido ——?" with a pause after the "Guido," as if to inquire the surname that should follow it.

"It is simply Guido—as one would say Mr. Henry or Mr. Richards in English," Germont explained.

"I understand," said Monsieur Shirley.

I looked around as our gondola darted away, and saw Rafe stepping out upon the landing-stairs, while the handsome Guido was following us with his eyes.

CHAPTER XX.

A COUSIN THROUGH ADAM.

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

ON our return to the palazzo, after the death of my faithful Giacomo, I chanced to look back, and saw a gondola following us, in which were Philippe and the stranger of the French Ambassador's ball. As soon as they had landed, he introduced him to all as "our cousin, the Signor Guido." I am sure the American thought it strange, for he looked at our "cousin" very oddly. And now I recollect that this young man has romantically attached himself to Miss Beatrix since her coming to Italy. Can he be jealous?

To my astonishment, Philippe, who had forbidden me to visit Rafe's studio, requested her, in my name, to come into the palazzo; and she complied, but seemed to leave her gondola with a strange mingling of reluctance and eagerness. I said to her: "Do you wish an Apollo, an Adonis or a Ganymede for one of your pictures? If so, let me introduce my brother's friend to you."

She shrank from my extended hand, and became a little rose.

"You already know him? Ah, I remember the so often-repeated face in your studio at Florence!"

"I do not know him," she replied, and slid her hand within my own.

It must be so, for he evidently did not recognize her, although he looked at that charming face with eyes that seemed to appreciate its loveliness. But he turned away as Philippe approached her and said:

"Mademoiselle, you and I have not agreed very well. Let there now be peace between us."

"A good large piece, monsieur."

"You asked me to sit to you once, and I declined. May now implore, as a favor, to be *allowed* to sit to you?"

"Monsieur, you can implore as much as you please."

"And you will let me sit to you?"

"Why do you wish it?"

"Why did *you* wish it?"

"To study you as a subject."

"And I wish to study *you* as a *queen*."

"A *queen*, monsieur?"

"Every young and pretty woman is a queen. If married, she has one subject; if unmarried, scores—all aspirants for the crown matrimonial."

"But this has nothing to do with your sitting to me, monsieur."

"It has a great deal to do with it, if you will pardon me for contradicting you, mademoiselle."

"In these days queens must submit to contradiction; and, in some degree, to the wishes of their subjects. You may sit, monsieur."

"A thousand thanks, mademoiselle! Now, Rose-Marie, as we can leave our cousin in such very good hands, I would wish a little conversation with you."

I always dread Philippe's "little conversations," but I was constrained to lead the way to my chamber, and then Philippe set a couple of chairs on the balcony, saying:

"There will now be no *unseen* listeners. Have you any objections to a cigar, my sister? Now, as we are mutually comfortable, you would like to know who our cousin is? You say nothing, but your eyes express that curiosity that is so charming in women, so odious in men. Well, our cousin is a young man of good education, and a fine income—in fact, one of those fortunate fellows who always do pretty much as they please in the world."

"I need not ask you if he is really a cousin of ours?"

"Of course he is—through Adam. By Jove! I could wish some of my relations could count no nearer connection."

"Then you do not know his name?"

"I introduced him to you—Signor Guido. Politeness should prevent you from inquiring further. Suppose you should introduce your daughter as Mademoiselle Josephine, and some person should ask, Mademoiselle Josephine *what?* Would you wish to reply, Josephine *Germont?*"

"Philippe, I have acceded to your wishes; you have no right to insult me now."

"Then oblige me by keeping silence on the subject of our cousin's appellation. I do not think Mademoiselle Beatrix will trouble herself much about it."

"But her cousin may."

"The American? Bah! If mademoiselle's heart should chance to incline to the handsome Guido, the very fact of his namelessness will inflame the proud American's anger against *her* as well as against her inamorato. Have you no other question to ask me, my sister? Why do you not inquire the cause of my sudden tenderness for the pretty artist?"

"I—am—surprised."

"The little one is sharp, and I wish to distract her attention from the wire-pulling incident to my pretty little puppet-show. If I adore her sufficiently, she will be apt to think me a very worthy personage. You know that my success with yourself has always been more than moderate."

From the Journal of Beatrix Amberside (pro tem.).

I MUST confess that I cannot understand Monsieur Shirley—I, who have studied so many men. He not only has not annihilated Clemence and myself for being found in the society of his two *bêtes noirs*, Rafe and madame, but he has actually permitted Germont to bring his "cousin" to call upon us; although, to Germont himself, he is barely civil, evidently speaking to him under a protest.

As for me, I am no longer *ennuyée;* this young Italian has acted like a cordial on my deadened sensations. To be sure, he is only a Signor Guido—"a *guy*," as Miss Maud Van Zandt spitefully translated it—instead of a prince or a count; but, were he a royal duke, he could not be more fascinating, more highly accomplished or more of a gentleman. Monsieur Shirley acknowledges that his manners and person are elegant, but I am quite sure that he does not like him. Is it because he remembers the various disguises he assumed *for my sake?* It is evident that he is very rich, or how could he own that famous racer, for which he was said to have paid a fabulous price? He has letters of introduction to some of the noblest families in Venice, so he must have been in good society to have obtained them. He has a fine voice, and sings superbly, so he may be an operatic tenor, Mrs. Van Zandt suggests, with feeble malice. She has developed an attenuated spite since she has learned of my engagement to Monsieur Shirley. He dances finely, therefore he may belong to a ballet-troupe [Blanche]. He speaks several languages, so he may be a *chevalier d'industrie* [Maud]. Madame says nothing—but he is her cousin, which, I suppose, excuses the tenderness of her eyes when she looks at him. Clemence says that madame had quite a flirtation with him at the French Ambassador's ball. Clemence also says that she no more believes him to be madame's *cousin* than I am Monsieur Shirley's cousin; she thinks they are all *adventurers* together. I laugh, and insinuate that, if so, they are not the *only* adventurers in this part of the country. She is angry, and says she hopes I won't be such a fool as to give up Monsieur Shirley for a person of whom we know absolutely nothing; and adds that she thinks his willingness that we should receive any one who had been so very devoted to me, seems suspicious. It looks as if Monsieur Shirley might be willing to transfer me to this other man. She is so very coarse!

Rafe behaves very strangely about Signor Guido—of course, now I am permitted to see madame, I have stretched my permission so as to see Rafe, also. She absolutely and resolutely denies all knowledge of him. I instanced her story of her model.

"I invented that to amuse you," she said.

"The pictures you painted?"

"Ideal," she replied, looking me steadily in the face, without lowering her eyes or changing color in the least.

To me, her proceedings are perfectly incomprehensible. She is painting Germont into a picture—the Chevalier Satan—Mephistopheles, as she calls him. He is very devoted, and she accepts his devotion, returns his Mephistophelean smiles, listens with apparent pleasure to his

Satanic tones, walks open-eyed within the sphere of his serpentine attractions.

Is it jealousy that I feel, to see this diversion of a love that once was mine?—and I sometimes fancy that he enjoys my evident uneasiness—or is it simply a human shrinking from seeing a lovely nature drawn into that which we know to be the ooze and slime of an ill-spent life? I ventured to remonstrate with her, one day.

"Rafe, you cannot *love* that man?"

"What man?" innocently.

"The chevalier."

"The idea of calling him '*that man*'! How could I know to whom you refer?"

"Perhaps he is, to you, *the* man?"

"He is something more than a man."

"Then you *love* him?"

"Why do you think so?"

"Why, you never listen to any one else when he is speaking; your eyes follow him when he leaves the room, and greet him when he enters; you are silent when he is absent, and gay when he is present, etc."

"And is that your idea of being in love? Why, then, you must *adore* that—ah!—*Italian young man!*"

"You know that I am betrothed to my cousin."

"Then this is only a flirtation?"

I went up to her—I threw my arms around her.

"Rafe, I wish you did not like the chevalier."

She slipped through my arms like a little snake.

"Do *you* want him?" she asked.

"I? No; I don't like him. I fancy, from what I have heard of him, that he is little better than a whited sepulchre."

"At least, I am not bones, to inhabit therein."

"You are a plump little *frog*—just the thing for his snakeship's palate."

"I may be a *frog*, but I am not therefore *green*, Miss Amberside."

I have met with the usual fate of meddlers. I wonder if she will report me to Germont? If so, he will believe me to have been actuated by jealousy.

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

"Cousin Guido" came into my room to-day, when I was sitting there alone. I feel an indescribable degree of tenderness for this young man, whose voice and manner are as irresistible as his very handsome face. I feel a desire to pet and caress him, as I would a lovely child, and sometimes forget his nearly six feet of stature, in the winning charms of those pathetic eyes and that appealing voice.

As he seated himself by me to-day, my handkerchief slid from my lap, and as he stooped to pick it up his rich, bright curls brushed my knee. They looked so exquisitely soft, that I could not resist the temptation to touch them, and passed my hand lightly over his head.

"Thank you, madonna—oh, thank you!" said he; and as he raised his head I saw tears in his eyes. "I have often dreamed of such a touch upon my head—I, who have never known a sister or a mother."

"I was actuated by a childish desire to touch anything so silken soft."

"Let me kiss the kind and beautiful hand that did my poor hair such a favor." And while he was performing this pretty osculation, Mademoiselle Beatrix opened the door, and paused with her hand on the lock.

"Come in, mademoiselle," I said.

"I fear I am guilty of an intrusion," she responded, stiffly. "Monsieur le Chevalier said I should find you here. I will call again."

"Mademoiselle does not understand that in Italy a kiss of the hand means nothing," I said, as the door closed behind her.

"I will go and explain," said Guido, starting up.

"No; sit down, signor. It is better as it is. It is better that she should suppose it to mean more than it does."

"Why, madonna?"

"Because, my friend, you are very fascinating, and mademoiselle is betrothed to her cousin."

He became quite pale, but rallied immediately.

"That means nothing in England. It is not a solemn engagement like those we enter into in Italy."

"In this case it *is* a solemn engagement. You are not thus of yourself; you are repeating Philippe."

"Your brother?" His face flushed a little.

"I recognize his sophistries. Your own sense of honor would never allow such suggestions."

"Madonna, your brother has lived much in England. He has assured me that the ladies there break such a contract as they would change their gloves when the tint displeases them."

"Yes, I knew Philippe spoke through your voice."

"Madonna, you are a woman, a charming woman, and with you constancy is a virtue; but it is not so with all women."

"Signor, you belie your mother."

"A mother is always good, madonna; but mademoiselle is not my mother. 'She is a woman, therefore to be wooed—she is a woman, therefore to be won.' And, madonna, you have told me that I am—dangerous!"

He blushed as he spoke.

"You *are* dangerous, signor; an unprincipled man is always dangerous."

"But, madonna, if mademoiselle should choose——"

"Mademoiselle will do very well, if you do not put ideas into her head. At present, she loves her cousin, and I have no reason to suppose that anything would make her unfaithful to him eventually."

"Madonna, you are my good angel! If I promise not to make myself—dangerous, will you stand by me? will you continue to give me good counsel, and allow me the privileges of a brother?"

"I will, Guido."

"Thank you for calling me *Guido*. How sweetly you say it! I can shut my eyes and think it to be the voice of my mother. Say it again, please, and once more lay your hand upon my hair."

He bent his head. I caressed it, and kissed the white forehead half hidden by the rich, abundant hair.

"Guido," I said, "what I have said is *between us two*."

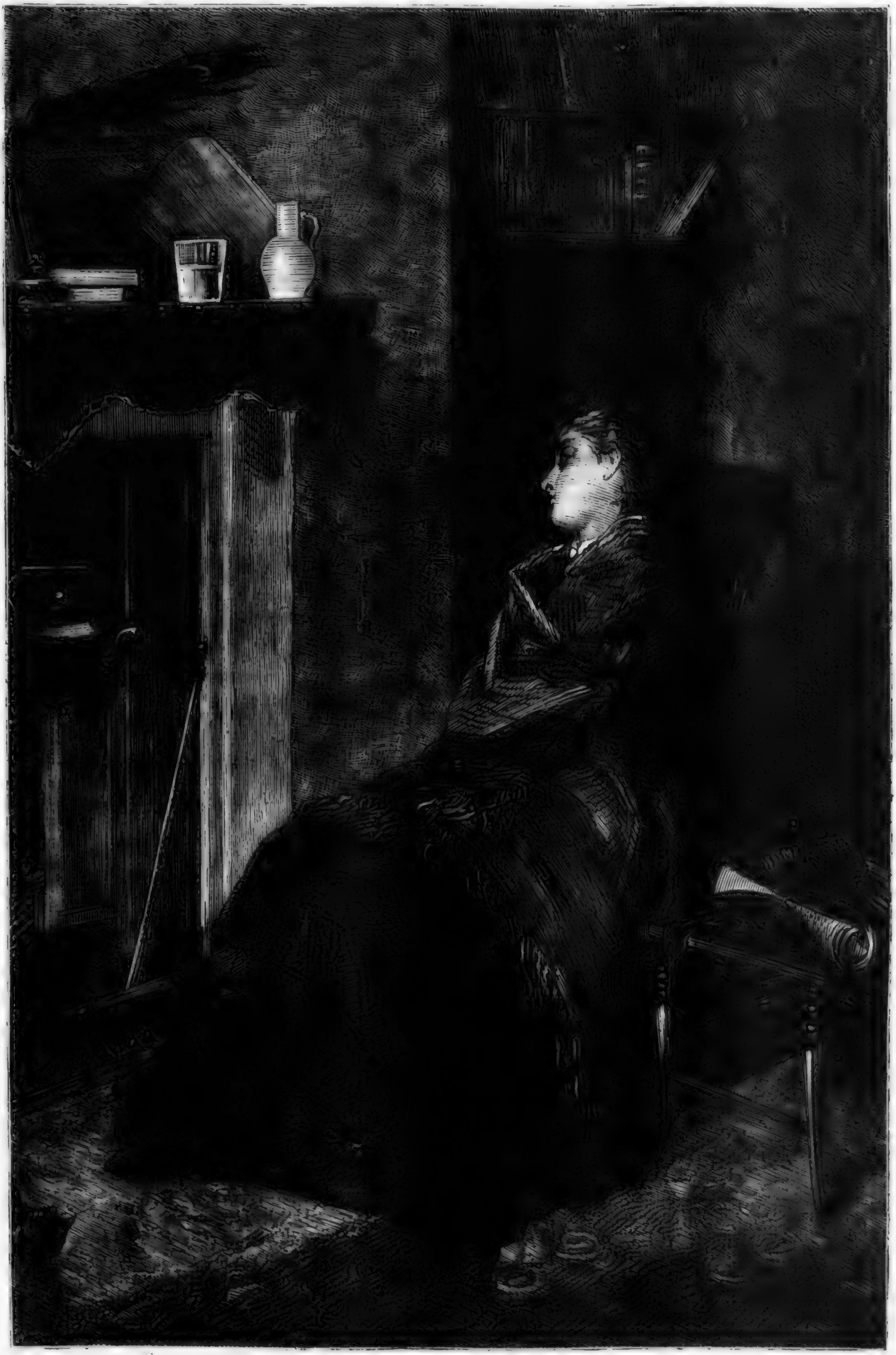
"Always, madonna."

From the Journal of Beatrix Amberside (pro tem.).

I went to madame's room to-day. Germont had met me, and told me to go in without knocking, as I would be sure to find her there. His face wore its malicious smile when he said this. I wonder if he suspected what I should see? What I *did* see was her *cousin* kissing miladi's hand! A very pretty way to inaugurate a flirtation! And she looked up so *very innocently*, and said:

"Come in, mademoiselle."

I excused myself; and as I closed the door I heard her laugh about my misconstruction of Italian manners. Pretty *manners* for a woman of her age! I have no idea how old she may be; one can never guess at the age of a *red*-haired woman; but she must be older than Guido, who is evidently expected to be flattered by madame's condescension. The echoes in these palaces are so very loud, that I could not help hearing him say: "I will go and explain."



THE MUSIC TEACHER AFTER HER WEARY DAY

"No; sit down, signor;" (she calls her cousin *signor!*) "it is better that she should suppose it to mean more than it does."

Then he asked why, and she replied:

"Because you are very fascinating, and she is engaged to her cousin."

Then I thought I heard some one coming, and I went away.

So he is warned, for fear that I may fall a victim to his fascinations, or he to mine! Which is it, madame? You think, madame, that you have warned him against a little English schoolgirl—you little know that I am the famed Amber Witch, at whose feet more men than you have ever known have fallen, even as Sisera fell at the feet of Jael. You have roused in me that desire of conquest that has so long lain dormant. May you be held responsible for the result!

CHAPTER XXI.

AN ORAL CONFESSION.

From the Journal of Rafe the Waif.

TO-NIGHT I cry, *Mea culpa!* Yes, I come to you, my white-robed confessor, to stain your unsullied pages with the ink of my confessions, for I have been guilty of "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness." I have hated—yes, I have *hated* the girl who has *my* name, *my* beautiful, oddly-colored hair, and who also has taken from me the only man for whom I ever felt anything like love. And yet I am sure that what he feels for her is but a continuation of his former feeling for me; that, in pursuing her, he has thought himself to be pursuing me; that, in all his varied disguises, his one thought has been of the girl-artist who painted him in Rome. But I never was as beautiful as she is—never! And I could not win him back now, should I try. Of course, I have *envied* her—this comes next in the list of my offenses. Then, I was actuated by *malice* when I accused her of warning me against the chevalier because she wanted him herself; and I have been *all uncharitableness* in my general treatment of her.

Oh! if she only knew how I hate him!—Mephistopheles, I mean (but I consider hatred of him to be a positive virtue); how, every time he kisses my hand, I just scrub it clean, and try to "sweeten it with all the perfumes of Araby"; how his every glance makes my blood boil, and my fingers clinch on anything I may have in my hand, as if they held that white throat of his in their clasp; how I have to say to myself "Madame! madame!" again and again, to keep from shrieking out my loathing and detestation of him; how to breathe the same air with him sometimes seems to suffocate me; and how I never look into one of the canals without fancying how he would look if he lay on the bottom! I don't doubt, even there, he would be composed and elegant, his arms at just the right angle, and his fingers neatly outspread.

But I thank her, here, for the warning so ungratefully received then; and I swear that if ever I get a chance to do her a kindness, it shall be done ungrudgingly.

I have been thinking, too, is it right to let my Cousin Laurence be imposed upon, without saying a word? The B. C. has been at me about it. She says that if *I* do not speak, *she* must. But what if circumstances should render saying *anything* unnecessary? If she takes Guido she will not care for Cousin Laurence—and I do not see how any one *can* resist Guido!

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I have been seeking "distraction," as the French say, by making a thorough study of Venice. Many vain regrets, useless longings, and temptations to dissatisfaction and despondency, have been worked off at the point of my pencil, and my portfolio is full of pillars, porticos, windows, gondolas, human heads, "bits" of the different canals, winged lions, and other monstrosities, from which confusion I almost despair of producing any clear result. Only one thing promises anything; that is a sketch of madame, with the old Giacomo at her feet, which I propose to work up into a large picture, and for this purpose shall go again to San Marco, to study details.

* * * * * * *

I went to the cathedral, and, while drawing, my thoughts were busy with an imaginary history of the connection between the beautiful, luxuriously brought up lady and the beggar who died at her feet, when I almost jumped out of my skin, hearing some one speak to me in English. I looked up, and saw—Guido!

Why was it, that instead of seizing on the happiness opportunity had placed in my way, to enjoy his society at this moment, so exclusively my own, I was tempted perversely to wish him away? I had fancied that, in devoting myself to my art, I was learning to forget him, and hardening myself to the fact that our two lives could never have a point of contact, beyond this present time. I was resolved that I would appear not to recognize him, and then, perhaps, he would go away!

"I beg your pardon," he said, as I continued to regard him, as if looking at him in a long perspective, "but you are Miss St. John?"

"Yes."

"You do not recognize me? I have met you several times in the *salon* of Madame d'Arbrai."

"Ah! yes; you are the Pole!"

"A Pole! No, mademoiselle."

"A Hungarian, then! Monsieur Raffolsky! Ah! monsieur, I have always loved Poland, since I read 'Thaddeus of Warsaw.' And you, who are so young, so brave, and have seen so much sorrow—how I pity you!"

"*Me*, mademoiselle!"

"That wretch of an Emperor! How the knout must have hurt!"

"Mademoiselle!"

"And then, that night in the dungeon—when they poured all that water on your head, drop by drop."

"Mademoiselle, you bewilder me!"

"It must have bewildered you! And, oh! monsieur, Siberia! It makes me shiver to think how cold you must have been!"

"But, really, mademoi——"

"Yes, *Italy* is warm enough, as you say; and you must be thankful that you haven't to kill any bears, now, for the sake of their skins?"

"But, I assure you, mademoiselle, you mistake me for somebody else."

"Ah! you feel one of those attacks coming on?"

"Attacks? What attacks?"

"Intervals of forgetfulness of your own identity—the result of that wound inflicted by a bear's paw, when he almost tore the scalp from your head."

"Mademoiselle, I begin to believe I *am* insane!"

I pretended to shrink away from him.

"Mademoiselle, you must be willfully mistaking my identity. Madame d'Arbrai has told me that you are eccentric——"

"I must be going now, monsieur—my gondolier——" I sprang past him; he followed me. I flew down the cathedral steps, ran across the piazza, and jumped into my gondola, which receded from the landing-place the instant that I signaled to my handsome Jacopo, whom I had chosen from all the gondoliers of Venice, because of his purely Greek nose.

When I reached home I was so flushed that the B. C. remarked it; but I laid it all to the sun of Venice, instead of to a son of Italy. I sought my balcony for coolness and refreshment; and, while sitting there, indolently fanning myself, I saw a gondola making its way down the canal on which our piazza is moored—for all the houses of Venice seem to me to be simply anchored in their places, ready to sail off at any moment. I thought I recognized the crisp shine of the uncovered head peering through from the cabin of the gondola; and I thought in dismay that I had made a mistake in piquing this young man, for in doing so I had possibly excited his interest.

I flew to the B. C.

"B. C.," I said, "if any one comes here—a young man —remember that I am a 'model.'"

Then I rushed away, leaving the B. C. agape with astonishment, and flew into my Cleopatra dress.

When I came back, the B. C. was standing precisely as I had left her—a statue of surprise.

"Now, B. C.," I said, "you must pose me on some cushions—those covered with the silver brocade, and set that empty picture-frame up before me. I've changed my mind, and decided to be a picture."

"A picture! Dear me, child! Have you been doing anything dreadful? Is any one after you?"

"Nothing very dreadful, but some one *is* after me. The dark orange drapery at the back, and the great silver dish at my elbow. That is it. Now, a little artificial gloom. I mustn't be seen in too strong a light. And remember, if he asks for Miss St. John, you're the only Miss St. John in existence."

A tap on the studio door. The B. C. called out, "Come in," in a curious little quaver, something between laughing and crying—and the door opened, and admitted Guido.

The Cleopatra faced the door; his eye was riveted at once.

"I beg your pardon, but that painting is wonderfully life-like. I actually thought that the face blushed as I looked at it. I never saw such an illusion!"

The B. C. had assumed a stiff little attitude of expectation. He recognized it.

"I—I came to see Miss St. John," he said. "Is not this her studio?"

"It is. I am Miss St. John."

"But you are not the Miss St. John I am looking for. Is there another studio in this building?"

"I do not know of any."

"I must have been misinformed. Is that picture of your composition?"

Fortunately the question was so worded that the B. C. could answer Yes, though she did so with such reluctance that I am sure he must have thought her ashamed of her "composition."

"Mademoiselle, I will give you any price you may ask for a copy of it; unless you will sell the original."

This was too much for me. My lips curled at the corners in spite of my efforts to keep them straight. Guido retreated a step, his eyes opening to their utmost width.

"Monsieur, it's—my—a—model!" cried the B. C., scarlet with confusion.

"And she understands English?" said Guido, quickly, staring thoughtfully at my recumbent figure.

I hastened to sit upright.

"May I offer you my hand to step out of your frame, Mademoiselle Rafo?"

"How did you know?" I exclaimed, unguardedly.

"You had on those same little shoes this morning, and I recognized them, and the shape of the foot in them. I assure you, Monsieur Raffolsky has excellent eyes."

I laughed, I couldn't help it, when I introduced him to the B. C.

"May I recommend to your distinguished consideration the Polish refugee and martyr, Monsieur Raffolsky?" I said.

"Monsieur Raffolsky!" she repeated. "Why, I thought this was your mod——"

I stopped the B. C. by a look, and then met Guido's eyes, which were regarding me attentively. I began to be afraid of those eyes, for they are keen, with all their softness, and I am afraid they might see Beatrix Amberside, even through the Oriental hue of my skin; and I know it is my *duty*—why is that which is right generally made disagreeable to us?—to save Cousin Laurence from the adventuress who has taken my name. I do not believe *she* is so much to blame, poor girl. She looks too young and innocent. The B. C. and I both agree that the primo mover in the scheme is that bold, black-eyed "miladi."

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I spent last night in metaphorical sackcloth and ashes. Why couldn't I have "held my own" better? Of course, his finding me out in that ridiculous masquerade broke the ice between us, as nothing else could have done. When he came around the next morning I tried to freeze over again, but he wouldn't "see it," as the boys say, and then I couldn't keep my eyes from sparkling when he told me that he had called to extend to me a permission—what fine language he does use, to be sure!—given him by Prince D——, to visit his gallery of paintings—one of the most celebrated private galleries in Europe. A poor artist doesn't often get such a chance as that, and there is in this collection a certain picture I have been just longing to see. Of course I couldn't avoid saying "Thank you," and then I asked him when I might go.

"Now, if you wish."

"Can you give me the direction?"

"It is necessary that I should accompany you."

I thought this a good opportunity for giving him a dose of *ice-cream*, so I shrugged my shoulders and said:

"How tiresome!"

He smiled.

"I will try to endure it. But I am the St. Peter of this paradise, and without me you cannot enter."

"Well, it is necessary to die to go to heaven. I will endure the pain for the consequent pleasure. Madame goes with us, of course? You are too new an acquaintance for me to accompany you alone."

"If madame will so far condescend."

Madame would and did condescend—and oh! I must confess that the pictures would not have looked half as well had he not been there. It's a case of Robin Adair. . . . . He has been again, with an invitation to visit another gallery, that some people would kiss the owner's boots to be admitted to. I'm going—I can't help it. *Peccavi!* and I am afraid, if I have another chance, I shall *peccavi* again. . . . . This makes the fourth time I have been out with him and madame. I know I should have put madame first, but, somehow or other, he always comes first in my thoughts. And he begins to look at me in a way that makes my eyes fall and my cheeks burn. And I tear my

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hair every night at my folly, and do it up the prettiest way I can every morning. Fortunately, it's a *wig*—I don't dare to put on any but my Raphael "crop" now, for fear he may suspect me of masquerading, for he has made several allusions to a former residence in Rome, lately—and asked me once at what time I was there—the *first* time that I visited the city. To which I replied:

"Oh, some time in the reign of Augustus."

CHAPTER XXII.

MOONLIGHT IN VENICE.

From the Journal of Beatrix Amberside (pro tem.).

FOR several days I had seen nothing of Rafe, madame, or the handsome Guido. It seemed as if madame's warning had proved effectual. I know that Germont was away—some one said so—and the thought has "lain heavy on my soul," for when he is away, I don't know what mischief he may be hatching. I fancied that he might have taken his sister—perhaps Guido—with him. As for Rafe—well, I supposed that she hadn't forgiven my attack on Germont.

To-day I encountered her at a chestnut-stand. She looked at me oddly, I thought. I said to her:

"Why do I never see you now?"

She replied:

"I am so very busy."

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Oh, pursuing art, as usual."

Maud Van Zandt was with me, and she said, as soon as we had passed:

"Pursuing that Signor Guido, she means. I have seen him, her and Le d'Arbrai"—Maud *will* make mistakes in her genders—"going out together every day for the last week. Dear me, how indignant you look! Well, I thought when any one was engaged——"

"The smell of those burning chestnuts suffocates me. Let us get out of their range."

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I felt that it was time "to carry the war into the enemy's country," and for two or three days I have been trying to intercept Guido, in the most natural manner possible, that there might be no appearance of design. To-day the fates favored me, for, seeing him approaching in a gondola, I loosened my hair from those odious braids, and with it all rippling over my shoulders, ran down the landing-stairs to speak to our gondolier, but, as I reached the fourth step, slipped and fell. These gondoliers are so stupid, and ours was lying on his back in his craft and did not see me. I had seen he was asleep from my window. Guido came to the spot at a bound, as it were, and was out of the gondola and at my side in an instant, raising me, with his arms and hands all entangled in my long hair—my glory—my witch-net to catch the hearts of men. It glistened like spun gold in the warm Venetian atmosphere; it trailed its amber lengths over his arm, and lay like spilt sunshine on the rough stone; it seemed to grow riotous in its release from its long restraint, and sent out shining filaments to catch the faint sea-breeze, and rolled a flood of warm curls over my face, which was glowing all too bright a red for the faintness I affected.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, in the most deliciously intoned English.

I kept my eyes shut and said nothing. I knew that my hair was flooding him, that my head was on his breast, and I had known men almost go mad for me under similar circumstances; but this man—can the warm blood of Italy run in his veins? I thought—carried me into the palazzo as calmly as if I had been a roll of goods, laid me on a divan, and deluged me with about a gallon of tepid water.

Of course, I revived then—I was absolutely longing to box his ears!—and went through the ceremony of asking where I was, what had happened, etc. Guido told me (he had withdrawn to a respectful distance), and then asked if he should not go for miladi or my cousin. But I was not to be defeated thus. I said:

"If you will assist me to rise, I will see if any bones are broken."

He gave me his arm, and I took a few steps.

"Nothing is the matter, you see; my ankle is not even sprained."

"I was afraid you might be seriously hurt; and even now you are looking very pale."

I was pale with rage at his stupidity, but I said:

"A little fresh air will obviate that difficulty."

"Shall I open the windows?"

It was fortunate for him that he was some distance from me—I should have bitten him!

"I think," I said, "that a short distance in the gondola——"

"I will speak to your gondolier."

I was almost suffocated, but I managed to say:

"Monsieur Shirley does not like me to go alone." And this actually forced him to say:

"I am very much at your service, if you will permit me to accompany you."

I accepted, and, saying that I must change my dress, I ran up-stairs to my room; and with the inspiration that excitement always gives one, in a wonderfully short time I was dressed *à la merveille*, with my hair massed high upon my head, and low upon my forehead, in a dress of soft black stuff, *that had escaped the sea-water;* it had an open neck, and ruff of yellowish old lace. A narrow gold collar, from which an opal pendant swung, clasped the "imperial throat" that poets have rhymed about; and a black mantilla, fastened to my hair by opal pins, covered my head and draped my shoulders.

Guido absolutely started when he saw me. His eyes grew luminous and his face flushed, and I felt his hand tremble as he lifted me into the gondola, whose black beak swung around—and, for the first time, we were alone together on the waters of Venice. It was toward sunset, and though I had heard of the "gold-dust atmosphere" of Venice, I had never fully realized it until this moment, when we seemed floating through molten gold, between long lines of golden palaces, while the sky was flaming orange at the horizon, then fiery yellow shading to softest amber overhead. The very air seemed filled with golden particles, and the oar, every time it rose from the water, shook off a golden shower.

To glide through this enchanting scene, with Guido at my side, was like a bit from ancient Venice. Not even her dead and gone young heroes could surpass in beauty this young Adonis, whose chestnut locks the atmospheric Midas had turned to brightest gold, giving a mellow tint to the transparent pallor of his skin; while his eyes deepened, and his lips seemed to grow more vividly scarlet in the peculiar light. And I was conscious, too, from the glances and only half-whispered remarks of the occupants of passing gondolas, that I was no longer the English schoolgirl, but my old Parisian self. Why did Guido keep his eyes so resolutely averted from my face?

We floated in silence for some time. At last Guido said, in that soft voice of his:

"Mademoiselle Beatrix, when English young ladies are betrothed, as we say, do not they wear a ring upon the left hand?"

"Yes—on *this* finger," said I, extending my left hand.

While dressing to go out with him, I had slipped the ring that Monsieur Shirley had given me from my hand, and locked it up in the case from which I had taken the opals. Well, what if I didn't choose to wear any outward and visible sign of my bondage? Had he not been warned?"

Guido did not speak for some moments; then he asked me if I had ever been on the Rialto. I said that I had walked across it once. He proposed that we should land, and see the beautiful Venetian shellwork that is so deservedly famous. I assented, and we reached it just as the shops were being lighted for the evening. I could not help looking for Shylock and Antonio as we passed through the busy throng, and paused at one of the most brilliantly lighted shops, where an ugly little brown girl was bargaining with the merchant, long strings of snowy shells dangling from her thin arms, while a young Apollo stood near, barelimbed and bare-armed, his beautifully formed shoulders showing through the rents in his shirt. I thought of Anzoleto and the young Consuelo.

The merchant displayed his wares, and Guido bought an exquisite fillet of white shells, fragile as frostwork, and flushed with pink on the inner lip, and some bracelets to match.

"Will you do me the favor to wear these?" he asked, holding them toward me.

"What, *white* on my blonde hair? Keep them for Rafe, if you please; the effect would be lost on me."

There was an exquisite chaplet of carved coral—a mass of tiny flowers, not pale, insipid pinks, but the deep, glorious red of the sea-dulse. Guido saw my eyes turn toward this, and bought it instantly.

"Did not Venus wear such when she rose from the sea?" he asked. "And you must have bracelets, also, even if Venus did not wear them."

Hearing a strange language, several persons had gathered around us, and one tall, brown fellow, with a bandit-like beard, emboldened by vicinity, took up a stray curl of my hair in his broad hand, and burst into a torrent of Italian adjectives. Guido looked around, raised his hand, and the offender lay at my feet. A cry arose, and black heads began to surge into the shop, with fierce eyes and angry voices. Guido snatched me up, bore me through the press and down the steps, and, almost before I could breathe, I was in the gondola, my corals in my lap, and Guido, panting and breathless, by my side.

"Allow me to commend your coolness, mademoiselle."

"How could I fear, under the protection of that strong arm? But did you not hurt your hand?"

"A slight bruise, only."

"Your hand is quite discolored. How sorry I am!"

"This will cure it," he said, taking one of my hands, laying it lightly over the bruised hand, and then stooping and kissing it.

When his lips touched my hand, I, who have had a king at my feet, felt a thrill of triumph at this simple act of homage from a young Italian whose lineage is unknown, and whose very name expresses doubt and obscurity. As he raised his head, his eyes met mine; they lost their sudden softness, and he drew back and looked at me searchingly, I thought. Then he leaned forward and said:

"Mademoiselle, what have you done with those pictures you painted in Rome?"

At first, I thought he was insane; then, all at once, the truth came upon me like an avalanche: Rafe had painted him in Rome; he had supposed me all this time to be Rafe; and Rafe is the true Beatrix Amberside!

The gondola rocked under me, as if a tempest raged in the canal; the towering palaces on either side toppled down upon me; I was crushed—dead; and then, I was sitting opposite the handsomest young man in Venice, who was watching me curiously. I *must* speak—say *something*. Silence now was worse than suspicion, it was *condemnation!* I spoke; how faint and far away my voice sounded in my own ears!

"Which ones do you mean?" And then I thought, hurriedly: Could the wildest imagination conceive such generosity? She knows who I am, or, rather, who I *am not*, and has never sought to expose me!

"The picture of myself," he said, slowly, with his eyes still on me.

"Oh! I have them with me; I always carry them with me."

I could have sworn somebody else said this, for I was saying all the time to myself—What is the reason? There must be a reason! Can she have done anything to make her afraid to bear her own name?

Then I heard Guido's voice speaking from an immeasurably long distance:

"Will you do me the favor to lend me one of them?"

"Which one?" I said, or, at least, that dread voice spoke for me, for all the while I was thinking profoundly, Will she let me have one? I *must* have one. If she has done such a great thing for me, why should she hesitate to do a little thing?

"The Glaucus," he said.

"You shall have it," I replied, and then we went on in the dreamlike splendor of the Italian moonlight.

If the sun had changed everything to gold, the moonlight as quickly transmuted it to silver, and the canals were a broad silver ribbon, and slender, silver chains linking the silver-white palaces together; and Guido's face looked unnaturally pale, and his eyes seemed to grow larger and darker every instant, until I feared that at last I might see a skull peering from under the shadow of his broad hat. I suppose I was a little bit mad, for I felt an almost irresistible desire to plunge into the silver bath that was lying all around me, and so put an end to my doubts and fears for ever. That my ready assent to his proposition had dissipated Guido's doubt was evident, for he had drawn near to me again, and his eyes were telling me how fair I was, when I felt the keel grate on some obstruction, and found our gondola was lying along our landing-place.

"I shall come for that to-morrow," Guido said, in my ear, as he assisted me to leave the gondola; and then some one rose from the steps, and I saw that it was Monsieur Shirley, and his voice sounded very cold as he asked:

"Where have you been, Beatrix?" He took hold of my hand as he spoke. "Why, your hand is like ice!" he said. "I am very much displeased with Lady Amberside for letting you wander off, no one knows where. Come into the house as quickly as you can."

And putting his arm around me, he drew me quickly up the steps.

It was evident that he thought I had been off alone. It was such a comfort to find out that I had not been detected, to be caressed and cared for, that I gave a long sigh of relief that was half a sob.

"Why, Beatrix, you are not crying because I scolded you?" he said, stooping, and kissing me with more warmth than he had shown me for some time.

This sense of protection was grateful to me; I returned his kisses, and he was growing quite lover-like, when the door of the *salon* opened suddenly, and Clemence stood on the threshold, for I could see her tall figure and elaborate costume outlined against the light.

"I bring you a Frost Lady," he said, quite gayly, for him, leading me into the *salon*. Then he withdrew his arm, with a smothered exclamation—and no wonder, for he had been kissing his little cousin Beatrix in the corridor, and she had turned to the baleful Amber Witch in his very arms!

I could see myself in the long mirror opposite, white as snow, with deep carnation bloom, made taller by my black, sweeping robe and glittering amber crown; with my eyes like stars, and the opals at my throat sending out tiny flames, which seemed to burn my white, round neck.

Madame bent forward and looked at me, as at a stranger, Mrs. Van Zandt put up her eyeglass, Maud and Blanche exchanged whispers, the general said: "A perfect Venus, by —— by those corals she has brought with her from the sea!"

Clemence now came forward, and grasping my arm, hissed in my ear: "Are you mad?" Then aloud: "Why, Beatrix, what are you masquerading for?"

"It is Beatrix?" said Monsieur Shirley, staring at me. "Good heavens! what a likeness!"

I knew he was thinking of the picture he had found among his brother's effects.

"Yes; of course it is I. Whom else could it be?"

"And where have you been?" asked Clemence, angrily. She was furious with me, and so asked this question, when she had better have been silent.

"Oh, I fell down the steps of the landing-place, and, of course, such a fall would make any one look pale. So, Signor Guido, who picked me up, recommended a little fresh air, and we have been to the Rialto, and, as you see, I am laden with spoils."

"You accepted those from a stranger?" said Monsieur Shirley.

"Why not? They cost almost nothing, and he has bought some lovely shell-ornaments for Rafe."

"Miss St. John is—disengaged."

"Shall I throw them into the canal?" I asked.

"Hush! not so loud. You may keep them, if you will only put your hair in braids again."

"I am betrothed, and I wish to look like something besides a little schoolgirl. I will give up the corals, but I won't wear those ugly *tails* any more."

"Not even to please me?"

"I will make myself ugly to please no one. You should have heard the people in the gondolas say, '*Bella! bellissima!*' when they saw me!"

He looked at me, very reluctantly, but I saw that his eyes confirmed the popular voice.

(*To be continued.*)

Self-confidence.—There are certain obstacles in every path that can be overcome only by the presence of self-confidence. There are outward hindrances to encounter, opposition to meet, difficulties to surmount, prejudices to sweep away, the very presence of which will terrify and appall the wavering and despondent, while they will melt away before the firm dignity of self-respect and self-reliance. There are also the innumerable obstacles from within—inclinations to curb, passions to restrain, desires to guide, temptations to resist; these also need not only the power to deal with them, but a confidence in that power that can alone make it effective.

THE WOLF AND THE MOUSE.

A Wolf into the wilderness one day
Bore off a stolen sheep, and on the prey
Fed to the full. Then, finding he could not
Devour it to the bone upon the spot,
Resolved till supper-time the rest to keep,
Beside it laid him down, and went to sleep.
Meanwhile, the smell allured a neighboring Mouse
To creep with caution from his tiny house.
A particle of meat he slyly stole,
Then swiftly sped him back into his hole.
Yet, spite of all his care, the Wolf awoke,
And into cries and lamentations broke—
"Halloa, there! Murder! Robbery! Will none
Fetch the police? I'm ruined and undone.
Confound those miscreant Mice! Oh, shame and grief,
That any four-legged thing should be a thief!"

Krilof.

BALKED BY A BERRY.

By Horace L. Nicholson.

AMONG the Christmas amusements of my youth, keeping jovial company with snap-dragon, bon-bons, family coach, forfeits, and a hundred-and-one games and pranks, now consigned to the limbo of Old Fashion, was an innocent little performance from which I used to derive much fun and pleasure.

A holly berry spiked with a pin, and about three inches of the stem of a clay pipe, were the simple implements with which I could amuse myself for hours together. Having placed the point of the pin down the hole of the pipe, I would throw back my head, strike a theatrical attitude, put the other end of the pipe in my mouth, and blow—no roaring blast, but a gentle, scientific breeze, that would cause the pinned berry to gyrate in a most comical manner.

I was wont to imagine that this toy was a veritable red-bodied, small-headed, long-legged dancing puppet, that obeyed my bidding and performed my will. By changing the position of the berry I varied his movements. When right at the head of the pin, he would throw his long leg round and round the neck of the pipe at a most alarming rate; when placed in the middle, he would execute the most marvelous acrobatic feats, and when tired out would wind up by plumping into rest safe in the centre of the pipe-tube.

Continual practice made me so proficient in this art that I was often called upon to give an entertainment to my friends, when I would put myself in all sorts of queer and uncomfortable positions to blow—lie on my back, stand on my head, blow with my eyes bandaged, with my legs tied, with my hands behind my back; in fact, as I retrospect now I am afraid I must often have made myself look excessively ridiculous and foolish on these occasions. I remember once when I was strapped and corded in a style that would have taxed the powers and ingenuity of the Davenport Brothers, lying on my back, with the little red, pot-bellied gentleman capering frantically before my eyes. I gave a little extra strong blow, and lo! he was gone. Where, nor I, nor any of the watchers could tell. I was undone and lifted up; I shook myself, examined every conceivable part of my clothing; but no, there was no sign of the retiring dancer's hiding-place. My parents and a few visitors at supper that evening were startled out of their seven senses by a most unearthly yell, and when they had sufficiently recovered to take notice of anything whatever, they saw me with one hand violently rubbing the seat of my trousers, and with the other vigorously shaking a leg of the same garment.

These exertions were rewarded by my seeing drop on to the floor my lost little friend, and all feelings were forgotten in the joy of recovering the inflictor of the pain. How he managed to find his way to that particular part of my anatomy, or why he had such ill-feeling toward me in that quarter, are mysteries to me at the present moment. These recollections take me back twenty years of my life, and many Christmases rise up before me, some to taunt, some to cheer, and others to bring regrets and sadness; for this traditional festive season has lost its glory. The time of gladness, of forgiveness, of good fellowship, of the death of old feuds and the birth of new hopes, of universal love and concord, of feasting and mirth, is now only marked as the harbinger of unpaid bills, of hatred, strife and uncharitableness, of family disagreements, of drunkenness, vulgarity and caddism, of empty boards, and bottles of adulterated wine. Ho! again for a few of the Christmases that linger lovingly in the chambers of my mansion of memory, when Jack Frost came faithfully and did his duty honestly, giving us icicles on the eaves, snow upon the housetops, slides in the gutters, and plenty of safe sport upon the lakes and ponds.

I can recall ringing in the new year in the Forest of Dean, when every tree shook his frosted head like an aged patriarch beneath the keen North wind—Switzerland has never presented a more imposing snow spectacle than that. I have danced Sir Roger in the kitchen of a West Somerset farmer on Christmas night, and enjoyed more honest, hearty glee than I have ever experienced in a West End drawing-room. I remember Christmases when the Thames overflowed, and I have thrilled at a five miles right-away skate over the flooded meadows, from Caversham to Pangbourne. I can recall, too, when the Father River was covered with blocks of ice, tons in weight; and I have lain the night through, listening to them crushing against the piers of Barnes Bridge. I have spent Christmas on the Severn, at Sharpness Point; in Paris, under siege, and among scenes of heart-rending distress; among the Scotch hills, with Presbyterian severity; and I have Christmased in Normandy, where every tree seems green with mistletoe. But the reference to my holly-berry episode has specially brought to mind a Christmas Eve, nearly ten years ago, when the ambition of my life was crushed, my candlelight effectually extinguished, and my peace of mind upset for quite a fortnight.

I was a young man then, and had the conceit to imagine myself good-looking. Turned two-and-twenty, with a long, fashionable mustache, that had cost me many anxious hours, and sundry guineas, to cultivate; a beard, whereon every hair had an allotted place; my perfect figure (in stays) arrayed in the most correct garments that Poole could turn out, I fancied myself, in those days, a thoroughly fascinating fellow.

Christmas found me at Blightham, a quiet little Kentish village, possessing one of the oldest and quaintest Norman churches in England, which stands on a little hill, looking down on the village, nestling snugly in the valley beneath. It is one of the sleepiest, slowest, bumpkinest of villages now; what it was ten years ago, before a line of railway invaded the privacy, and upset the equanimity of the lethargic inhabitants, can be better imagined than described.

There is no county so rich in antiquities, so full of interesting records of olden times, so dear to the archæologist, as Kent; and I love to revel among its treasures of historic lore. The cromlech of Kentish ragstone at Aylesford, the Roman Amphitheatre at Richborough, the Tumulus of Laberius Dorus, Upnor Castle, the Roman remains at Barham Downs, Ightham and Keston, the Saxon earthworks at Bayford and Dover, the Danish encampments at Blackheath, Kemsby, Swanscombe, Walmer and Milton, the ecclesiastical remains, including old parish churches, abbeys in state of ruin, fine old castellated mansions, the magnificent hall and gateway of Eltham Palace—all are rich in interesting associations; but none have for me more pleasant memories than Blightham, with its Norman Church, its old Moat House and its quarried hills lined with larch and fir.

The Rector of Blightham, who rejoiced in the name of Polehampton—in print, The Honorable and Reverend Roland Polehampton. M.A.—was a little fat, round-faced, red-cheeked man, who, by reason of his name and his figure, was universally known as the Reverend Roley-Poley. His four daughters, whose ages ran down from twenty-three to fifteen, were æsthetic in taste, and high church, by virtue of paternal instruction. But Blightham presented little scope for the development of art outside the ecclesiastical, and the decoration and adornment of the old church; therefore, upon all feasts, fasts and festivals, were duties that the four Miss Roley-Poley's took upon themselves with great zeal and enthusiasm. They found plenty of willing helpers among the daughters of neighboring squires and well-to-do farmers, and at Adventtide, Eastertide, Ascensiontide, Whitsuntide, Trinitytide and Christmastide, not to mention the Eves of Saints' days and Holy days, as ordered by the Prayer-book, the walls of the sanctuary, that had braved the weather for nearly six centuries, echoed the sacred laughter and pious glee of a half-score girlish hearts and voices.

On the particular Christmas Eve that I remember, the hammering and the chatter were running a very hard race for first place. I was down on a visit to my Uncle Gregory, whose hop-gardens and cob-plantations covered over two hundred Kentish acres. My cousin Kate was lieutenant to the Roley-Poley girls in all their decorative enterprises, and was the *confidante* of the rector's third daughter, Dora, aged eighteen. I was very fond of my cousin Kate, because, through her, I found myself frequently with Dora Polehampton, the jolliest, the plumpest, freshest, prettiest, daringest, darlingest, most impudent little piece of feminine creation that ever danced the Lancers, or rode to hounds. The fact was, I was head-over-heels in love with Dora, but was too bashful to confess my affection, and ask her to accept my hand and heart.

Of course, I assisted at the decorations. There was only one other member of my sex, a big horsey fellow, arrived that day, on a visit to the rector's, and I left him to attend to the requirements of the six other girls, while I devoted my attention to cousin Kate and Dora. Kate, however, was only a matter of form; it was Dora who commanded my every movement, my every thought, and my every glance, as I handed her up crosses and triangles. I nailed up the devices and garlands that her hands had fashioned; I assisted her to mount the steps to adjust the designs upon the gaselier; I pricked my hands in selecting suitable pieces of holly for her; I raced round the churchyard in search of yew and laurels—in short, I was her slave. But I looked forward to my reward—yes, we were all to go up to the rectory when our labors were finished, and before I left I was determined to pluck up courage, and know my fate. I had reserved inside my hat a dainty sprig of mistletoe, and I was resolved at all hazards to claim its privileges, and to gather honey from my beloved Dora's cheeks.

At last we were done. The aisles were swept; furs,

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cloaks and wraps were brought from the vestry, the ladies carefully protected from the cold, and we prepared to depart. We looked upon our work, and were well pleased. Every pillar, beam and rod was hidden beneath evergreens with their berries, whose hues were in beautiful harmony with the fine dark color of the old oak pews. Only the altar and font remained to be finished, and fresh flowers were to be brought for them in the morning. I offered to see all was securely fastened, and lock the front door. By the time I had done this, the rest had cleared out, and I found Kate waiting for me in the porch We soon caught up the others, but I had no chance of Dora's society, for she was in close *tête-à-tête* with the "other fellow," and my natural bashfulness kept me from intruding. However, my jealousy was awakened, and I watched that "other fellow" for the rest of the evening with great suspicion.

THE HIGHLAND PIPER. BY FAED.

You can imagine my astonishment when, directly we got indoors, I saw him, before the whole company, kiss my beloved under the mistletoe as if he had my right to do so, and she seemed to enjoy it. I had half a mind to step forward and follow his example, and, for the rest of the evening, keep Dora to myself; but I was too bashful. The only words I could say to her before I left were, "Good-night."

On our way home I inquired of Kate who "that jockey-looking upstart was." My defeat was complete when she answered: "Why, don't you know? That is Dora's young man!"

You could have knocked me down with your little finger. I was beaten, betrayed, and utterly forlorn. I did not go to church on Christmas morning, and returned to town on Boxing Day, without saying adieu to my lost love.

* * * * * * *

I hear some one ask, What has all this to do with my title? I have been forgetting. That fellow's name was Alfred Berry. I go to my desk and unearth two cards, tied with some white satin ribbon, that have lain there nearly nine years; on them I read, "Mr. A. Berry," "Mrs. A. Berry."

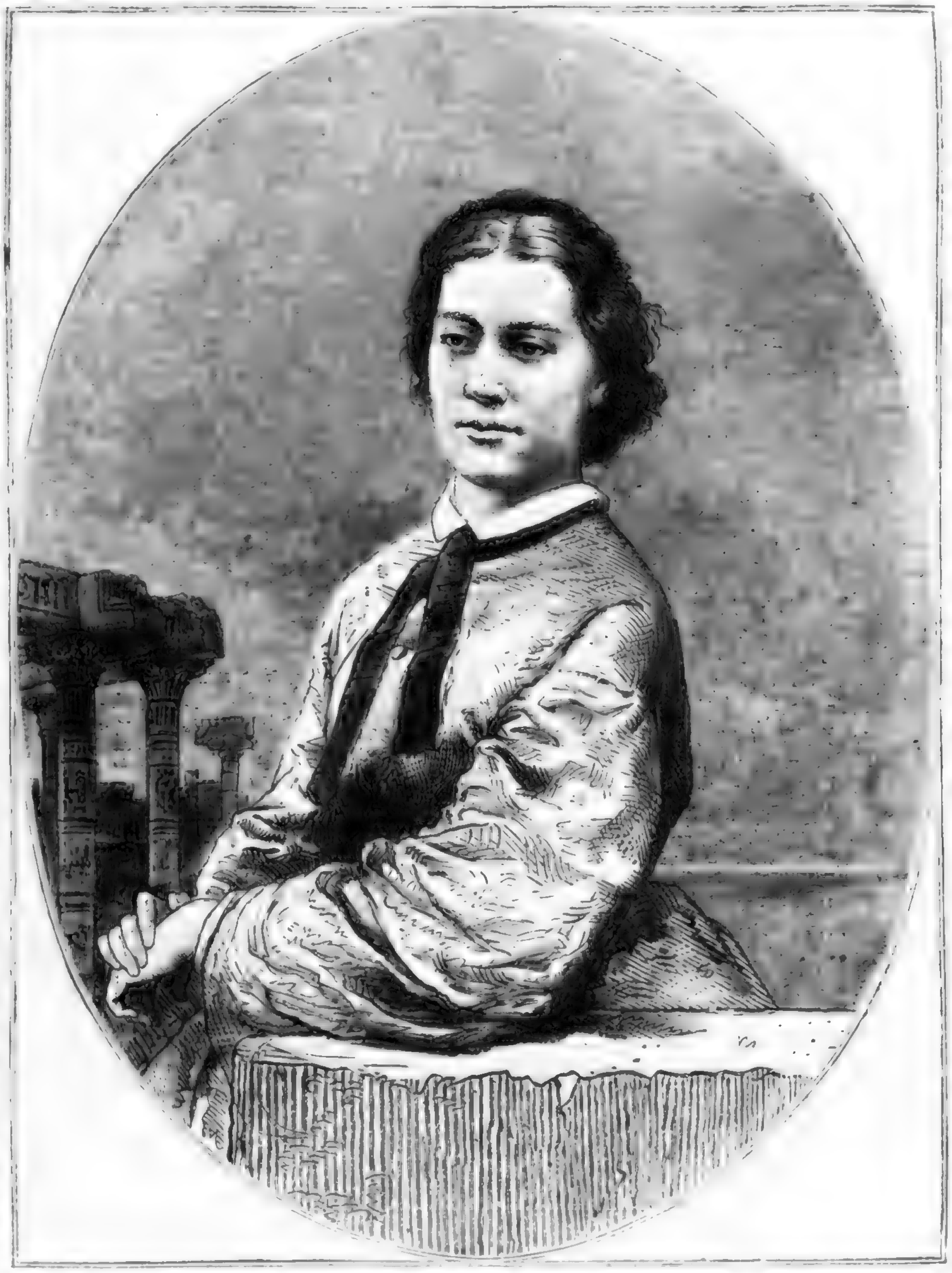
Patron Saints of the Trades.—In the Middle Ages, every trade had its patron. That of the shoemakers was St. Crispin and St. Crispinian; of the goldsmiths, St. Eloy; of the cutlers, St. John the Baptist; wine and grain dealers adopted St. Nicholas.

We should not despair of the goodness of the world if we do not happen to see it immediately around us. The atmosphere is still blue, though so much of it as is inclosed in our apartment is colorless.

ALEXANDRINE TINNE, AFRICAN EXPLORER.

By M. Betham Edwards.

The sedentary part of mankind, which is the vast majority in civilized countries, will ever be especially attracted toward the records of adventurous travel undertaken by women. Sitting by your fireside, and reading of Lady Hester Stanhope's Bedouin wanderings in the Syrian Desert; of Lady Duff Gordon's daily life among the Fellaheen of the Nile; or of the gallant Lady Baker's participation in her husband's African perils—our minds are powerfully and agreeably affected by the sense of contrast such experiences present to those of ordinary existence. It is without doubt chiefly an impatience of conventional society, a domestic routine, narrowed by custom and fashion, that leads women of such courageous type far out of the beaten track. Sedentariness is not a normal condition of things, and most young people possessed of high spirits and good health would choose an out-of-door, breezy, adventurous life, if choice were possible. This feeling, up to a certain point, is a natural and healthy one. On the threshold of life, all is so new, so marvelous, so enticing! We would fain know what the great world is like—take part in its ever-changing, many-phased development, do as others have done before us, and discover or create for ourselves. Added to the inherent adventuresomeness of youth, we must take into account the romance attaching to Eastern travel. There is a magnetic fascination for some minds in Oriental life—that strange mixture of Biblical simplicity and primitiveness, with the splendor and poetry of the Arabian Nights. It was certainly the desire of adventure, as well as a craving for the fabled East, that actuated the career of Alexandrine Tinné, a veritable page of romance itself, and at the same time as daring and luckless a chapter of African exploration as any on record.



ALEXANDRINE TINNÉ.

Visitors to Algiers some years ago will remember the air of mystery hanging about a certain yacht lying off the harbor. Rumor spread all kinds of glowing reports about the mistress of its motley crew—Europeans, negroes and stately Nubians. Some said it was an Oriental princess; one invented a love affair, to account for the lonely wanderings of this female Odysseus; another hinted darkly at some political mission from far-off Mussulman courts to the chiefs of the Sahara. The bare truth, when at last it was made known, was almost as marvelous as anything fiction could invent on behalf of its owner. The yacht, indeed, belonged to a lady, young, beautiful, and possessed of queenly fortune, whose existence, almost from childhood, had been spent in the East; who had already accomplished several voyages of discovery in Central Africa; and who, undaunted by the mishaps of former pioneers in the same direction, now projected an undertaking, which, if carried out successfully, must place her in the foremost rank of African discoverers.

This courageous young lady—for she was in the flower

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of her youth—was born at the Hague in 1839, of mixed parentage, her father being an English merchant long resident in Holland; her mother, a Dutch baroness, daughter of that famous Dutch Admiral van Capellen who assisted Lord Exmouth at the siege of Algiers in 1816. Thus Alexandrine directly inherited some of her unusual mental and physical qualities. By the death of her father, whilst she was still a mere child, she became one of the richest heiresses in the country; and her mother, who must also have been a remarkable woman, gave her as choice and expensive an education as that bestowed on a young princess. She was early introduced at Court, where she soon grew to be an especial favorite of the Queen; but these glimpses of royalty, and constant intercourse with the most cultivated and artistic circles of the capital, acted upon her in a wholly unexpected manner. What high tastes, culture, and elegant surroundings could do to make the young heiress in love with such a life were hers. Everything was placed within her reach—the pleasures of the world, as well as those of the intellect, distractions of every kind, the prospects of a brilliant marriage, and an enviable social position. Young, beautiful, rich, gifted, she yet turned her face upon the future that beckoned so enticingly, and in her eighteenth year quitted the Hague, never to return.

Her first journey was on an ambitious scale, and evidently determined, for once and for all, the bent of her career. In company of her mother and aunt, she visited Norway, Italy, Constantinople, Palestine, and the Nile, spending the Winter at Cairo. Egypt, however, with its influx of European tourists and cosmopolitan element, despite its unspeakable picturesqueness and grandeur, failed to satisfy the aspiration of the enthusiastic young traveler. She wanted to throw heart and soul into the life of the African explorer—to devote her fortune and energies to the cause of geographical discovery; to contribute toward the solution of those vast problems which have perplexed travelers of all ages and countries; lastly, to report on the slave-trade, and to do what in her lay for the oppressed people of the "dark continent."

With schemes no less ambitious than these, she started on a voyage of discovery in Central Africa, her companions being her mother and aunt, worthy daughters of the brave Dutch admiral. The journey alone, for enterprise and originality, sufficed to place her among the fraternity of African explorers, and is severally described in the London *Times* of November, 1862, under the head of "Lady Travelers on the White Nile"; afterward in Petermann's well-known geographical publication, "Mittheilungen"; also in a communication read before the Royal Geographical Society of London.

"A thousand miles on the White Nile" is no small achievement, as a glance at the map will show. Their project was attended with many difficulties. No climate is more fatal to Europeans than that of the White Nile; every possible obstacle was then put in the way of travelers by the slave-driving authorities and their abettors. Undismayed, however, Alexandrine and her companions set off from Cairo in January, 1862, with three Nile boats, containing provisions for twelve months, large quantities of money, chiefly in copper, and a numerous train of servants. At Korosko they quitted their *dahabeeyahs*, and purchased a hundred camels, starting for Abu-Hammed through the Nubian desert. Being largely provided with water, the caravan did not suffer much; but great was the general joy, when, at last, after this monotonous peregrination in the blinding sand, the pinnacles of Abu-Hammed were descried rising amid palm groves and granite crags, the Nile flowing beyond in majestic fullness and splendor. Our travelers proceeded to Khartoum, capital of Egyptian Soudan, built near the confluence of the White and the Blue Nile, a modern town of between 40,000 and 50,000 inhabitants, and of considerable importance from many points of view. In the first place, it is the seat of local government established there by its founder, Mohammed Ali; secondly, it is the great halting-place and centre of ivory-hunters, slave captors, and travelers generally.

At the time of the ladies' visit, Musad Pasha, the Turkish governor-general, ruled with military sway, oppressing the people, draining the country of its last resources, and carrying on a vast commerce in slavery. The fame of this young heiress's great wealth and her protestations against slavery had already reached Khartoum, and it was well known that what she saw in Africa would be reported in Europe; as might be expected, therefore, every possible obstacle was put in her way. The intrepid young lady—she was only twenty-two at the time—insisted, however, and being backed with a queenly fortune and influential protection, she gained her point, starting from Khartoum in a steamer placed at her disposal by a brother of the Khédive of Egypt.

This voyage was full of picturesqueness and poetic charm. The river-banks were luxuriant with palm-trees, mimosas and acacias, peopled with birds of great variety, and monkeys; and the little villages alongside formed a succession of pictures in the mellow atmosphere, an amber light toning down the brilliant hues of day. Whenever the party alighted, the appearance of the young leader of the expedition aroused the most lively curiosity. A superb horsewoman, blonde, handsome and commanding in appearance, as she galloped with her escort through the negro villages, it was rumored that this was no lesser personage than a daughter of the great Lord of Stamboul. Her youth, her beauty, her courage, and, above all, her kindness to the black race, won all hearts, whilst even the emissaries of Turkish rule in these parts treated her with courtesy and respect.

Such a life as this was in perfect harmony with Alexandrine's tastes, but she could not for a moment shake off the painful impression produced by the curse of slavery that lay on the land. Her purse was ever open to those needing help, though, of course, against this evil as a whole, she was powerless.

The journey was continued eastward, nothing daunting Alexandrine. They duly reached the Nu Lake, where the White Nile joins the Gazelle River, as dismal and unhealthy a spot as any in Africa, one vast swamp meeting the eye on every side, and life being made insupportable by musquitoes.

There is nothing in all nature more deadly and repulsive than these swamps of the White Nile, but the travelers escaped malaria, and pursued their way to the Austrian missionary station of Heiligenkreuz, a veritable European graveyard in the heart of Africa! Sixty souls in all, missionaries and laymen, lie buried here, some martyrs to religious zeal, others to a love of science and humanity. One of the latest of these, Wilhelm von Harnier, sportsman and naturalist, who had only halted at the mission-station for rest, magnanimously sacrificed his life in attempting to rescue a negro from an enraged buffalo.

Various excursions were made by the ladies in the neighboring villages, mere congeries of straw huts, inhabited by a quite naked population, whose food consisted chiefly of bats, snakes, termites and roots. On the 30th of September the party reached Gondokoro, having successfully accomplished a journey of upward of a thousand miles in these almost unknown regions. Gondokoro pleased them greatly, and Madame Tinné wrote home in glowing terms of the pleasant terraces, planted with lemon and tamarisk trees, and of the fertile negro villages, where, so long as the maize lasted, the inhabitants did nothing but sing and dance. Excursions were made in the environs, where they found a rich plain, dotted with fine trees, and peopled with flocks and herds.

The return to Khartoum was safely accomplished, and the fame of the unique journey made by ladies soon reached Europe. As they sailed up the river toward Khartoum, they encountered the *dahabeeyah* of Sir Samuel Baker, who was just quitting it, and the great explorer touchingly alludes to this rencontre, in his *opus magnum*. Salutes were fired, handkerchiefs waved, so long as the steamers remained in each other's sight. "Little did we think," wrote Sir Samuel, "that it was the last time we should see those friendly faces, and that the little exploring party was doomed to so fearful an end." The journey had cost the ladies $30,000!

At Khartoum they halted for a time, falling in with other travelers equally enthusiastic, and with them maturing ambitious schemes of adventure and discovery. It must be remembered that at no time was more enthusiasm displayed concerning African exploration than on the occasion of the three ladies' expedition to Gondokoro. Speke and Grant had just accomplished their remarkable journeys; Sir Samuel Baker was on the eve of setting out for his great voyage; Petherick had brought home a vast collection of spoils from the White Nile; and German and other travelers were meditating expeditions in all directions. It was the beginning of an epoch rich in geographical results, as a glance at the map and the history of African travel of the last thirty years will show.

The achievements of some of the more recent explorers are alone enough to take one's breath away. The great Livingstone led the van, exploring vast tracts which had hitherto been mere blanks in the African map, discovering the Lake Victoria Nyanza nearly under the Equator, and the Lake Tanganyika further south, also the great River Lualaba; and, among other exploits, tracing the Zambesi River from the interior to its outlet in the Indian Ocean. Infected by his ardor, came the gallant Speke and Grant, who shared with Sir Samuel Baker the glory of discovering the sources of the Nile. To the latter we owe also the discovery of a second great lake, the Albert Nyanza; and, furthermore, one of the most important expeditions into Central Africa for the suppression of the slave-trade. Stanley's search after Livingstone is another memorable exploit. Starting for Zanzibar in January, 1871, Stanley, with 200 men, succeeded in reaching Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, whither Livingstone had just arrived from the southwest lakes. Stanley explored the region between the Lakes Albert Nyanza and Tanganyika, descended the river Livingstone had discovered and named, the Lualaba, to its mouth—a stupendous feat, unfortunately accompanied by many sanguinary encounters with the natives. Lastly, we have Cameron's more peaceful and equally magnificent journey—the first performed by an Englishman across the African Continent in its central latitudes, beyond the western shore of Lake Tanganyika to the Atlantic seacoast of Lower Guinea. Nearly 3,000 miles were accomplished on foot, the most important part of his travels lying in the interior west of the great lakes and rivers discovered by Livingstone, and which Cameron found to be connected with the River Congo.

Such are a few of the splendid results of African exploration within the last thirty years, to say nothing of the journeys of Barth, Schweinfurth, and other daring travelers in different regions. No wonder that Alexandrine Tinné, whose mind from her earliest years had been turned to exploration and adventure, now caught the general glow. At Khartoum, the great meeting-place of African explorers, Petherick, Grant, Speke and Baker, she was not long in finding others ready to enter into her schemes, and thankful to avail themselves of her pecuniary resources.

These kindred spirits were two Abyssinian travelers, Drs. Steudner and Heughlin, Germans, the first a botanist, the last a naturalist, who were only awaiting such an opportunity to carry out their project of penetrating into unknown regions of the White Nile. Here we must follow the narrative of Dr. Heughlin, who has published, from a naturalist's point of view, one of the most interesting volumes contributed to the literature of African exploration.

Dr. Heughlin and his friend had reached Khartoum—the Canterbury of these pilgrims—some months before the return of the ladies from Gondokoro, and the first part of the doctor's work is devoted to a previous journey made into East Kordofan. We will pass by this portion of the work, highly interesting as it is, and devote our attention to the narrative of his journey made with Alexandrine Tinné and her companions on the White Nile and Gazelle River.

The travelers soon matured their plan, which was no less ambitious than that of a voyage to the lake-sources of the Gazelle River, thence by land to the country of the famed cannibal tribes, the Nyam-Nyam. Such an undertaking required preparations on a large and costly scale, but in this respect no obstacle presented itself.

Alexandrine, the leading spirit and prime mover of the expedition, undertook to furnish the necessary funds, and a relation of her own, the Baron d'Arkel d'Ablaing, also an experienced traveler, joined the party. But there were hindrances not of a pecuniary nature. The Baroness van Capellen, Alexandrine's aunt, was too much weakened by fever to undertake another journey as yet, and some delay also occurred in getting together the necessary provisions and retinue. Large quantities of provisions were taken, chiefly consisting of biscuits, meal, butter, rice, coffee, tobacco, wine and brandy, also wax-lights and soap; besides these, copper bracelets and bars, fine glass beads, woolen stuffs, salt, etc., for barter, and vast stores of money. The clothes of the ladies seem to have occupied an enormous space, and for each of the travelers was provided a riding-horse or mule.

At last the entire company was embarked, making 200 souls in all; this number including ten Dutch women-servants, an Italian ship's steward, a Turkish officer with ten soldiery belonging to a Khartoum regiment, besides twenty Berber paid soldiers, several Arab interpreters and scribes, the rest of the crew being composed of negro servants and sailors. The baroness had finally decided to remain at Khartoum. Four camels, besides thirty donkeys and mules, and several riding-horses were also carried. A steamer, two dahabeeyahs and two ordinary Nile boats convoyed the expedition, which created no little astonishment among the inhabitants. The gentlemen started first, the ladies following a few days after, and very picturesquely and graphically does Dr. Heughlin describe their experiences by the way.

This is the kind of picture he gives us from the White Nile: "To our right we have the large island of Nabreh, and, as we proceed, come in sight of many smaller ones, the river widening as we go, its entire breadth not, however, being perceived from the boat. Vegetation becomes more luxuriant, and on a larger scale; the bushes are alive with the notes of birds, sounding clear across the transparent water. Splendid is the white plumage of the osprey, gleaming in the midst of the dark-green shining foliage;

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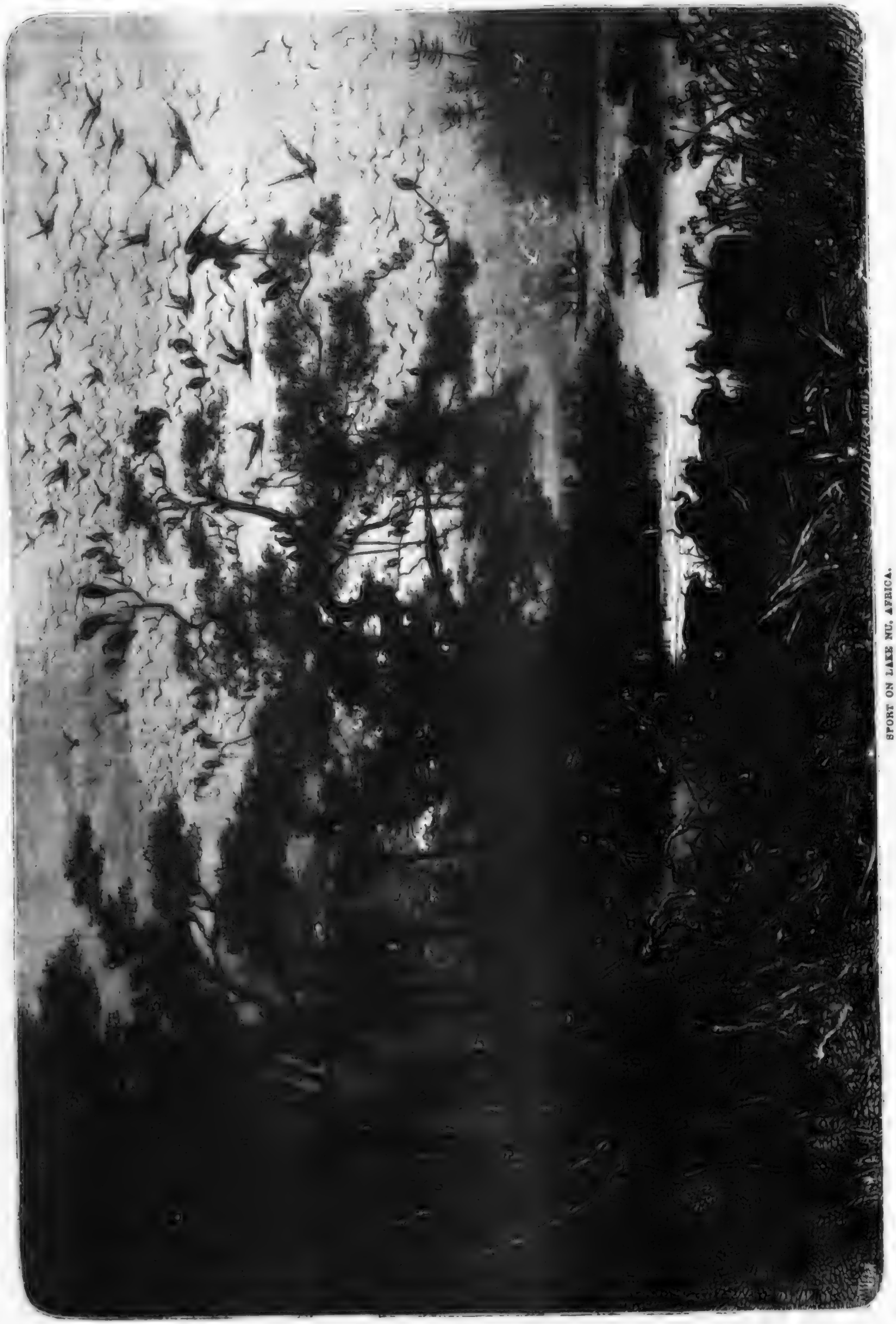


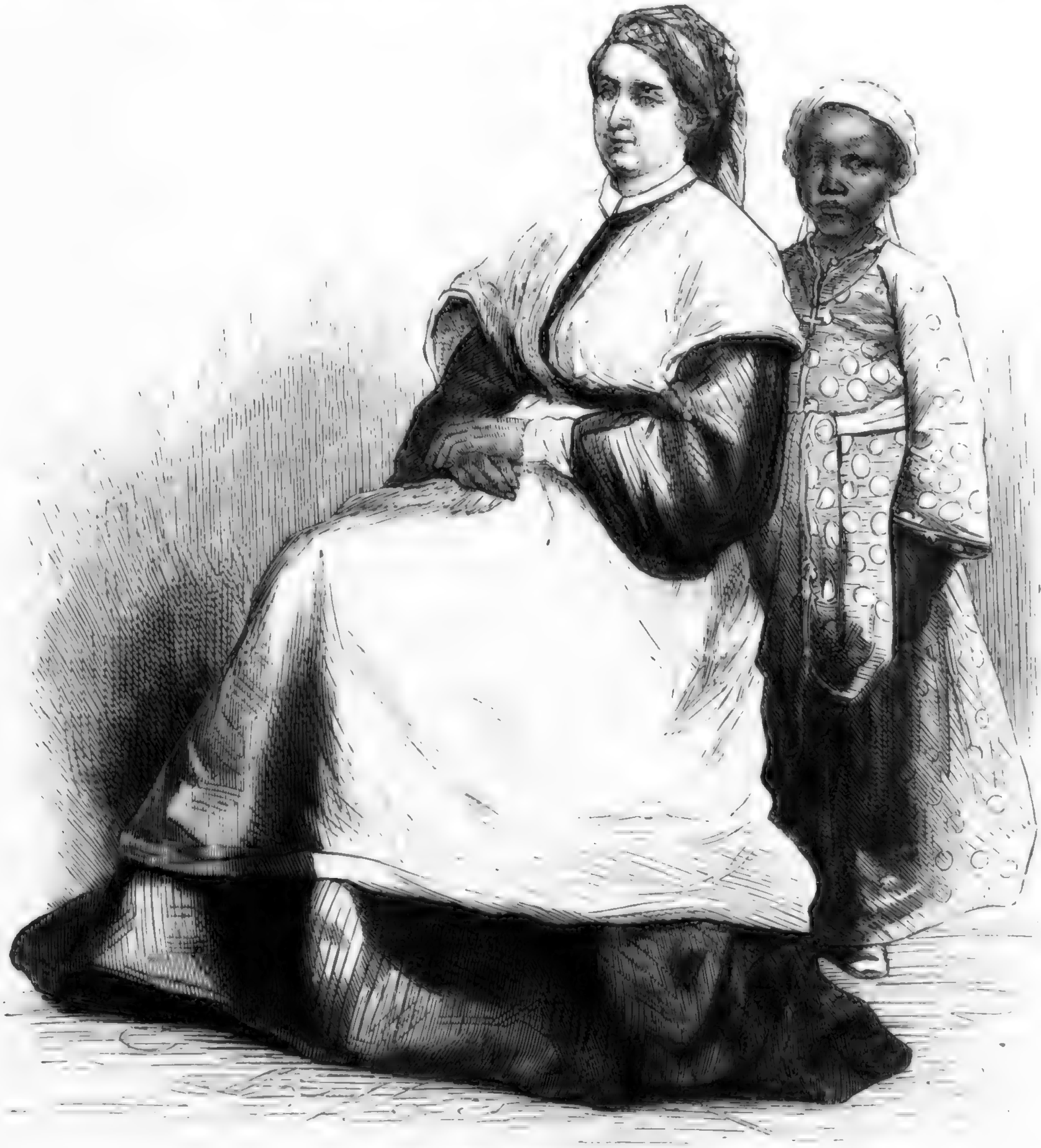
SPORT ON LAKE NU, AFRICA.

XUM

no less that of the little white heron, resting on dark, fallen tree-trunks. On an overhanging branch stands the shy, snake-necked cormorant, with fiery-red eyes fixed on his slippery prey; then, plump as a stone, he darts into the water, after a long interval showing his head and neck above. One of his comrades seems to feel a little too drenched after his late immersion, for he sits in the sun, spreading out his beautiful plumage of dark metallic green to dry. The piping call of the cheerful jacama is changed at intervals for the deep, full note of the red-billed shrike, as he sits hidden in the thicket; bright yellow weaver-birds twitter in crowds on the boughs, whilst from the depth of the shade is heard the cooing murmur of the turtle-dove. Stiff and stark, like the stem of an old tree, the crocodile takes his rest, sometimes with wide-open jaws; here and there is seen the hippopotamus, as he lifts his giant head from the troubled water, now scattering it in showers, now raising his fearful voice, which is echoed from the distant shores; not far off we encounter dozens of carrion birds, whilst a pair of huge storks fly high over the green shore."

One spot is described as an Eden brooded over by perpetual, enchanting calm, with lofty trees, tasseled by parasitic flowers; the acacia Nilotica wafting balmy perfumes, multitudinous birds singing in the branches, and splendid tropic plants, in rich crimson bloom, abounding everywhere.

On the 10th of March, the flotilla of the ladies steamed into Meschra-el-Req, on the Gazelle River, flags flying, guns firing in their honor, all the inhabitants flocking out to behold them. The travelers had lingered by the way on account of the scenery, and no wonder, for in spite of much dreary swamp, and the unhealthiness of the harbor itself, there are scenes of positive enchantment on the Gazelle River. Take the following extract from Dr. Heughlin's account of every-day scenes: "Before daybreak we sailed in a southwesterly direction, having a moderate breeze, the early rays of the sun lighting up the splendid tropic landscape. Noble trees were growing here and there; mighty tamarisks in loveliest bloom spread their branches over the thick undergrowth; acacias of different kinds, mallow-trees, and, close to the river-side, a diversity of water-plantains and water-lilies. Out of the trees darted large carrion vultures and ravens, flying straight across



MISS TINNÉ AND HER ATTENDANT.

the horizon; the thicket was alive with shrikes, bee-eaters and wattle-birds, whilst in the brushwood were tiny warblers, swallows, woodpeckers, bulfinches."

At Meschra-el-Req the party halted some time, awaiting further supplies of provisions from Khartoum, also the necessary bearers for their projected journey; and the country was thoroughly explored meantime. Both naturalist and botanist found plenty of scope for observation, even the swamp regions offering a great diversity of fauna and flora. Dr. Heughlin found in the islands near Meschra fine soap-trees (Balanites), and a variety of Euphorbiaceæ, also, growing between the reeds and rushes; a tall, beautiful white Silene, Medicago, and numerous Leguminosæ, besides great varieties of flowering water-plants.

Tired at length of waiting for the promised bearers, the gentlemen set out for the land of Djur and Dör, in search of them, leaving Alexandrine Tinné and her companions at Meschra. Their journey was a deeply interesting one, but the deadly climate was doing its work. Both had suffered by turns from fever and dysentery, as indeed had most of the party, and this journey proved even more fatiguing than their former ones had been. They pushed on, however, as best they could, alternately on foot and on muleback, through the desert grass, and under the burning sun, reaching, after several days, a park-like wilderness, as they describe it, known as Schet-Abu-Sebrum. Here they found wells, fresh herbage and lofty trees—sycamores, figs, acacias, spreading their shadow over wide glades wherein sported the giraffe and the antelope. Soon, also, they saw stately specimens of the Dôleb palm. But on the vision of one of these spectators, all earthly scenes were soon to close for ever. Dr. Steudner, a true martyr of science, for his journeys were made simply and purely as a naturalist, succumbed to African fever at Wau, and was buried by his companion on a hillside, beneath stately trees, "in the midst of that magnificent nature whose true servant and reverer he was."

Dr. Heughlin now made the best of his way to Bongo, in the country of Dör, where he succeeded at last in hiring bearers at an exorbitant price—$2,500—for the transport of baggage twenty-five miles! Six weeks after his departure, he returned to the ladies at Meschra, to find them all suffering more or less from fever. The necessary provisions, however, appeared from Khartoum, and, undismayed by so many mishaps, the party set off for Bongo, halting at the park-like wilderness before named, and reaching their destination in June.

This journey was a most painful and tedious one, on account of the rains. The ladies, mounted on sumpter mules, got drenched to the skin, without any possibility of drying their clothes, and a large quantity of provisions were spoiled on the way by the soaking received. As soon as they reached Bongo, matters improved. The rains ceased, the tropic vegetation burst forth on a sudden in all its luxuriance and splendor, flowers and birds appeared in abundance, and the party regaled on fresh vegetables, fruit and wild honey. Huts were built under the direction of Alexandrine, and, in a kind of fortified encampment, the ladies settled down, as it was hoped, to recruit their strength and enjoy the beauty of the season. Madame Tinné, however, and her trusty woman-servant, could not recruit their forces. Both died a few days after their arrival at Bongo. The younger Dutch maid sickened, also, chiefly of homesickness, and Dr. Heughlin, as well as several of the men, were ill with fever. He narrates how, after the death of Madame Tinné and her maid, he used to go every day from the *zeeribah*, or fortified encampment, where he was staying, to visit Alexandrine, a considerable distance, and often accomplished with the utmost painfulness and difficulty. "It was all I could do," he writes, "and frequently my strength failed me on the way, so that I had to rest, sometimes not reaching home till midnight, sometimes falling down on the way with an attack of fever. The Dutch girl, Alexandrine's maid, was often beside herself with home-sickness, bewailing her unlucky fate, to die so young, so lonely and so far from home."

In this trying time, nevertheless, and in spite of the anxieties and grief weighing upon their spirits, Alexandrine Tinné and Dr. Heughlin made the most of their opportunities of studying the country and people, that unhappy, harmless, slave-driven population for whom both felt such warm sympathy. These Djur and Dör folks are extremely musical, and their music is described as being in the highest degree harmonious, and chiefly of a pensive character. Their melodies are, for the most part, in a minor key, in correct time and rhythm, and are arranged both as solos and part-songs. Their favorite instrument is a kind of mandoline, with five strings, one overlaying the other. They are great dancers, very superstitious on the subject of ghosts, fortune-telling and the evil eye, but of any kind of religion have not a trace.

Dr. Heughlin's account of their life amid this strange people and grandiose nature is delightful reading, especially to lovers of natural history.

He gives a striking account of the Dôleb palm, the majestic butter-tree (Butyrospermum Parkii), also of the wild bees and the native method of trapping the honey, and describes the flowers, plants, birds and animal life generally with accuracy as well as enthusiasm.

Unfortunately, the scheme of penetrating as far as the land of the Nyam-Nyam had to be abandoned, to the great mortification of Alexandrine Tinné and himself. Everything was against them. The only persons who could further their plans, the noted slave-traffickers at Bongo, at whose caravanserai or zeeribah they had stayed, put every possible obstacle in their way, asking the unheard-of sum of 1500 Austrian thalers for the transport of their baggage to the Kosanga River, a bare three days' journey. Even a sum so exorbitant would have been willingly paid, but there were other hindrances; it was the wrong season of the year, and the general health of the party was not in a condition for further enterprise.

It was decided to start homeward, that is to say, toward Khartoum, taking with them the bodies of Madame Tinné and her maid. On the way they met with not a few misadventures. As soon as the Lake Nu had been traversed, and they were fairly on the White Nile, they were stopped by one of those huge weed drifts that often obstruct navigation in these channels—a wall of reeds, grass, papyrus and other water-plants, which it took two days and the combined labor of 150 men to clear away.

Further on they had an encounter with pirates, *i. e.*, slave-captors; shots were exchanged, some natives were wounded, and one of the pirate-boats was disabled. A slave family, moreover, was rescued by Alexandrine and carried to Egypt.

At last Khartoum was reached, after an absence of a year and a half. The Baroness van Capellan, Alexandrine's aunt, had died there during her absence. We can scarcely wonder that even the intrepid spirit of this remarkable young lady should quail before such accumulated misfortunes. Just as at Bongo, in the solitudes of the Gazelle River, she had shut herself up in her fortified encampment to mourn the death of her mother, she now retired to a village a little removed from Khartoum, refusing to see any one or enter the town. When her grief was spent she returned to Cairo.

This journey, so fatal and luckless as far as its main object was concerned, must by no means be regarded as a failure. It was fruitful not only in geographical, but botanical and ornithological, results. The gallant Steudner and his friend Heughlin, who, be it remembered, could not have pursued their journeys but for the generous invitation of Alexandrine to join her party, made extensive observations on the natural history, as well as manners and customs, of the countries they passed through, and also added in no inconsiderable degree to our geographical knowledge of remote regions.

They gave tidings of a river, hitherto unknown, the Sena, which flows toward the Nyam-Nyam country in a westerly direction, and is navigable; also of a vast lake with flat shores to the south of this part of the White Nile.

Alexandrine had now passed three entire years in Soudan, and in spite of the privations and sufferings she had gone through, was more wedded to the life of an African explorer than ever. Freedom, adventure, even danger, had unspeakable charms for her, and the grandiose aspect of nature in the East, its vast solitudes, its picturesque population, the glory of the desert—all these things filled her mind with delight, and were in harmony with her aspirations and tastes. Conventional life became more and more unpleasing to her. By degrees she discarded European habits, adopting the graceful Arab dress, which well became her stately figure; she was served by Arab and negro attendants only, and her Cairene villa was entirely furnished after Oriental fashion.

Four years she spent quietly at Cairo and in yachting. Smyrna, Naples, Rome, Tunis, Algiers and Tripoli were visited by turns, an incident occurring at the latter place which led to her last and fatal expedition. Just whilst her yacht happened to be lying off Tripoli, vast caravans arrived from the Sahara, laden with spoils of those marvelous lands whence Barth, Rohlfs, and other recent travelers had borne such glowing tales. The enthusiastic girl wanted no other stimulus. She immediately prepared for a journey, which in cost, splendor and daringness was to throw her former achievements into the shade. Had she succeeded, she would haved one what no other European traveler had hitherto accomplished, and would assuredly have secured a foremost place among African discoverers. Her plan was to travel from Tripoli to the capital of Fezzan, thence to Kuka in Bornu, and taking a westerly direction, make her way by Lake Tschad and Wadai, Darfur, and Kordofan to the Nile. A glance at the map will show the extent of country to be traversed in such a journey, though a word of explanation is necessary for the full comprehension of its daringness.

The country of the Touaregs, aptly called the Gate of the Sahara, has ever been the barrier between North African caravans and the rich spoils in gold-dust, ivory, and skins of Soudan. Veritable pirates of the desert, levying blackmail alike on the caravans that come or go, the Touaregs, though possessed of fine physical qualities, being handsome, strong and brave, have the reputation also of being the most faithless tribe of Africa. "Courageous, patient, cunning, like all animals of prey," says one who knew them, "never trust yourself to their tender mercies. If you receive the hospitality of a Touareg, you have nothing to fear whilst in his tent; but he will send word to his nearest neighbor to assassinate you, and will share the plunder with him."

Oddly enough, these cruel tribes are said to have much clearer notions on the subject of domestic morality than most of their neighbors. Polygamy is almost unknown, and women enjoy a greater amount of liberty than among other savage races. But the Touareg is, both by nature and habit, pirate and bandit, lying in wait for a caravan like a beast of prey, on its approach rushing forth with horrible cries to slay and pillage. It is on this account that the journey from Algeria to Timbuctoo is so rarely attempted, and most generally with tragic results. Only a few years back, a learned and distinguished traveler, a Jewish Rabbi named Mardocheus, versed alike in natural science, Oriental language and literature, started from Algiers for Timbuctoo with a numerous caravan. This remarkable man was bent not only upon scientific explorations of the country, but also upon establishing direct commercial relations between the French-African colony and Soudan. He had everything in favor of his enterprise, being supported by the Algerian learned societies, and peculiarly fitted by virtue of his own acquirements for transactions with the natives. Month after month, year after year, have passed without tidings of Mardocheus, and there can be little doubt that he and his band have shared the fate of so many other travelers, and have fallen victims to the perfidy of the Touaregs.

It must not be supposed that an experienced traveler like Alexandrine Tinné undertook a journey through the territory of the Touaregs without all possible precautions. On the 29th of January, 1869, her caravan, composed of fifty souls—only three of the number being Europeans besides herself—and seventy camels, started from Tripoli, reaching Sokna in Fezzan on the first of March. Here she found, as she believed, a trusty ally in a certain Touareg chief, to whom she had been recommended, named Ik-nu-ken, who promised to escort her himself as far as Ghat. An insurrection breaking out just then in his dominions, he was obliged to absent himself, promising, however, to send her a proper substitute. From all that she had seen and heard of this man, there seemed no reason to accredit him with treacherous intentions; but, instead of one escort, two Touareg chiefs appeared, both deputed, so they said, from her friend; both promising to see her in all security to Ghat; and, without doubt, one having planned to murder her beforehand. This man was an enemy of Ik-nu-ken, not an ally, as he pretended to be, and it is supposed that the massacre and pillage of the caravan were determined as much by revenge as by cupidity.

We may conceive with what high spirits Alexandrine set out. She saw herself on the eve of making a wholly unique and important journey, every step of the way being fraught with marvel and novelty. Her brain was doubtless busy with all kinds of grand schemes for the future, the realization of long-nursed dreams and projects, having not only in view the satisfaction of her own curiosity, but scientific and philanthropic ends. She had chiefly at heart, be it remembered, the amelioration of the slave-driven population of Africa, and always hoped to achieve something on their behalf.

A few days after her departure the murderous scheme was put into execution. Early in the morning a quarrel broke out—as it is supposed, intentionally—among the camel-drivers, and hearing the noise, the young mistress of the caravan hastily quitted her tent to see what she could do in the way of pacification. Her appearance was the signal agreed upon for the massacre. One Touareg first disabled her right hand by a sabre-thrust, in order to prevent her from using her revolver; then, with a rifle-ball in the breast, achieved his deadly work. The others rushed on to the slaughter. The three Dutch sailors, her sole European attendants, were next assassinated, and then the plundering of the rich caravan began. The faithful young negroes, who adored their kind young mistress, were carried off with the spoil, and the bodies of the victims left unburied on the sands. Thus perished, in the

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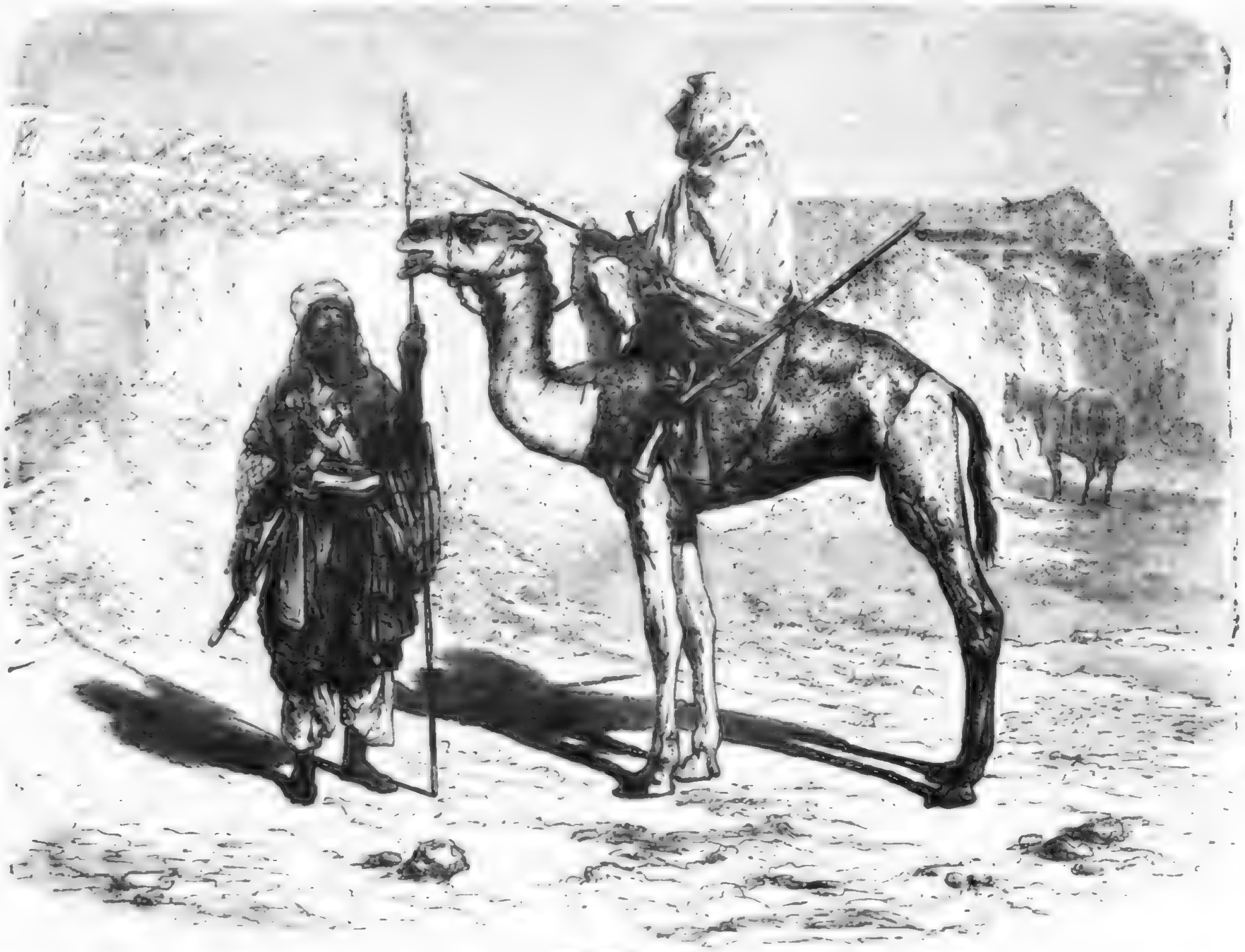
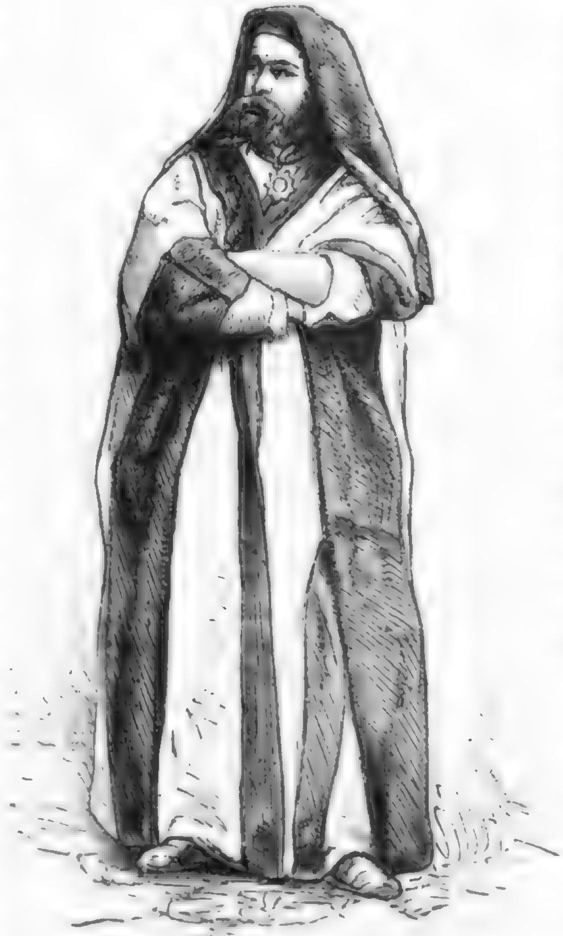


THE TOUAREGS.

flower of her youth, one of the most enterprising lady travelers, and one of the most courageous women, who ever lived.

It is easy to criticize such a career, to urge that much she attempted was visionary and impracticable, that she risked her life and those of her companions inconsiderately and to little purpose; in fine, that it was one at variance with common sense and expediency. Judged according to ordinary standards, so, indeed, it appears; but in such cases the usual tests are inappropriate; for if prudence and deliberation were the first points consulted in framing our existences, then, indeed, there would be no more voyages of discovery undertaken. If, moreover, existence, for itself, ought to be valued beyond all else, then little could be adduced in favor of one hazarded, like hers, a thousand times for what may appear very inadequate motives. But is it so? and what favor, in that case, could personal courage find at all when called forth, not by duty and philanthropy, but by scientific ardor and craving for adventure? The truth is that there is no more splendid possession than courage, whether moral or physical; and it is for this reason that young and old, learned and simple, delight in deeds of daring, no matter in what may be their field. The same intrepid spirit that leads women like Alexandrine Tinné to expose their lives to the deadly African fever and the knife of the Touareg, leads them under other conditions and circumstances to encounter the perils of a hospital and the pestilential haunts of the sick poor. It is courage of one kind that impels the brave spirit to speak out when the whole world is against the truth; and of another, that urges the tiger-slayer to the Indian jungle, or the Arctic explorer to the North Pole. True heroism, like the chameleon, wears many colors; and when we admire the humble telegraph clerk, who, at the risk of being immediately shot by the enemy, cut the wires of which she had the control; the noble English princess who lately sacrificed her own life



THEODORE VAN HEUGHLIN.

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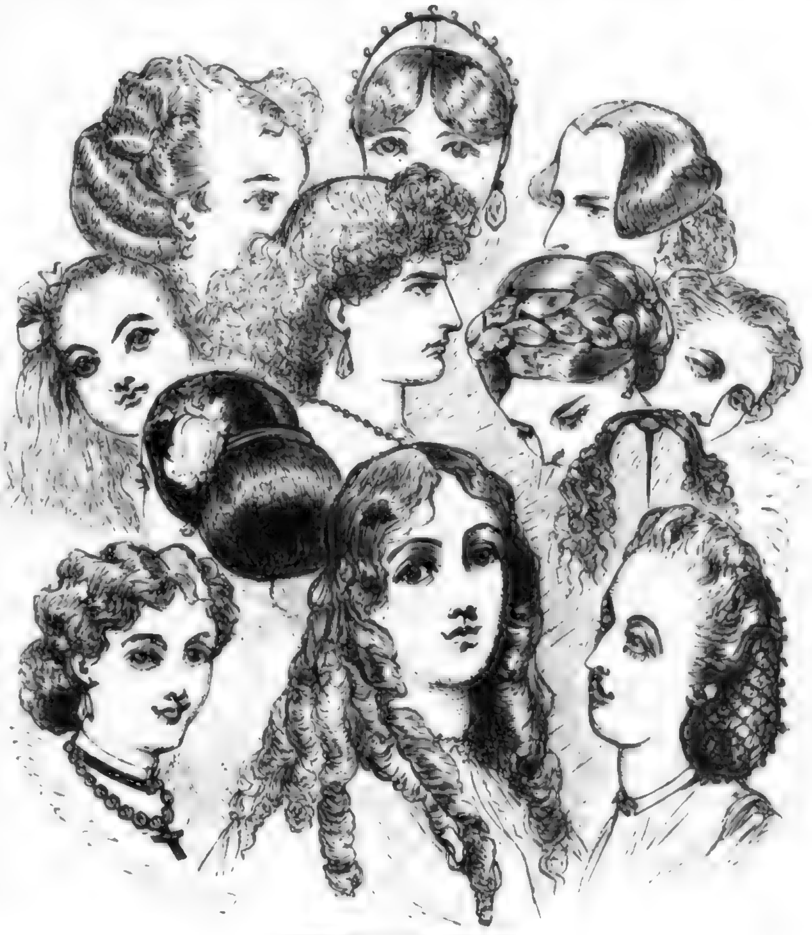
to maternal duty, or the French nun who threw herself upon a mad dog to shield the children entrusted to her care, we are but admiring the same quality which marks Alexandrine Tinné among the noteworthiest of her sex.

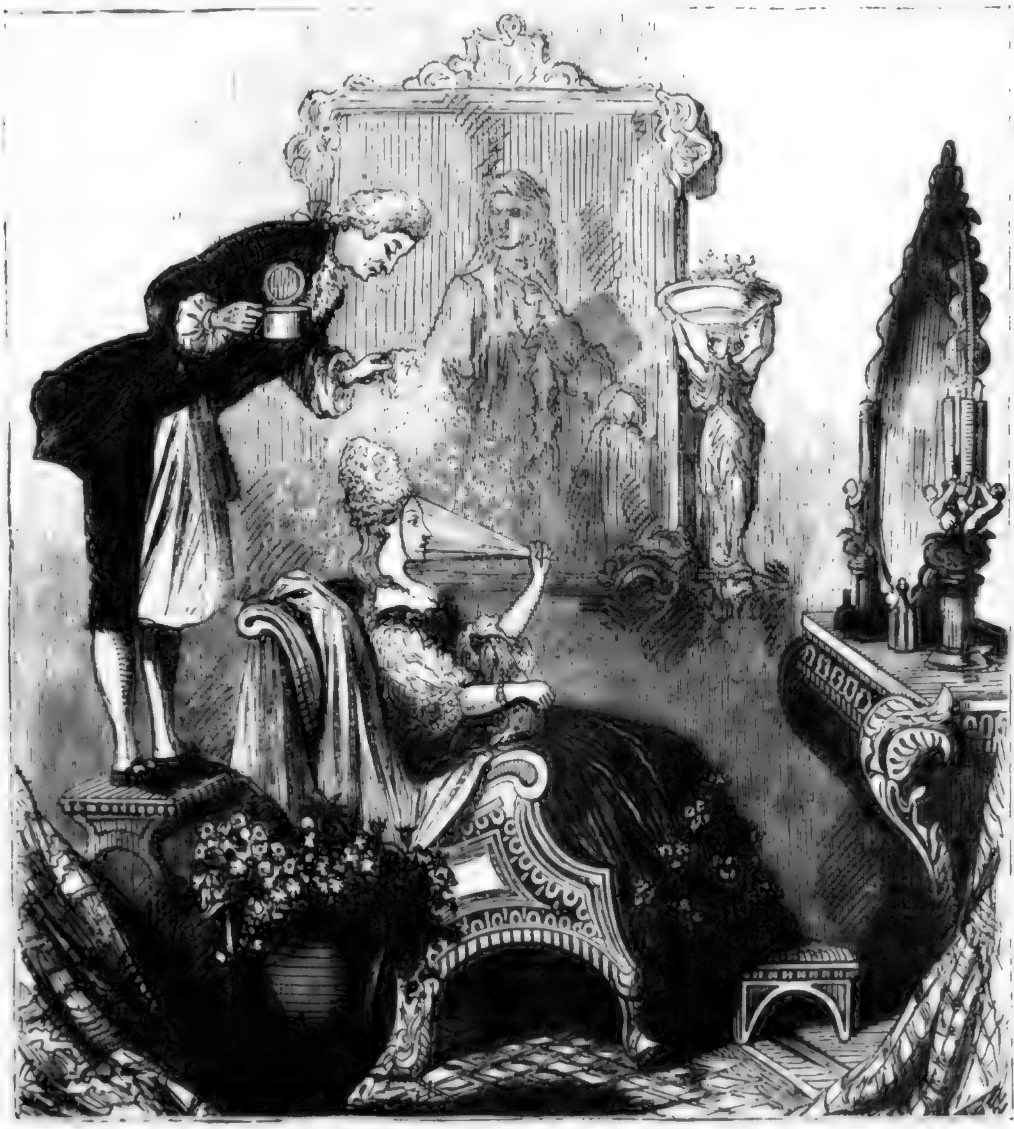
WOMAN'S HAIR:

AS GLORY AND AS PROPERTY.

By Mrs. Jane G. Austin.

When Eve, mother of all living, was driven from the gates of Paradise, she snatched, so says the legend, a fruit from the forbidden tree, and planting it in the cold outer world—scene of her exile — gave to her descendants the banana, sole relic of Eden in a naughty world. This legend may be true, and it may be traditional—which is not the same thing; but it is absolutely certain that Mother Eve carried one treasure out of Paradise, which remains to this day a thing of beauty and a joy for ever to her descendants; and this was the luxuriant head of hair bestowed upon woman as a crown of glory—not lost even in the fall.


MODERN HAIR-DRESSING.


HAIR-DRESSING IN THE DAYS OF POWDER.

Among the minor mysteries of human nature may be ranked the feeling, deeper than all custom or fashion, in favor of long hair upon a woman's head, short upon that of a man. True, caprice occasionally dictates the reverse, but these caprices generally indicate an unnatural and unhealthy state of mind in people or individuals who exhibit them. Thus, the long, curled and perfumed locks of Alcibiades and Sardanapalus; of the "mignons" of Henry III.; of the gay cavaliers of Charles I. whose love-locks seem to have been one of the recognized sins of the monarchy—were among the straws infallibly showing the current leading effete and corrupt manhood to swift destruction, and enslavement to a more robust race, be it Hun, Scythian, Bernese mountaineer, or Roundhead brewer. On the other hand, the women who crop their heads of Eve's glory, are generally such as led the French revolution in hair, *à la Titus*, or later, in a lower depth, haunted the guillotine in bristling shorn locks, scarcely covered by the *bonnet rouge;* or who, in our own day, seek to inaugurate the yet madder revolution wherein woman is to be hurled from her throne, her ministers of grace — modesty and tender mystery — slain at her feet, and she precipitated into an unequal combat with man for

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rights far less precious than those bestowed upon her by nature.

So far the general rule, but always with exceptions. Fashionable dames in our own and several other ages have found it convenient to cut their own hair, leaving only sufficient to serve as foundation for structures of a style so artificial and elaborate that many hours must be consumed in their manufacture. But these cannot come into the category of short-haired women, since they feign a virtue though they have it not, and only abandon nature that they may counterfeit her in art.

Another of the minor mysteries of human sentiment is the tenderness, the romance, the pathos attaching to the hair of one we love. Looking at the matter in the calm light of reason, there seems no better cause for treasuring the shorn hair of our darling than her shorn finger and toe nails, or a piece of skin made into parchment, like Jean Zizka's; and yet it is not quite the same thing. When distance or death removes our *alter ego*, how universal the desire to possess, even more than a picture, a lock of the hair to kiss and fondle, to contemplate with streaming eyes, to inclose in gold and jewels, to wear close above the aching heart, to weave into ornaments—or perhaps, with some of us, to compose one of those hideous trophies one sometimes sees in country houses or city attics—hideous yet respectable, for they evince the tender yearning of love to preserve a memorial of the beloved, although in the most grotesque and revolting form.

The sentiment for living hair is more comprehensible, for there is something very curious, almost sentient, in the feel of flowing and well-kept hair, especially when there is already an acute sympathy between the wearer of the hair and the owner of the fingers which caress it. What more harmonious occupation for Corydon than "toying with the tangles of Neæra's hair"? what more tender proof of betrothed love than when Laura, suffering from headache, allows Frederick to let down her back hair (supposing it is all her own), and try that odd effect of magnetism resident in the finger-tips of some persons.

It was not until he saw her bathing at Long Branch, her golden wave audaciously floating down her back in proof of its genuineness, that Lord Mountcarmel made up his mind to confer the peerage upon Aura Oillarde. How sorry we all are when the time comes when Arty's sunny curls must be shorn, in token that he now assumes the *toga virilis*, and ranks among the born rulers and slaves of his mamma's sex! Is it any comfort to know that Roman boys had their hair cut for the first time with much ceremony upon their seventh birthday? Perhaps Portia, Marcia and Cornelia looked at the poor, shorn curls with just the heartache of Mrs. Montagu Murray to-day, and said in their Latin just as honestly as she in her English: "I have lost my baby boy!"

Passing into the realm of art and literature, we find ourselves enmeshed in hair, like the martyrs doomed to death by the wild cow, who were first secured in a network of horsehair, and pinned to the earth. In the heavens above us blazes Berenice's Hair, tribute of astronomy to the universal theme. In the waters beneath float the mermaidens, whose beautiful sea-green tresses are at once the admiration and destruction of their victim. Upon the rocks of the Rhine sits the Lorelei, softly singing and "combing her golden hair," as her surest lure to the unwary fisherman. Below the waters again, in the lurid realms of Pluto, the horror of Medusa's head is augmented by the transformation of its crown of glory to writhing snakes.

Coming back to earth, we find the oldest Book describing, with obvious admiration, the length, the weight, the beauty of Absalom's hair—a warning, by-the-way, of the destruction awaiting effeminate men. Homer, almost as venerable an authority, luxuriates in the beautiful hair of "Troy's proud dames," as well as that of la belle Hélène. But if we say poets, we may as well confess at once, that without an ample supply of Hyperion locks, and flowing tresses of all shades of color, abundance and habits of growth, the poet, like the hair-dresser, may as well "shut up shop."

Shakespeare, in nineteen of his plays, makes forty-three allusions to hair, celebrating its shades of color, from Lear's white and dishonored locks to Juliet's tresses, blacker than the raven's wing; touching even in "As You Like It" upon the tradition assigning red hair to Judas Iscariot, the traitor.

Another peculiarity in the universal sentiment for hair, is the violent preference or dislike aroused by its lighter shades, and a corresponding apathy to the darker hues. Nobody indulges in more than a mild distaste toward black hair, nor feels a shuddering repugnance toward brown but place golden and red in their places, and you find the world flying to arms in passionate partisanship for or against their hues. The Turks have a tradition that Constantinople shall be subjugated by yellow-haired warriors, and see with terror this color predominating on the heads of their hereditary foes, the Russians, and their dangerous allies, the British.

A philosopher of our acquaintance is eager in accumulating proofs of his theory that yellow-haired persons, especially women, are always treacherous, cold-hearted and spiteful. Supporting this theory, we find several modern novelists fond of depicting their female villains as yellow-haired and green-eyed, with feline attributes to match.

On the other hand, what painter, poet or visionary ever imagined angels, cherubims, goddesses, or any ideal form of ethereal loveliness, but with a glory of golden hair? and in how many forms of tender admiration have they described mere mundane beauties as "rayed like the morn,' with "little heads sunning over with curls," or, like the Fair One with the Golden Locks, who wrapped herself in them as a mantle.

Red hair has evoked even more zealous partisanship than yellow. The ancient Greeks burned their red-headed prisoners, with marks of disgust and hatred. The Romans, on the contrary, dyed their hair red. Lucretia Borgia, most admired and hated of women, had red hair; so had Elizabeth of England. The Scotch dislike and fear red-headed persons, and the Spanish artists selected that hue as the fitting livery for the dishonored head of Judas. Modern fashion follows the Roman rather than the Grecian standard, and both red and yellow hair are frequently assumed by those whose heads nature has clothed in a sombre hue.

White hair has also, at various times and places, been the subject of very contradictory feelings. "The hoary head of age" almost invariably commands respect and deference, but many persons, especially among the feebler sex, are not ambitious of claiming attention on the plea of venerableness while the plea can be denied; and when, as in our arid American climate and feverish lives, it often does happen that the hair becomes prematurely gray, many persons resort to dyes, restoratives, and various forms of wigs, to conceal the fact. Probably most of us remember grandmammas, maiden aunts, or even mothers, as wearing an abomination called a frizette, generally auburn of hue, but sometimes of a ghastly black, whose hard color threw out in bold relief the yellow tints and hard lines of the ageing face. Modern taste has very largely corrected this false standard, and taught that nature generally understands her own business, and that nothing so tenderly softens and caresses the losses of youth, as the soft cloud of white hair with which she overshadows them, while in the case of premature grayness, there is something infinitely piquant and attractive in bright eyes and glowing color, contrasted with white hair.

At some periods, Fashion herself has recognized this fact, and simulated white hair with powder. So extensive did this fashion become in England and on the Continent during the last century, that in England a tax of one guinea per annum on each powdered head brought in a revenue of from ten to forty thousand dollars during the last years of the eighteenth and first years of the nineteenth centuries. Powdering being a decidedly slovenly operation, if ill performed, gave rise to a new branch of industry; for not only were powdering slippers and gowns essential for both sexes, but a gauze tunnel was invented for ladies to hold before their faces during the operation, lest powder and rouge should combine unpleasantly upon the cheeks, or the carefully applied patches lose their jetty blackness. As the hair must first be prepared with pomatum, or oil of some sort, to retain the powder, the compound when complete was, as one may imagine, of considerable weight, very clogging to the pores of the skin, and far from clean. In fact, although one may not venture far in this unsavory subject, it is matter of history that in the days of elaborately powdered heads, the finest ladies of the land had constant occasion for the friendly office one may see Neapolitan beggars rendering to each other's heads in an artless and *al fresco* style.

At one period of the last century the monstrous and grotesque usurped all other degrees in hair-dressing. No lady, or even lady's-maid, could pretend to build up the hideous structures, rising a foot or eighteen inches above the head of the wearer, and absolutely compelling carriage-builders to elevate the roofs of coaches and sedan-chairs to accommodate them. These structures took the forms of trees, of ships, of birds, of helmets, of nameless combinations of bows, knots, curls, fuss and frizz, built up with cushions, rats, pins, as much hair as the wearer possessed, either by nature or purchase, and beyond them as many feathers, flowers, ribbons, laces and jewels as could be fastened on. Sometimes the result was finished with white powder, like frosting on a cake; sometimes with gold powder, like the body-guard of King Solomon upon a royal progress; sometimes, but more rarely, the red or golden locks shone in their natural color. When one fancies or sees depicted such a head-dress as this, in combination with monstrous hoops, sacques, farthingales, Louis Quinze shoes, powder, patches, rouge, and corsets like engines of torture, one first wonders at the powers of endurance of the women of that age, then smiles complacently at thought of the superior wisdom of to-day.

Not the least inconvenience of those head-dresses was the fact that so much time, money and endurance was expended on each operation that it could not be daily renewed, and the luxurious dames of the Courts of Louis Quinze, the Regency, and the Grand Monarque, with their sisters of England and Germany, were obliged to sleep in chairs, or with their necks supported upon hollowed wooden pillows leaving the head suspended, upon the night before some great Court festivity, and at no time to indulge in the delight of laying a free and careless head upon a springy hair pillow, and leaving it to roll at its own sweet will into each cool corner in succession. The origin of powdered hair is not the least admirable of its attractions. The ballad-singers at the fair of St. Germain invented it, hoping by their ridiculous and unnatural appearance to attract gapers, who should contribute sous as well as jeers; and some waning Court beauty, finding the idea a suggestive one, adopted and adapted it.

It is always an open question whether men imitate women, or women men, in extravagances of fashion; but the fact remains that we generally find the exquisites of both sexes pursuing parallel lines, whether as in Arcadia, Daphne wears a wreath of roses in her flowing tresses, while Damon crowns his manly curls with oak leaves; or whether, as in the days just referred to, Madame la Marquise, with a full-rigged frigate of powdered hair upon her head, sails through the minuet de la reine with Monsieur le Duc, in a *perruque* so flowing, curled, powdered and be-ribboned, that it should have originated in Bedlam, or sent its inventor thither.

To invent, to compose, to re-dress and refresh their elaborate perruques, was the business of an army of perruquiers, whose *ateliers* were as busy, as complicated and as eager a field of fashion as that of the *modiste* or milliner of the present day. An odd anecdote of Queen Anne's reign is *apropos* of perruques, and illustrates as well as the fable of the gnat and the lion, the folly of great people's despising little things. When Prince Eugene arrived in England, upon a visit to his royal kinswoman, Lord Bolingbroke was sent to conduct him into her presence; but Prince Eugene excused himself from appearing that night, on plea that his luggage had not arrived, and he had only a tied-up periwig with him—a negligé in which he could not appear before royalty. Lord Bolingbroke set aside the point of etiquette, and insisted so strongly upon the prince's appearing, that he did so; but the Queen resented the informality as if she had been a Spaniard; and when, shortly after, Bolingbroke appeared in her presence in no wig at all, she sent him a message that his audacity was inconceivably unpardonable, and that she should not be greatly surprised if next time he presented himself in his nightcap!

The story reminds one of poor Marie Antoinette, who, standing and shivering while her ladies-in-waiting disputed as to whose privilege it was to hand the desired garment, exclaimed "What nonsense!" She, poor soul, paid for the frankness with her life, but Anne was wiser.

The French Revolution was a tremendous epoch in the history of hair, for not only were a great many of the ducs and marquises relieved of any further care for either hair or head, but those who saved the latter were far too frightened and hunted to be able to devote much time to the former. One cannot but smile, even while one sighs, in fancying some of those poor little marquises hiding in cellar or garret or peasant's hovel, and contemplating, in the pocket-mirror they were sure to have with them, the wreck of the last coiffure before their escape. How they pulled to pieces the elaborate structure, and, perhaps for the first time, passed a comb through the tormented and tangled tresses, and then stood forlornly wondering how they were to be put up again. However, they were Frenchwomen, and found a way very soon. As for the women of the conquerors, the Mesdames Beauharnais, Tallien, Borghese and the rest, they rushed at once to the opposite extreme, and, as the marquises could not be too much dressed, and too elaborately ornamented, the republican dames could not wear too few clothes, or affect too severely classic a coiffure. Some of them, as we have noted, cut off their hair altogether, and appeared in a frightful Brutus crop; others assumed the Minervan knot, the Grecian bandeau, or the flowing tresses of Iphigenia. Classic coiffures, however, only suit classic faces, and the sweet simplicity very nice for Iphigenia at seventeen, does not go well with the moth, rust and corruption of Athanaise de Mortemar, aged forty; so the classic reign of coiffure was scarcely longer than the Reign of Terror, and during the Empire, the Restoration, and since, the pendulum has swung back, and

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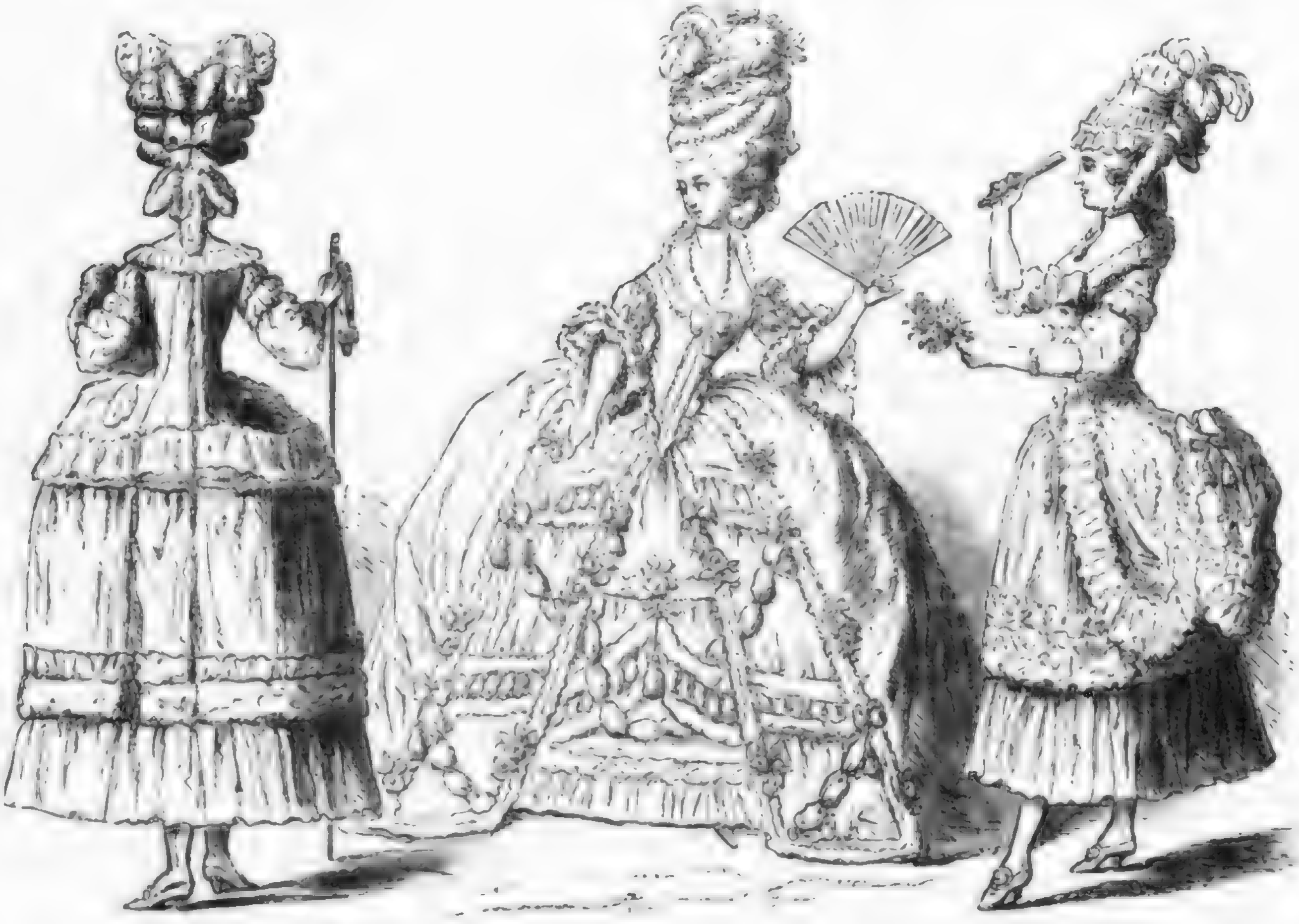
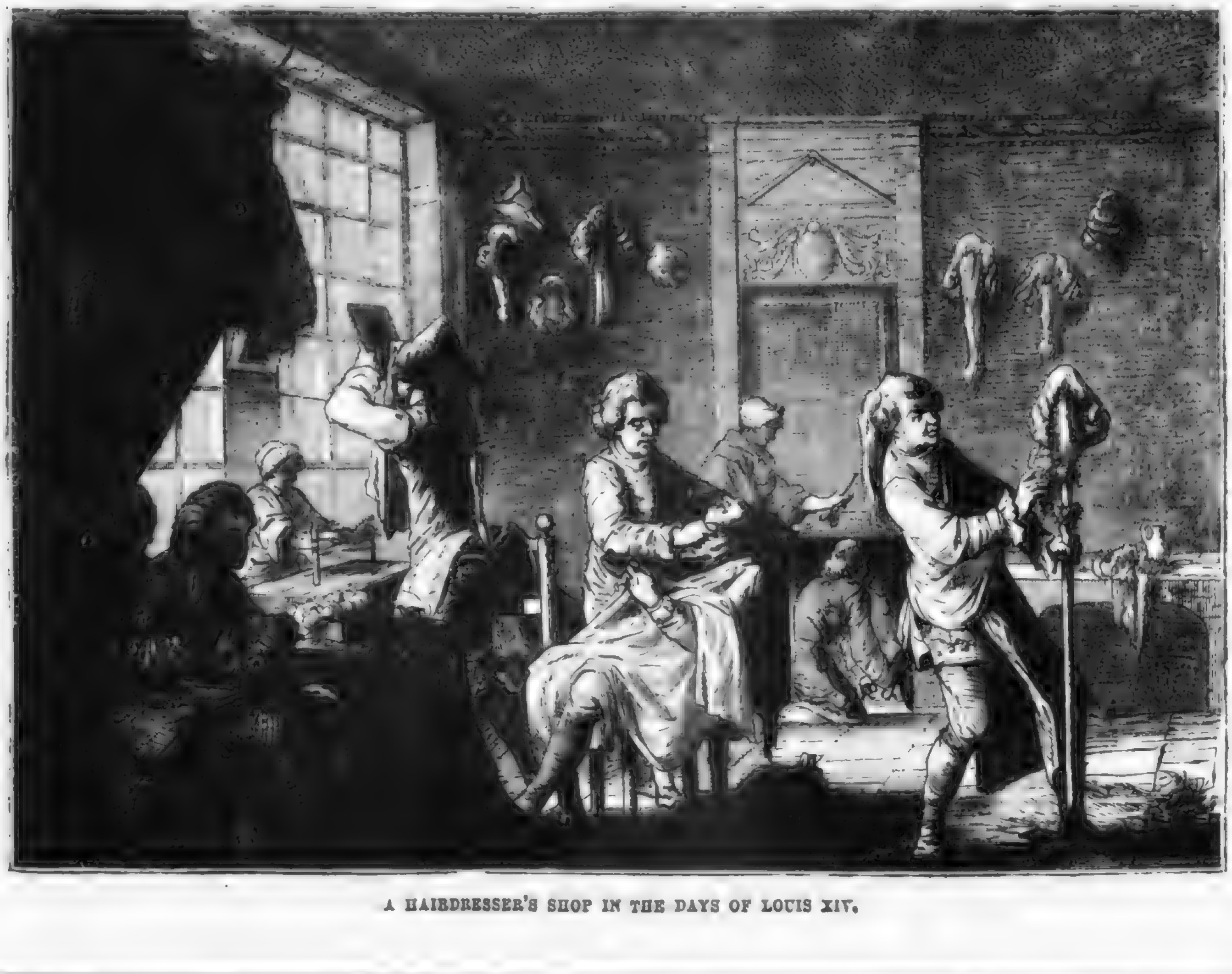


FRENCH HEADDRESSES EARLY IN THE LAST CENTURY.

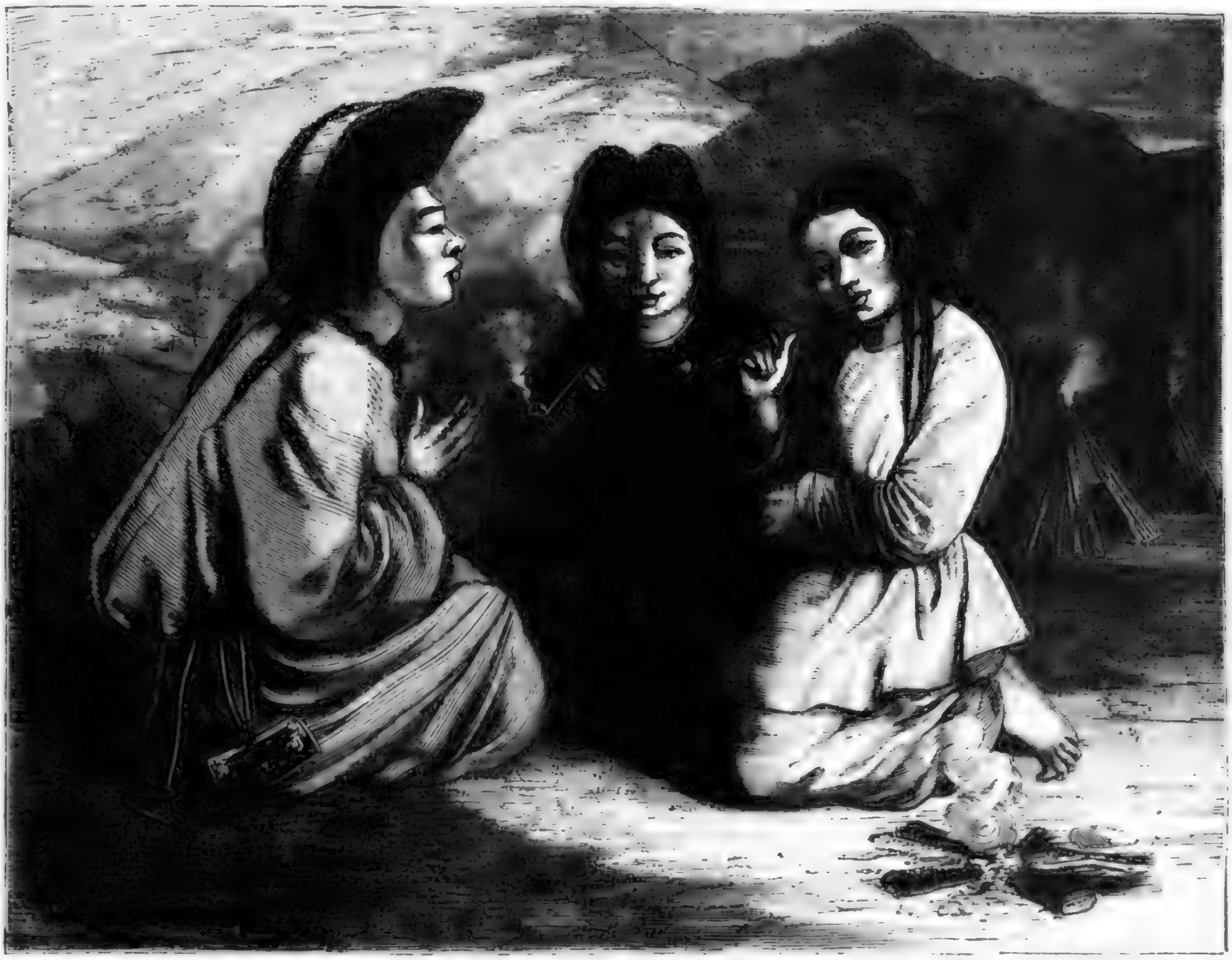
still abides very near the *juste milieu* of common sense, decency and individual taste.

We give some specimens of popular styles during the last fifty years, and the memory of the reader will supply many others exhibited now and previously.

A love of the ornate and extravagant in hair-dressing is

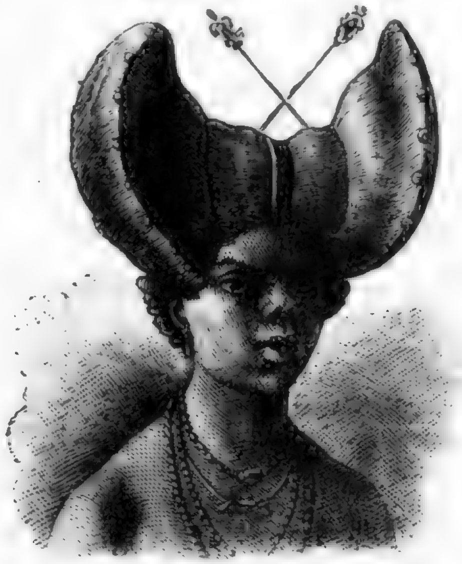


A HAIRDRESSER'S SHOP IN THE DAYS OF LOUIS XIV.

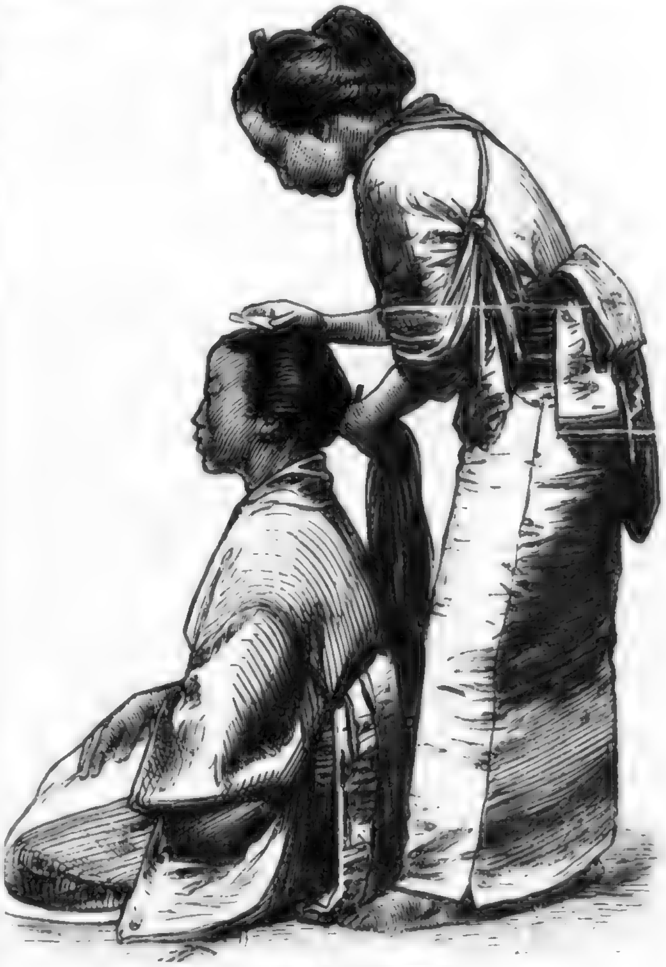


HEAD-DRESSES OF TARTAR GIRLS.

by no means confined to the marquises, or even to the flowers of civilization and correct taste of our own land and time. Almost every illustrated book of travels gives us specimens of African, Japanese, Chinese, Indian and South Sea fashion and elegance which put our puny efforts to the blush. See, for instance, this African belle, her wool elaborated into wings evidently copied from one of the gorgeous butterflies of her native land, while the pins of virgin gold no doubt well represent the antennæ. Some sisters of hers, living in Abyssinia, consider it the correct thing, after completing their coiffure, to put a pound of



HEAD-TIRE OF AN AFRICAN BELLE.



JAPANESE HAIR-DRESSING.

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butter on top of the head, and sit in the sun until it is melted.

Recoiling from the torrid zone to the frozen, we find in the steppes of Tartary, dames and damsels dressing their hair somewhat after the same style for the elder, and in classic braids for the younger, while an *al fresco* fire and pipe replace the butter and sunshine, by way of social nucleus and field of mutual display.

The elaborate styles prevailing in the Flowery Kingdom and the sister realm of Japan, have been rendered familiar to us all from childhood by the effigies so generously sent out to enlighten the barbarians who should purchase the potteries, fans, silks, lacquer boxes, rice-paper pictures, and other vehicles by which the beauty and fashion of the Sister of the Sun and Moon and her subjects are carried to every corner of the globe. Travelers, too, describe with more or less reserve the charms and the wonderful hair-dressing of the young women pervading the tea-houses of Hong Kong, Canton, and the few ports to which, until recently, Europeans were confined; and as the delicious mystery of the hitherto forbidden portions of Cathay resolves into the very common light of common day, we find that, as in Paris, the grandes dames copy the demi-monde; so Mrs. Mandarin dresses her hair, or has it dressed, as nearly as she can attain, in the style of Rosy-peach-blossom of the tea-garden.

We have spoken of woman's hair as her glory ana her pride; let us consider it a little as her property and profit. From the time when the Roman ladies bought red hair at almost its weight in gold, and the Greeks and Carthaginians supplemented their darker tresses with false braids, there have been women compelled, or sordidly anxious, to sell their birthright and their glory, that other women might conceal their natural poverty, or, in obedience to fashion, add to nature's gifts, until one cannot but remember the adage, "Too much of a good thing is good for nothing." This fact of demand and supply has created a venerable yet increasing trade in human hair; and there are thousands of young women, especially in Southern France, in Switzerland, Germany, Norway and Sweden, who raise their hair for the market as a farmer raises turnips, and with no more sentiment about it. Once a year or so, the merchant—sometimes a man, sometimes an old woman—makes a tour of the district where a crop is expected, and the girls present themselves at the fair, or other rendezvous, their well-combed, shining tresses hidden under the little cap which will presently conceal their loss. The Swiss lassies gain more than their French sisters by this sacrifice, for blonde hair is rarer and in greater demand than dark, and brings a higher price. The price also varies enormously in proportion to the length of the hair, the ratio increasing as largely as that of diamonds in proportion to their weight. Thus, while hair of eight inches long sells for 25 cents per ounce, that of thirty-six inches brings nearly $8 per ounce; and from this up to $15 for specimens of extraordinary length and beauty. White hair brings prices so extravagant as not to be statistical, as it is of course extremely rare to find an abundant crop of hair upon a venerable head; and few young women are thus endowed, or will part with their hair if possessing it.

The extreme length of human hair does not exceed seven feet, and this, of course, is very rare. In the Hair Court of the International Exposition of 1862, there was a specimen of jet black female hair of British growth, measuring 74 inches; and in the South Kensington Museum there are two heads of hair weighing 11½ ounces; but the average length of marketable hair is 20 inches, and the weight of a single crop rarely exceeds five ounces.

Hair with a natural, or, as it is called, water-curl, is the most valuable; and, passing from trade to physiology, we find that curling hair is differently formed from straight, the latter being a perfect and the former a flattened cylinder, and the hair curling in the plane of the flattened sides. The excess of this conformation is found in the covering of the negro head, the hairs being nearly flat. It is often stated that negro hair is not hair at all, but wool, like that of sheep. The microscope, however, contradicts this error, showing the sheep's wool to be serrated along the edges, and that of the negro to be smooth and polished like that of Caucasians. Hence the animal wool under treatment becomes compacted into felt, and the negro's remains a loose, inconsistent mass. Another popular error is, that hair is tubular, containing a channel filled with coloring matter; whereas, it is solid, the coloring matter, sepia for dark hair, blood-red for golden, and yellow for fair hair, being contained in a bulb at the root, and penetrating layer after layer of the horny pellicle which, continually pushed out from the root by the addition of fresh substance, carries with it fresh supplies of the coloring fluid, until, this being exhausted in the bulb, the growth continues, but colorless and dry. This coloring fluid may be discharged by age, by sickness, by violent grief or terror acting on the nerves, or by the continued application of ether or alcohol—all which causes produce the effect of blanched hair. But human ingenuity has as yet discovered no method of refilling the empty and dried bulb, and all so-called hair-restoratives are mere external applications, except so far as they contain preparations of lead, which, entering into the system, slowly and surely poison it.

The hair about the muzzle of certain animals, especially of the cat tribe, becomes developed into a strong and acute organ of touch, a nervous process extending deep into the skin and far into the hair; so that, in the dark, these creatures guide themselves as accurately by their whiskers as a burglar by his finger-tips. On the snout of the rhinoceros this hairy process becomes compacted into a horn; but whether this may be sensitive or not, few persons are on sufficiently familiar terms with the sweet-tempered beast to discover.

We have studied the question of human hair from the romantic, the artistic, the historical, legendary, business, and scientific points of view; but there is still another, and not the least curious, viz., the religious point of view.

The Jewish women, following the Levitical laws, wore their hair long, and preserved it with great care, as a distinctively feminine glory. In the dawn of Christianity the converts from Judaism, the come-outers, as they might be called, wishing to make all things new, allowed women not only to lay aside the modest vail in which they had been wont to envelope their heads, but to cut the hair short, and to preach and pray publicly. That stern moralist, St. Paul, soon set this novelty in order, however, for he says, "Does not nature itself teach you that if a man have long hair it is a shame unto him? But if a woman have long hair it is a glory to her, for her hair is given to her for a covering." In another place, however, he condemns women adorning themselves with broidered and plaited hair, with tires and head-dresses like the moon; recommending instead such old-fashioned ornaments as meekness, modesty, shame-facedness and sobriety. Following this line of thought, a celebrated divine of our own country, in the last century, preached a sermon from the text, "top not come down," applying the command to the gigantic headgear or topknots quivering with indignation upon the heads of his female auditors.

Taking St. Paul as a guide, the Church, from age to age, has enforced this rule, especially during the Middle Ages, when she set her face vehemently against the growing effeminacy of men in this respect; and many were the Court sermons, pastoral admonitions and private scoldings delivered by all classes of the clergy against the curled and perfumed tresses, flowing lovelocks and wigs affecting a feminine length of hair, worn by nearly all men of any pretensions to fashion.

Carrying theory into practice, whenever a dethroned monarch sought the refuge of the cloister, as among the Franks was often the case, the good brothers inaugurated him into his new life by cutting his hair short, although he remained merely a visitor among them. For the religious themselves the rules teaching hair-dressing have always been and are most precise. "The monk all shaven and shorn" is a familiar image in all our minds, and for many centuries the clergy of the Roman Church have assumed the tonsure, *i. e.*, shaved a space upon the crown of the head, both in token of submission to the Church and that the remaining fringe of hair might typify the Crown of Thorns.

With the female religious, however, the Church argues that the close cap and flowing vail she assumes with her vows sufficiently carry out St. Paul's edict that she must be covered, and that in cutting off the hair a fruitful source of vanity is removed, and a great outlay of time and patience obviated; so one of the principal ceremonies in admitting a candidate to the rank of novice in a religious Order is the solemn cutting of her hair. In some cases this is quietly done by the superior in private, but in others in public by one of the high dignitaries of the Church. This is the case in our illustration, where we see the promised bride of heaven, fitly attired in nuptial array and accompanied by her bridesmaids, similarly garbed, kneeling at the feet of a venerable bishop, who solemnly shears away the abundant tresses of the fair head so soon to be hidden beneath the vail, while the mother of the novice assists; her mind, perhaps, wandering back to the time when she, too, in her bright girlhood, so knelt and was shorn, renouncing the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and with them the long bright hair her mother had loved to arrange in childhood, on whose plaits her father's hand had been laid in blessing, and which, perhaps, at a later date, had formed the theme and the magnet of praise and caresses, not now to be remembered without sin.

And so the world goes on, and the world never changes—or at least, human nature never changes. Eve in Paradise loved, no doubt, to contemplate the shining ripples of her hair; and the fairest girl in New York to-night will stand before her mirror combing out the golden length of her tresses, and shyly admiring their sheen. Let her; for verily, "long hair is a glory to woman."

IN MID-OCEAN.

By W. J. Florence.

"Going! Going! Gone! Mr. Cooper buys 330 for six guineas. Now, gentlemen, we will sell the *lowest* number on the list. How much for 299? Start it, gentlemen. Who says £1 for 299? We have sold 330 for six guineas. Now let me have a bid for the lowest number. Come, start it lively. No. 299! How much for 299?"

Scene, the smoking-room of the steamship *Russia* in mid-ocean; time, noon, just after lunch. The place was crowded with most of the male passengers, smoking; while I, in the capacity of auctioneer, was selling the "pool" on the day's run.

We left the Cunard Dock, Jersey City, on Wednesday morning, April 16th, 1873, bound for Liverpool, with as jolly a lot of passengers as ever quitted Yankee-land. It was the Vienna Exhibition year, and we had on board a number of commissioners, accredited to represent their several States at the great Austrian capital. There were Louis Seasongood, of Ohio; Alexander Chambers, of Pennsylvania; Wagner, of Oregon; B. J. Booth, the eminent actor; and Cooper, of New York. Besides these worthies, we had the usual complement of newly-married couples on their bridal tours, invalids seeking health and fresh air in foreign lands, drygoods men, and buyers for Stewart, Lord & Taylor, Arnold & Constable, and other American firms.

The voyage was a succession of fine days, lovely weather prevailing. The time passed most pleasantly until the seventh day out, when a pretty stiff breeze was blowing, and a roughish sea was on.

We had arranged on that day to sell thirty numbers—from 299 to 330, it having been anticipated that the ship would run between 299 and 330 miles during the twenty-four hours. These numbers were to be sold separately by auction, and the total amount realized was to go to the buyer of the successful number.

Well, I had just sold the highest number to Mr. Cooper, since the honored Mayor of New York City, and had put up the lowest.

"How much shall I have for 299?" I asked the assembled passengers. "How much for 299, the lowest number? If an accident should happen, if the propeller should break, or if a storm should come on, the lowest number would have the best chance of taking the pool. Come, give me a bid, gentlemen! Come!"

At this juncture the crowd in the smoking-room were startled by the terrible cry of "Man overboard!" Clang, clang! went the bell. Immediately the room was cleared, and there was a general stampede to the spar-deck.

I reached the deck just in time to see a fearless young sailor run aft, and, with a spring like a deer, jump over the rail into the sea. He just cleared the screw, and, as we were making over thirteen knots an hour, his head appeared for a moment only above the waves before he was out of sight. With anxious hearts the passengers, male and female, crowded toward the stern of the vessel to watch the small white eddy where the person who had fallen overboard went down. Clang, clang! went the bell again.

"Lower the aft boat on the port side!" shouted Captain Cook.

Like lightning, willing hands were at work. In less than two minutes the boat touched the water. With a cheer from the passengers the crew pulled away, keeping the wake of the ship—as she was still making headway, although her engines had been stopped—for their guide toward the drowning man; while one of the officers took his telescope and ran up the rigging to report.

"I can see but one object in the water," said the officer, shouting down to the expectant crowd below. "Good heavens! the other must be drowned. The boat is going in the wrong direction. They will lose the poor fellow. They are a mile from him now. The waves and rough water hide him from them. They seem to have lost their bearings."

For over half an hour the passengers crowded the after-part of the vessel, and with straining eyes watched the boat in the far distance tossed like a cockleshell on the waves, at one moment sunk down between the huge billows, and at another seemingly thrown sky-high on the crests of foam.

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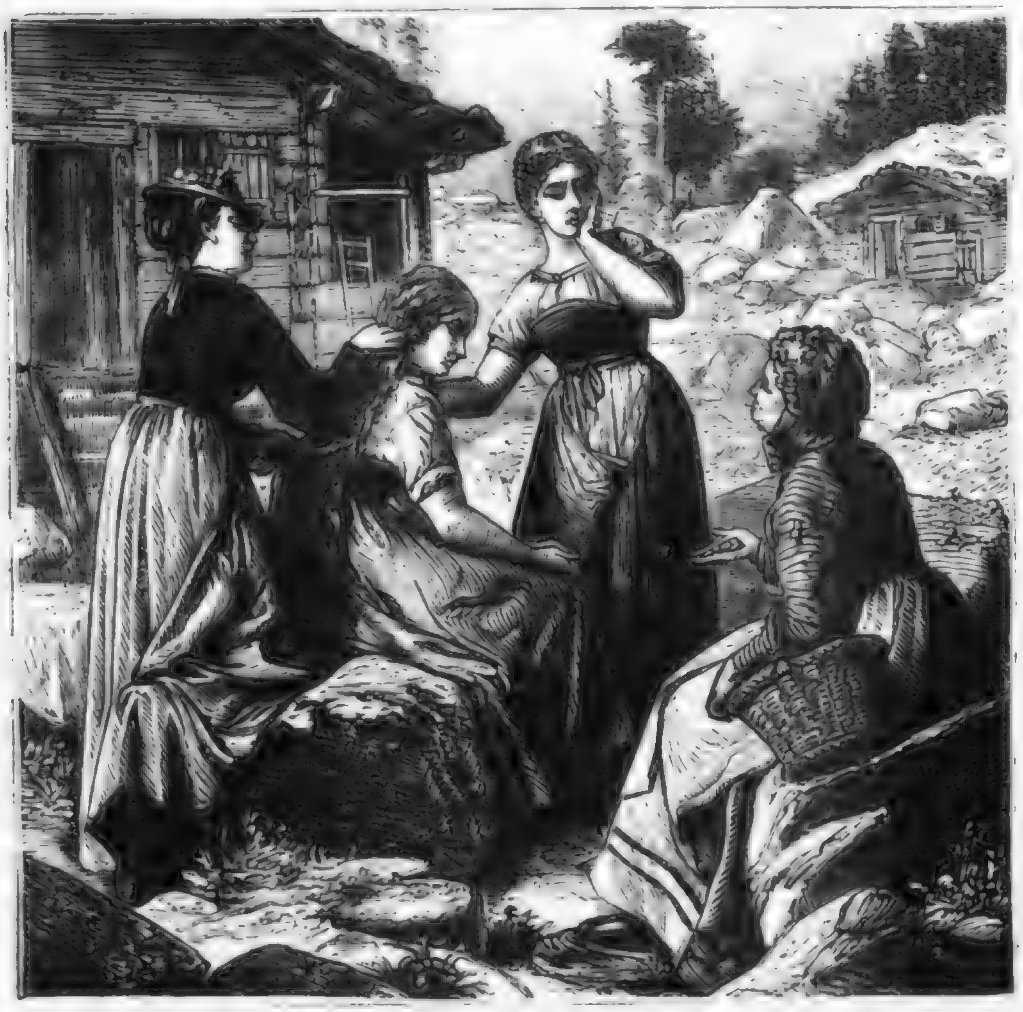


SWISS GIRLS SELLING THEIR HAIR.— SEE PAGE 89.

"Signal return," at length said Captain Cook; and a small red flag was run to the topmast.

While the boat was returning to the ship we had time to inquire who had fallen overboard, and how the accident had occurred. It seemed that a lad, the only sailor-boy on board, while employed in the rigging, had missed his footing and fallen into the sea, and in a moment the cry was given, "Man overboard!"

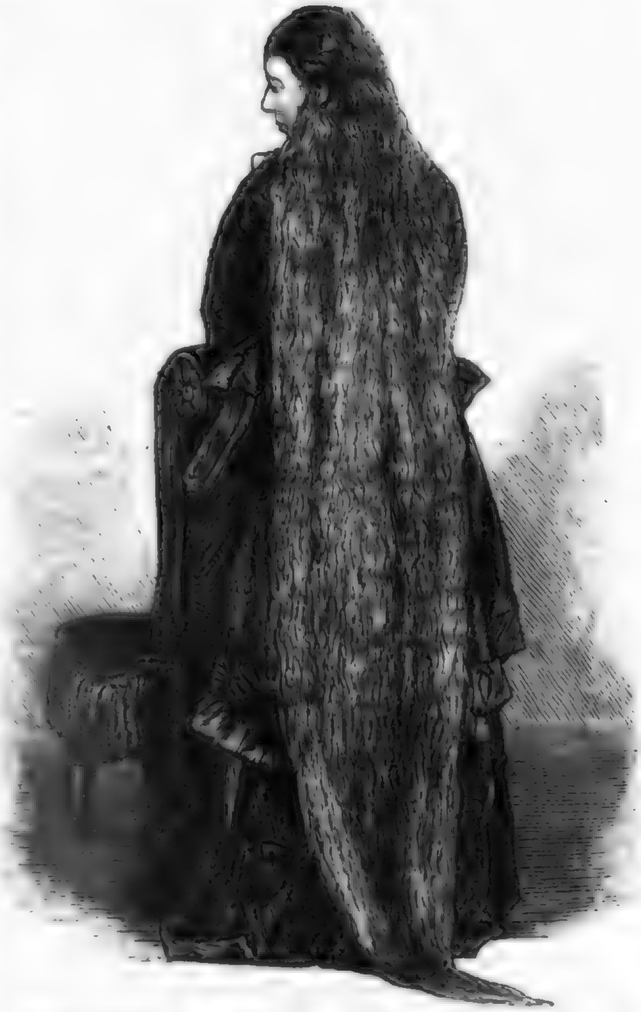
I cannot depict the anxiety on the faces of our passengers as they watched the return of the lifeboat. All strained forward to see if there was anybody in the boat beyond the four men that manned it. Three-quarters of an hour after the accident, the boat was again alongside; but the lad had been lost, while the brave sailor who jumped after him was also nearly drowned. On reaching the water, he had divested himself of his heavy boots and struck out for what appeared to him to be a body floating a little way off, but which proved to be a bit of old spar. The men in the boat lost his track, and he had given himself up for lost, when he saw the boat returning. He was ultimately discovered and picked up, almost dead from exhaustion.

As the brave fellow stepped on the deck, the passengers gave him three cheers. In a few minutes he was in his bunk, under the charge of Dr. Wallace, the ship's surgeon. A collection was made among the passengers, a hundred pounds being thus raised for our hero, and a smaller sum for the boat's crew and the parents of the lost lad.

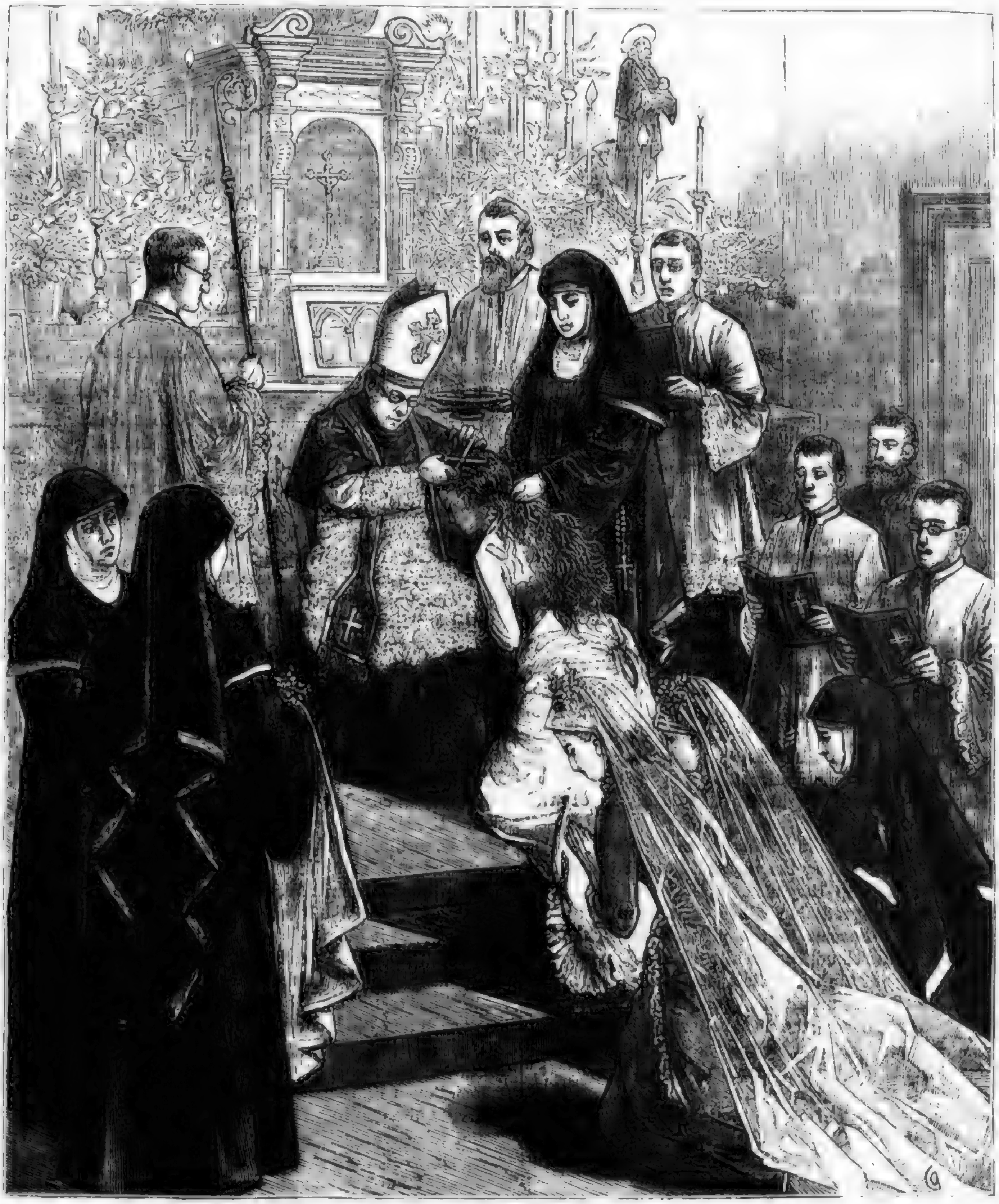
I was selected to present the money, and, after an hour's rest, the gallant sailor was called aft to receive it. With modest, downcast looks he accepted our substantial tribute to his bravery, merely saying, in his honest, sailor-like fashion, "Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. I am only sorry the other poor lad is not here to share it with me."

The entire incident seems to have had a marked influence on the life of the young sailor; for the courageous fellow has since become famous as Matthew Webb, the champion swimmer of the world!

A Chinese Toper.—A story is current among the Chinese of a great wine-drinker who was able to sit all day at a table, and, after consuming what would have been sufficient to drive the reason out of half a dozen men, would rise up perfectly sober. The Emperor, hearing of the fame of this drinker, asked him to dinner, that he might test his marvelous powers. As goes the story, the Emperor ordered a hollow figure to be cast in bronze of the exact size and model of the man; and, as the wine was served, for each cup the guest drank a similar cup was poured into the opening at the top of the head of the image. This went on for some hours, until, at length, the bronze statue overflowed, while the guest still continued at the table, and rose from it perfectly sober.



A WONDERFUL HEAD OF HAIR.—MISS TEMPERANCE ANDERSON, OF BADEN, PA.



WOMAN SACRIFICING HER HAIR AT THE ALTAR.

WEST INDIAN MEMORIES.

THE LESSER ANTILLES AND THE "BOILING LAKE."

By W. Gifford Palgrave.

The crescent-like series of West Indian Islands, capriciously divided in official parlance into "Windward" and "Leeward," or more appropriately summed up together by the well-sounding title of the "Lesser Antilles," is, after a fashion, antipodal to the Philippine group of the Eastern hemisphere; or, to put it more geographically, the two archipelagos—Hispano-Malayan and Caribbean—occupy opposite points of the chart on a lesser circle of the globe, drawn some fifteen or sixteen degrees north of the equator.

Being now—so destiny has willed it—on my long way from the one to the other, I cannot refrain from speculating on what further circumstances of opposition may possibly exist between them, or from hoping that such circumstances may be neither numerous nor essential in kind.

The Philippines are, by all accounts, pleasant places,

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isles of Eden, lotus-lands; but pleasanter, more lotus-bearing, more Eden-like than are the West Indies, taken as a whole from Jamaica to Trinidad, they can scarcely be, or afford in their turn brighter and better memories than those which three years of the Caribbean Archipelago have, with few and insignificant exceptions, stored away in my mind.

True, indeed, that some of the Lesser Antilles—our present topic—are in a manner less desirable than others, because less favored by nature or the course of human events. Thus, for instance, Barbadoes, though well peopled and highly cultivated, has no pretensions to picturesque scenery of coast or inland; while the Virgin Islands, barren, abandoned and hopeless, as they now unfortunately are, might not unsuitably exchange their historical denomination for that of the "Lone Spinster Islands," or the "Old Maids" downright. Nor they only, but the entire northward-lying group, formed by the adjacent Leeward Islands—namely, Saba, Eustatius, St. Kitt's, Nevis, Antigua and the rest, may, with scarce an exception, be included in the same catalogue of unproductive aridity.

Want of rain—a want now protracted over the space of nearly twenty years—has, more than any other cause, wrought among them this desolation; though to what adverse influence this very want is to be attributed would be hard to determine. By some, the too reckless clearing of the original forests is inculpated as the cause of drought; some ascribe it to a gradual shifting of the magnetic poles, and a corresponding declination, north or south, of the tropical rain-belt itself; others, again, bring in a verdict of guilty against the inconstant Gulf Stream; and others, with about as much plausibility, accuse the sins of the people, the Colonial Office, and perhaps Sir Benjamin Pine and Confederation. But whatever may be the cause, the effect is as evident as disastrous; nor has any modern Elijah as yet appeared to dispel, by prayer or science, the all-too-stubborn drought of this Samaria of the West.

Poor gray islands, noble outlines of mountain and vale, stately blanks, unfilled by the varied details of prosperity and life! Waist-deep they stand, thirsty and forlorn, in the midst of the unprofitable salt sea-waters, vainly baring their parched-up bosoms to the pitiless sky; while far overhead the white clouds, borne along hour after hour on the strong wings of the trade-wind, mock their want with an ever-renewed, ever-unfulfilled promise of rain, till, day by day, what was once green pasture-land parches up into brown, burnt-up stubble, gaunt trees stretch out their once leafy boughs in the gray nakedness of premature decay, and the valleys that in bygone years waved with the golden green of the ripening harvest, now stretch down the hill-slopes in pale yellow streaks of juiceless cane. A melancholy sight; let us leave it behind as we pass on southward to better prospects and more cheerful isles.

The turning-point, so to express it, of the West Indian climate, the line that distinguishes the well-watered tropical region from the arid sub-tropical zone, is for the present situated about the latitude of Guadaloupe, a large and fertile, but in more respects than one an ambiguous island; French in title, but little visited by foreigners, and scarcely better known to the generality of Frenchmen themselves. Yet Guadaloupe, like Martinique, has the advantage, if advantage it be, of a spokesman, in the person of a "Député," sent by universal suffrage, or what does duty for it, to the Representative Chamber of Versailles, where the West Indian members take their place, as I am told, somewhere in the caudal portion of the Extreme Left. Nor—I regret to say it—are the sentiments of the insular majority the Deputies represent a whit more favorable to stability or order, under whatever rule, than those of Victor Hugo himself; strange instance of what one of our deepest thinkers has justly called the "baffling" element in human nature. Here are islands, fertile indeed, but diminutive as fertile, on whose behalf and for whose advantage the great mother country has lavished rather than spent, and still, even at the time of her own greatest need, continues to lavish, sums that any more frugal Government would find by much too costly, or, rather, would never dream of finding at all, for the benefit of giant Australia, New Zealand or the Cape, with all their dominions, all their provinces. And yet, in return for its unbounded liberality, the French Administration meets with little from its subjects, whether in Martinique or Guadaloupe, whether black or colored, but an unpopularity so decided that not all the machinery of French prefectures and "mairies" can, in election-time, determine so much as a vote, much less a return.

Some excuse for this widespread spirit of opposition may, indeed, be found in the curious fact that the white lords of the soil are, in spite of Frohsdorf manifestoes and the persistent imbecility of the "lilies," even now (*risum teneatis amici*), Legitimists almost to a man; though a few, condescending somewhat to the dictates of common sense, apologistically confess Imperialist propensities. On the other hand, the colored folks are, with equal or greater unanimity, and certainly more logic, Republicans, not to say Communists; while the blacks, so far as their philosophical "live-and-let-live" temperament permits their taking part on either side, follow the lead of their more restless half-brothers.

Another cause is to be found in the too general adoption, throughout two-thirds of the island, of the "Central Factory" system, the very system so preconized by theorizing economists as the one great panacea of all West Indian ills. These factories have, however, in their practical working, not cured, but rather intensified, every existing evil of the land, financial, political and social. It is impossible, in the limited space of an article, to enter into the numerous and complicated details of so vast a topic; enough to say, summarily, that these factories have deeply disturbed the social balance of Martinique, by degrading the independent planter-proprietor, the typical monarch of the land, into the dependent inferiority of a mere head farmer; that they have even more dangerously disarranged the political equilibrium, by disconnecting the agricultural population and the laborers at large from their traditional lords and leaders, and massing them together instead into the turbulent crowds of mere factory workmen; while the financial evils of their infliction, amounting latterly to a real crisis, are due to a combination of circumstances and results the investigation of which would be better suited to the pages of a blue-book or a political economy treatise than to those of a popular magazine.

Yet Martinique, with its rich soil, its gentle slopes, its superabundant irrigation, its noble harbors, is, of all the Lesser Antilles, the most nature-favored—a very emerald among inferior gems; and when my French hosts laughingly asked me, as they often did, "What can possibly have induced the British to give this territory back to us, after having once held it for their own?"—"Their inconceivable ignorance, I suppose, and their blundering unwisdom," was the only plausible answer that I could make. I should also add, lest my preceding remarks on the political condition of the island should be taken in too absolute and accordingly in too depreciatory a sense, that the Martinique Creoles, colored or black, bear no unfavorable comparison with the native-born population of other West Indian colonies, either for energy, capacity or intelligence; and that the urbanity and general refinement of taste and bearing which are admittedly the distinguishing characteristics of French society, on whatever side of the Atlantic, are by no means wanting among the nationalized Frenchmen of the land of the lovely Josephine.

The mention of this name reminds me how, during the three weeks that the courtesy of my French hosts detained me a willing lingerer in their pleasant companionship, I enjoyed the long-wished-for opportunity of visiting the birthplace of the bride of the First Napoleon, and the ancestress of our talented though unfortunate friend and ally, the late French Emperor. On the southerly side of the noble Fort de France Bay, and within the limits of the La Pagerie estate, stands, or rather stood, at some distance from the coast, the pretty little dwelling-house of "L'Hermitage," where the Taschère family long resided; preferring, it seems, the picturesque seclusion of the spot to the livelier but more exposed neighborhood of La Pagerie and the Trois Ilets. The dwelling-house itself, the home of the beautiful Creole's childhood, has, alas! disappeared; and a few foundation traces yet visible in the mango-grove that nestles in the slope of the green valley just where it rises upward to the abrupt volcanic heights of Montagne la Plaine beyond, are all that remains to tell where it once has been. But the future Empress herself was not born there. Somewhat lower down in the ravine, close by the torrent that of old times supplied water to the sugar-mill, stood and yet stands the old-fashioned factory or boiling-house, strongly built, and sheltered from the chances of weather by steep banks on either side. Hither Josephine's mother was carried for safety when the hurricane of 1761 threatened every less solidly constructed tenement with ruin; and here, in an upper room, now floorless, and open to the outer air on every side, Napoleon's good star rose on the world.

To me, not being a French politician, and accordingly not incapable of appreciating the splendors, however blurred by faults and failures, of the most brilliant dynasty of our age, it was a marvel to see a spot possessed of such interest, worthy of such veneration, one might have thought, to whoever had shared in some degree (and what Frenchman did not?) the glories and the gains of the great Empire, now abandoned to the neglect of absolute forgetfulness, if not contempt. To keep the homely vault—it is nothing more—in decent repair would not, I should think, have been too heavy an expense for the national treasury; and among the many monuments that throughout the dominions of the tricolor commemorate events or persons of far less importance, surely a slab of marble might have been found to mark the birthplace of Josephine, the ornament of the First, the parent of the Second, Empire.

Fortunately for herself, Martinique has, however, atoned in some measure for her negligence at L'Hermitage by the handsome statue of her imperial daughter that now occupies a central position in the wide tree-shaded savanna of Fort de France. To what particular hand the workmanship of the statue is due, I know not; but the execution is decidedly good, and the beautiful features of the young general's bride are said to have been faithfully reproduced in all that art can transfer from flesh to marble. Curiously enough, those features seem, in the fullness of the lips, the gentleness of the eyes, and the general outline of the face, to belong to that peculiarly attractive type in which a slight admixture of African blood gives to its possessor that rounded voluptuousness of contour, no less than that warmth of color so often wanting in the purely European Creole.

Whether, as the island tradition affirms, such a union was really traceable in the Taschère family, or whether, as national prejudice has anxiously proclaimed, the ancestral origin always remained French, and French alone, is a question difficult, if not impossible, to decide on merely annalistic evidence. But if the statue at Fort de France bears a truthful resemblance to its original, there can, I think, be little doubt that to her other imperial titles the great Empress added that of consanguinity, however remote, with the Nile Queens of old time, whose granite effigies still smile in calm serenity of power among the lone colonnades of Luxor and the Egyptian palms.

Midway between Martinique and Guadaloupe lies Dominica, won, like the sister islands, from its former masters by the sword, but, unlike them, retained beneath the conqueror's flag. Little inferior in size to Martinique itself, it as much surpasses it in wonderful picturesqueness of scenery as it falls short of it in adaptability for general cultivation. Indeed, in the wild grandeur of its towering mountains, some of which rise to five thousand feet above the level of the sea; in the majesty of its almost impenetrable forests; in the gorgeousness of its vegetation; the abruptness of its precipices, the calm of its lakes, the violence of its torrents, the sublimity of its waterfalls, it stands without a rival, not in the West Indies only, but, I should think, throughout the whole island catalogue of the Atlantic and Pacific combined. But waterfalls and precipices are objects more welcome to the artist than to the planter; and the angles of landscape beauty are not generally coincident with those of agricultural productiveness. And so it comes to pass that of the 200,000 acres that form the surface of Dominica, scarcely one-tenth part, if even so much, is actually under cultivation. The capital town, Roseau, though a cheerful and thriving place in its way, with its neatly paved streets, pretty cottages, gay gardens, and handsome Catholic cathedral, numbers less than 5,000 inhabitants; and the pleasant orchard-embowered negro villages sprinkled here and there along the coast, have comparatively few counterparts amid the labyrinth of rock and wood that forms the bulk of the island.

Yet human life, the one true meaning and summary of all other sublunary life, the tongue and purport, without which rocks, trees, waters, skies, suns, however "sweet and pleasant things," as the old temple-building monarch of Jerusalem called them long ago, are, for all that, feelingless and dumb, is not absolutely wanting even in the inmost recesses of the Dominican mountain-maze. Deep in emerald valleys, hemmed in by ravine and precipice, overhung with towering tree-ferns and the glossy giant leaf of the wild plantain; moist with the daily showers that suddenly sweep down like white curtains from the dark and jagged heights overhead, to be as suddenly followed by the hot sunshine of the cloudless blue, till every form of vegetable life springs up and flourishes in a confused plenitude of beauty—even here, in these seemingly inaccessible Edens, glisten between rock and forest the scattered huts, each with its little garden of half-reclaimed wilderness of flower and leaf, where live the wood-cutter, the charcoal-burner, the negro cultivator, each with his swarming family, part and parcel of the wild yet gentle nature around. Scenes where rises the thought so old and yet so new—old as Hesiod, as Horace, as Ebn Toghrai, recent as Goldsmith, as Cowper, as Wordsworth; the thought disclosed in sudden gleams amid the fitful storminess of Byron, nor wholly unknown even to the atmosphere of our own day, and its prophet, the bard of "Locksley Hall." It is the thought that always abides, though it may not be always perceptible, in the depth of every human heart that has a depth, in every mind that is not mere surface and show—"Were it not better with me here

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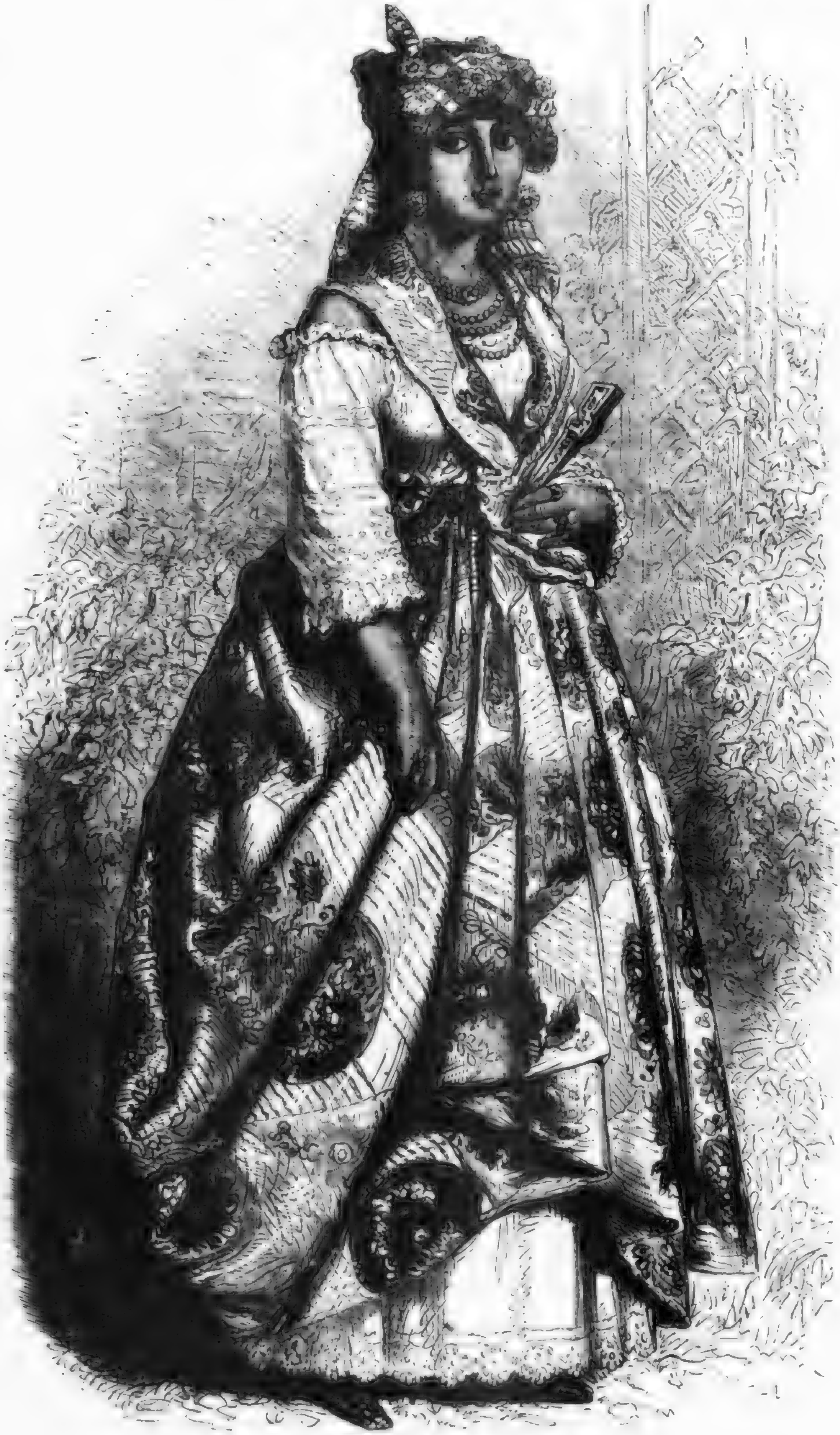


A MULATTO GIRL OF MARTINIQUE.

than in the turmoil of events and politics, in the restlessness of science and progress, in the artificialities and conventionalities of civilized life? Were there not here for me, in this wood-cutter's hut, in this garden shed—

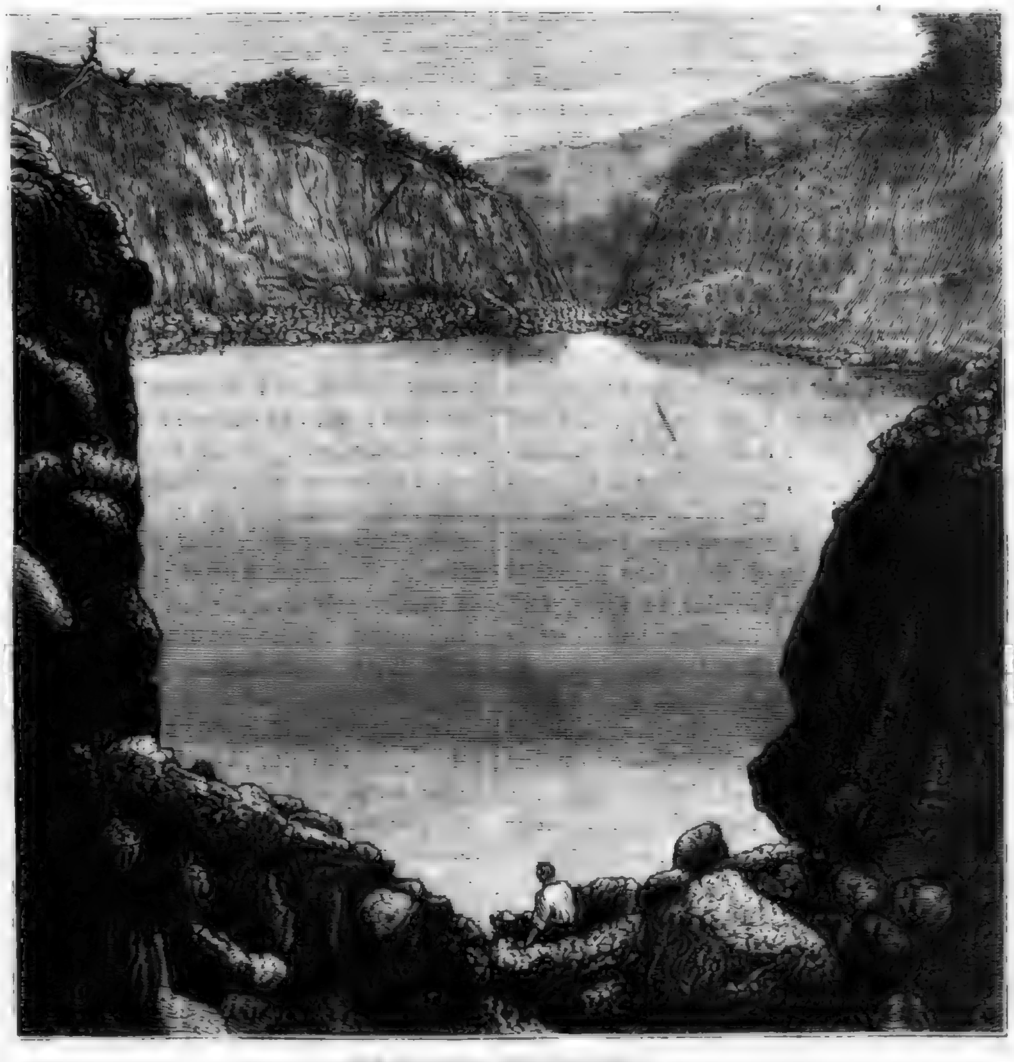
> "More enjoyment than in all this march of mind,
> In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts
> that shake mankind"?

Vain thought! Better it might be, perhaps, in itself; but, better or not, it is not for thee. The same all-governing law, the same absolute and ever-present decree which made that peasant, that wood-cutter, what he is, and placed them one and all where they are, that gave form and being to the rocks and forests around them—the great external existence of which their individualized existence, and thine are but the manifested expressions, admits no modification, no reversal of its ordinance, allows no barter or exchange of the conditions it has determined. Thou art what thou art, as they are what they are; the sympathy, be it never so deep, that draws thee from thy appointed place may refer to a past or foreshadow a future mode of existence; in the present it is mere ineffectual longing, utterly vain.

Back, then, to the civilized and sociable life, with all its kindnesses, all its littlenesses, that await us in Roseau; the quiet island haven, where the daily ripples of pains and pleasures, of ambitions and interests, of parochial victories and district defeats, may well, even when most agitated, pass for absolute calm if contrasted with the great waves of the mighty human oceans, called Continents, States, Kingdoms, Empires. To one fresh, I will not say from Europe, but from Demerara, Jamaica, or even Barbadoes, Dominica may stand for a symbol of absolute quiet, of repose, of stillness, almost of sleep.

Yet when that acute observer of the surface of things, A. Trollope, on his visit to Roseau, describes the place as dreamy, declining—nay, dead—he falls into an error which those who take him for their guide—and in the majority of cases he is a safe one to follow—would do well to avoid. Neither Dominica nor its capital can justly be described as unthriving, or devoid of hope for the coming years. With a climate of singular healthfulness, a rich volcanic soil, a copious rainfall, an industrious and intelligent population, and a surplus in the insular treasury, the fortunes of the colony are already on the rise; and the cultivation of coffee, in which it formerly excelled, and now has fortunately resumed, is a surer staff to lean on along the road of success than the bruised, if not broken, reed of sugar.

It was in Dominica, and Dominica alone of all West Indian Islands, that my eye was gladdened by the sight of the genuine, undegenerate coffee-plant of Yemen, a very different shrub in produce, as in leaf and general appearance, from the ordinary growth—West or South African in its origin, I believe—that constitutes the plantations of the West Indies and Brazil. Every one knows how superior the Arabian is in every respect to the South American berry; and the cultivation of the former, if rightly and intelligently carried out, cannot fail to prove for Dominica a mine of prosperity and wealth. Cocoa, too, flourishes here; or, rather, were proper care bestowed on it, would flourish, scarce less vigorously than in Trinidad itself. The lime-groves of Dominica already rival those of Montserrat; vanilla finds nowhere else a more congenial temperature or soil. Few, indeed, are the sources of well-doing common to the Western tropics, sugar to a certain extent excepted, that are wanting to Dominica, or, rather, in which she does not of herself abound and excel.



THE BOILING LAKE OF DOMINICA.

But it is not precisely with these topics that I have at present to do, nor is there any great need for dilating on them here. The British West Indies, like the negroes that form the bulk of their population, have no lack of panegyrists, or of calumniators either, judicious or injudicious, truthful or exaggerated, as the case may be; and whoever lists may amuse himself by balancing the ecstacies of Kingsley against the cynicism of Trollope, and the Jamaica of the *Quarterly Review* against that of Dr. Greig and *Fraser's Magazine*. To each man his own opinion; mine, after a tolerable amount of observation and experience, is that, taking into account the many defects and shortcomings to which everything under the moon, flesh

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or non-flesh, is the natural and well-endowed heir, not least so, perhaps, within the tropics, the British West Indies yet remain a pleasant home to the colonist, a good investment to the capitalist, a happy land (or lands, if you will) to the native; that their white population is, as a rule, right-minded and energetic, their colored classes clever and progressive, their blacks industrious, orderly, and the very reverse of barbarous or ill-disposed in any respect. And Dominica, the first among the Lesser Antilles for picturesque beauty, is by no means the last in the catalogue of industry, productiveness, and prosperous hope.

And having said this much of the island in general, and what it has in common with others of the Lesser Antilles, I will now describe, or at least endeavor to describe, something it possesses, the like of which is certainly not to be found elsewhere throughout the whole West Indian region, nor, so far as I know, in any other region of the New World or the Old: I mean its Boiling Lake.

Hot springs and boiling pools, some of tolerably large dimensions, do, indeed, exist, and plenty of them, in these latitudes. All down the range of the Antilles, from Saba to Tobago, there is scarcely an island but owns its *soufrière*, or *solfatera*; the crater, it would seem, of some volcano whose eruptive energy has by degrees dwindled into that milder form, a specimen of which is familiar to the easy tourist of the European continent at Pozzuoli, in the neighborhood of Naples. Some of these soufrières are wholly or almost extinct, and have subsided into mere yellow-tinged ashpits, where, perhaps, a scanty thread of light vapor, or a tepid spring, finds its way through the surface, and witnesses to the expiring embers of a slowly dying fire below; others, again, are still active, and make a very creditable display after their fashion. Thus, in the soufrière of St. Lucia, for instance, not far from the celebrated "Pitons" of that island, the floor of the steep crater is pierced by a dozen large hollows, circular in form, and varying from four to sixteen feet in diameter; each overboiling furiously, one with coal-black water, another with milky white, a third with gray mud, a fourth with a mixture of all these; while countless little apertures, some barely an inch across, send up steam or hot water in noisy jets, and have done so without material diminution or increase ever since the first memories of the earliest colonists, full two centuries ago. In Martinique, on the contrary, the only soufrière on duty—it is situated among the slopes of the great extinct volcano, Mont Pélé—has of late years fallen half asleep. But none throughout the Caribbean Archipelago can rival either for extent or activity the Grande Soufrière of Dominica; none other rewards its visitors with the wondrous spectacle of a Boiling Lake.

However, not the lake only, but the soufrière itself, within the circuit of which it is situated, had remained alike unvisited, though their existence was vaguely rumored, for a hundred years past. Several smaller and more accessible soufrières are scattered throughout this highly volcanic island; and they had often been explored, either out of mere curiosity, or for such hopes of profit as the sulphur they contain might afford; a profit that, but for the difficulties of transport, might in some instances be not inconsiderable.

But in the southeast of the island there rises a mass of abrupt forest-clad ridges, over which a white cloud ever hovers night and day; or, if blown asunder for a few hours by the strong trade-wind, soon reunites to brood as before over its native haunt. The ascent of these summits, though more than once attempted, had, for seventy years at least, remained unaccomplished; tradition only, speaking through an old French description of the island, told of a large and active soufrière, nestled amid the highest ranges of the south; and added that the hot and steaming Sulphur River, whose milky waters rush down crag and precipice to the Eastern Sea, close to what was then called Point Mulâtre, or, now, Mulatto Point, took its origin in a boiling lake, which also was situated in the same mountain region. But for a century or thereabout, not only had no European succeeded in penetrating to this reported wonder; no negro charcoal-burner, however familiar with the "bush," had pushed his rovings to the brink of the soufrière; the Caribs even—of whom a few families, with the instinctive shrinking from civilization and organized labor peculiar to their kind, yet lead a secluded and savage life on the southeastern coast, not far from the banks of the Sulphur River itself—knew nothing, or at any rate had nothing to say, of the lonely region that towered above their abodes. The strong smell of sulphur, that, when the wind happened to be from the southeast, reached the town of Rosseau itself, though at a distance of fourteen or fifteen miles in a straight line, alone gave witness how huge must be the dimensions, how constant the activity of the soufrière whence it proceeded.

So matters stood when, on a January morning in 1875, an exploring party, headed by two young and enterprising English colonists—the one a district magistrate, the other a medical practitioner—took on themselves once more the task of verification or discovery. Abandoning the shorter but impracticable line of track that led up from the eastern coast, and had been already tried, but unavailingly, they wisely determined to assail this stronghold of nature's wonders from the easier slopes of the west, on which side the distance was greater, but the obstacles, as they judged, less insurmountable. Their idea was correct, and their safe return to Roseau, after three days' absence in the forest, brought with it the confirmation of the existence alike of the Grande Soufrière and the Boiling Lake, both of which they described as by far surpassing in extent and grandeur anything yet known in the West Indies, though difficult and even dangerous of access, nor available to any ends except those of curiosity, perhaps of science.

During a second visit, which was effected some months later than the first, the explorers discovered a somewhat more circuitous but easier line of approach, following which the most dangerous and breakneck pass of the former route could be evaded. On this, as on the former occasion, too, the adventurers bivouacked in the depth of the forest, close to the soufrière itself, where they constructed an *ajoupa*, or improvised wood-hut, for shelter during the nights that had unavoidably to be passed in this wild region.

The third, and up to the present date the latest, expedition to the Boiling Lake, was on the occasion of my visit to the island in the Spring of the present year, when Dr. Nicholls, the same young and energetic medical officer who had taken a leading part in the two former expeditions, again proposed the attempt, and undertook the organization of the party. It included, besides ourselves, two other Englishmen—the one a member of the Colonial Bank establishment, the other a son of Mr. Eldridge, the deservedly popular administrator or president of the island, whose guest I had the good fortune to be at the time. All my companions were young, active, and possessed of every quality, bodily and mental, that could be required for an enterprise such as ours; but they, like myself, were unacquainted with the soufrière district, and the leadership of the band was therefore gladly intrusted to Dr. Nicholls, who showed himself entirely equal to the duties of the undertaking.

So, one Spring morning, early, mounted on sure-footed island ponies, we rode out of Roseau, and set our horses' heads and our own eastward, in quest of the Boiling Lake. Our way led first up the beautiful Roseau Valley, with its steep cliffs and overshadowing woods, mingled with the bright yellow of ripening canefields and the darker foliage of cocoa or coffee plantations, with small European residences or negro huts peeping out here and there, till we came in sight of the great waterfalls, each a hundred feet in height, by which the waters of the Roseau River cast themselves headlong from the central range. Higher and higher we climbed the mountain-side, amid that scenery which description has so often attempted, but never can realize for those who have not themselves witnessed it—the scenery of the West Indian tropics; where the noblest forest growth that fancy can picture, mixed with tree-fern and palm, overcanopies bank and dell, thick matted with fern, golden, silver maiden-hair, every lovely variety of leaf and tint, amid red-flowered balisiers, white-blossomed arums, and a thousand other gems of Flora's crown, the whole lit up by the purest sunlight, and glittering as it waved in the glad morning breeze.

Stopping a moment to drink from a mineral spring of some note, we rode on till a narrow horse-path led us across a broken plateau to the little hamlet of Laudat, about 1,500 feet above the sea. Here our guides, or, rather, the carriers of our provisions, hammocks and so forth, awaited us, to perform with us the remainder of the proposed route on foot, as neither horse-track, nor, indeed, any other track, except what we might make for ourselves, existed further on.

Laudat is the furthest village inland in this direction, and its neat little wood cottages, about twenty in all, each apart, and at some distance from the others, are inhabited by a hardy, chocolate-colored race, in which French, Carib and negro blood seems, by the indications of feature and limb, to have been mixed in tolerably equal proportions. In front of Laudat the view is open, and reaches down the Roseau Valley to the blue Western Sea. Behind the village plateau rises a dense wall of forest, and further back, height above height, the central mountain range. The peasants' "gardens," to give them their established West Indian name, or, as we should call them, fields of yam, banana, legumens and the like, reach in irregular fashion a mile or so upward into the woods. Our provisions, a couple of hammocks, a few blankets, and such like gear, were here divided among six of the negroes, or quasi-negroes, of the place; two of whom also carried large cutlasses, in order to fray the way through the innumerable *lianes* or creepers that weave the forest together with a network that, like the Gordian knot, may be severed by force, but not disentangled by skill.

Other and doughtier uses might have been anticipated for these formidable-looking weapons, but there were none such in truth. Wild beasts of dangerous kinds, and, indeed, any wild beasts at all, except harmless little agoutis, are rare in the forest; venomous serpents are unknown; the number of insects even—scorpions, centipedes, ants and the like—is remarkably small, possibly owing to the large proportions of sulphur and iron with which the soil is everywhere imbued; and "perils of robbers," St. Paul himself, were he Apostle of Dominica, or, I believe, of any other British West Indian island, would have none to record.

Our preparations had only in view a rough march, and a day and night, or, indeed, more likely, two days and two nights, amid the mountain solitudes, at a height where the cold was sure to make itself almost unpleasantly felt, though we counted on sheltering ourselves under at least the relics of the *ajoupa*, erected and repaired on previous occasions.

It was now noon, and if we wished to reach the *ajoupa* before nightfall, there was no time to be lost; so without delay we marshaled our file, the cutlass-bearers in front, the heavier-laden baggage-bearers in the rear, and off we started on foot, to toil onward as best we might until the evening. A walk of this kind, through a pathless wilderderness of mountain and forest, offers much to interest and much to amuse, though at the same time much to weary, those who undertake it; but a detailed description would, I fear, tend rather to produce the latter than either of the former feelings in the reader. A mere sketch may therefore suffice.

For some miles our ascent lay under a green canopy of glistening leaves, sixty, eighty, or a hundred feet above our heads, and between giant tree-trunks, smooth and stately, ornamented, or rather garlanded, each one with lovely creepers, parasitical ferns and mosses, and strange twining growths that might in form and color have furnished hints or models for the most exquisite patterns that ever decorated china or glass. During this part of the journey our chief, indeed our only annoyance, the inevitable fatigue of climbing excepted, arose from the multitudinous snare-work of roots that twined and twisted like snakes in every direction along and across the way to entangle and trip up whoever did not take care to direct his eye before his foot.

Once past the Laudat gardens, no trace of man or man's work was visible for the rest of our journey. As the ground continued to rise the forest trees diminished in height and size, while, on the contrary, the undergrowth of bush, often troublesome from its thorns and prickles, continued to increase till we reached the margin of a deep ravine, down which a rapid stream rushed on its way to join the Roseau River. Here the character of our march changed, the continuous slope up which we had climbed thus far giving place to a succession of the abruptest gullies that it has ever been my lot to traverse. Hands and feet were alike in requisition as we toiled onward, now clinging for help to the small tree-trunks through which we forced our passage, at the continual risk of laying hold of some deceptive bough, rotten in all but its outward bark; or, worse still, catching for support at a prickly stem that pierced fingers and hands with its sharp needles; till when, after several hundred feet of a climb that might have done honor to the most dare-devil of Marryat's midshipmen, we found ourselves at the top of the ridge, it was only to begin over again, after an interval of scarcely a yard's breadth, a descent steeper, if possible, and more venturesome than the ascent before had been. This manœuvre we repeated half a dozen times, every ridge being somewhat higher than the one passed, with the occasional unpleasant variation of having to follow up some torrent, pent in between perpendicular crags on either side, where we made our way by jumping, gracefully or otherwise, from one slippery boulder of volcanic rock to another, at a tolerable risk of dislocated or broken limbs, and frequently sliding off knee-deep into the water that foamed and roared around.

"What idiots we must look were there anyone to see us!" was the thought that occurred to me again and again, as we performed fantastic capers in the grasshopper style, or rivaled the postures of a band of clambering spider-monkeys, minus their prehensile tails. Possibly the same thought may have crossed the minds of my companions also; but, except an occasional English ejaculation, the same, it might be, that Byron declares to have no like for emphasis in any other language, and Blake considers to have a very bracing and beneficial effect, when any small misadventure, such as a slip, a fall, a wounded hand or foot, or the like bad hap, befell one or other of the climbers, I think nothing but what was heroic and befitting heroic deeds was said or sung by any individual of our party—at least, among its European contingent. The blacks and half-blacks laughed at everything and nothing; but that was with them a matter rather of habit, I fear, than of heroism; while ever and anon a mocking-bird from behind its leafy screen laughed securely at us all.

The sun's rays, visible at rare intervals through the dense wood, were fast slanting to a level, when, after a long and weary struggle up the highermost gully, we stood at last on the central ridge of the island, looking down on either side to west and east—to west, where the low sun brightened into one dazzling sheen the now distant Caribbean Sea; to the east, where steep mountain-tops sunk down one below another to the restless, white-waved Atlantic. A little further on we plunged again into a labyrinth of small trees thickly planted in a deep layer of decaying vegetable matter, intermixed with slender bamboo tufts, where we were scarcely able to make out the right direction of our path amid the maze of green young trunks; till from in front a light suddenly broke in on us, as though there was nothing but open sky before—and so in fact it was.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

All at once, with scarcely a warning, we stepped out of the continuous forest, right upon the edge of a sheer precipice several hundred feet in height; while below us lay a huge valley, or rather gulf, reeking in every part with thick white sulphur vapors that rose from the depths and curled up the bare sides of the abyss. Holding on to each other's hands, or to the shrubs that grew nearest the edge, we leaned over as far as we dared, gazing down into the steamy chasm below, and resembling in a very general way the Dantes and Virgils of Flaxman's statuesque outline, where they bend over the margin of Malebolge, it may be, or of the awful bridge that spans the flaming gulf.

Now, indeed, we had before us the Grande Soufrière; but how were we to descend and explore its depths? In front was a sheer precipice of volcanic rock and hardened ash intermixed, a naked crag suggestive of almost certain falls and broken bones on the rocks below, and down the face of which the "Antiquary's" Lovel himself would scarcely have ventured, though the rescue of an Isabel Wardour had depended on the trial. By this descent, however, such is the ardor of first discovery, Dr. Nicholls and his companions had once ventured, but only once—glad on a second visit to have discovered a longer but less dangerous track, that, winding half way round the crater, leads to a slope, sufficiently abrupt in all conscience, but conveniently clad with trees down to the immediate neighborhood of the sulphur-sources.

THE PET LAMB.—SEE PAGE 107.

This path we unanimously resolved to try once more; and after much cutlass work among the tangled bush growth, and many involuntary gymnastic feats of the kind described already, we finally reached the lower ledge, on which we had fore-determined to pass the night. Great was our joy to find, just as darkness was closing in, the identical ajoupa erected so long ago, sheltered from the chances of storm by overarching trees, and strengthened by the indestructible vitality of its own materials; every stake, every support, having taken root in the rich soil, and now throwing out foliage and branches enough to form a living roof in place of the dead thatch and dried leaves which still partly covered it. Here we lighted our fires, and while our supper of cabbage-palm, salt fish, and other West Indian delicacies was preparing, listened to the bubbling roar and frequent explosions of the sulphur-sources, now not a hundred yards below—watched the large fireflies as they glanced between the trees, and inhaled, along with the more congenial smoke of tobacco, frequent whiffs of sulphur vapor; while every article of silver on our persons, watch, chain, stud, coin, or whatever it might be, turned black in the fuming atmosphere of the gulf which now shut us in among its depths.

To say we had a merry evening, and a sound sleep afterward, in spite of vocal tree-frogs, huge crickets, and other wood insects, probably of the beetle family, whose hard toil did not, it seemed, divide the night from the day—or, rather, rendered the former the noisier of the two, would be unnecessary for those who know what is meant by a long day's march and a camping-out in the forest. As for those who do not know, let them try; they will be all the better for it.

Next morning we were up betimes, and partly by our own efforts, partly by sheer compliance with the laws of gravitation, descended the bank, and soon found ourselves on the soft ash-bed that paves the half-extinct crater. From innumerable sources, large and small, some sulphur-incrusted with bright yellow, others blood-red with iron oxide, or white with insoluble salt—magnesium principally, I believe—there gushed up a mixture of boiling water and steam, amid a constant tumult of noises,

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hissings, bubblings, explodings—here more, there less—throughout the whole extent of the gulf. The waters, white, black and red, mingling at the lower end of the valley, rushed out in a strong torrent, scalding hot and steaming as they went; in many places the vapor-cloud formed a thick, impenetrable vail; no plant but an ugly, bluish-colored, broad-leaved Clusia grew for some distance from the blighting fumes.

We did all that it is customary for travelers to do; tested the heat of some sources, irritated others by attempts at choking them up with stones; thrust sticks into the yellow paste of ash and sulphur, over which, in many places, the foot cannot safely tread; gathered specimens of the various deposits; and, above all, admired the lonely, demoniacal grandeur of this semi-infernal hollow; till, remembering that the Boiling Lake was yet unvisited, we renewed our way, picking our steps carefully among scalding pools and over the treacherous sulphur crust that rang hollow to the tread; till we reached the main exit of the soufrière waters at the lower end of the crater.

For a little distance we then followed the torrent's course, that struggled seaward through a narrow gully, rendered unpleasantly warm by the vapor of the parti-colored water reeking from its source, and yet further heated by a steaming milk-white cascade that leapt down in a giant curve, not unlike the outline of the Swiss Giessbach, from the cliff on our right; while to the left an isolated but noisy sulphur-vent smoked like a dozen united limekilns. The Black Country, of Wolverhampton notoriety, is a weird place, and suggests weird ideas enough, whether traversed by night or by day; but it is "mild-domestic" compared to Nature's own White Country, the sulphur region of Dominica. A world like this, abandoned to volcanic agencies, as, *e. g.*, the moon is supposed to have been at some unlucky epoch of her existence, would be a more fitting abode than even the biblical Babylon for the satyrs, dragons, and other doleful creatures of the prophet—a throne for Arimanes himself.

Turning northeast, we clambered for an hour or so, first across a knife-like dividing ridge, and then among the broken hollows of a second crater or soufrière, considerably larger in dimensions than the first, but comparatively quiescent; a silent, burnt-out region of ash and sulphur, surrounded by high bare walls of pumice and volcanic crag. Little steam was here visible, nor were any explosions to be heard from underneath; but the many springs of white, yellow, red or black water that pierced and furrowed the spongy crust in every direction were all hot, and told of fires yet smoldering at no great distance below. In front of us rose a bare ridge of heaped-up pumice and ash, shutting off the southerly segment of the great crater as though with a partition wall; and from behind its range, vast columns of steam whitened against the dazzling blue of the cloudless sky. We took the intervening barrier at a run, and checked ourselves short at the top: a few steps more would have sent us head-foremost into the Boiling Lake.

A strange sight to see, and not less awful than strange. Fenced in by steep—mostly, indeed, perpendicular—banks, varying from sixty to a hundred feet high, cut out in ash and pumice, the lake rages and roars like a wild beast in its cage; the surface, to which such measurements as we could make assigned about two hundred yards in length by more than half the same amount in breadth, is that of a giant seething cauldron, covered with rapid steam, through which, when the vail is for a moment blown apart by the mountain breeze, appears a confused mass of tossing waves, crossing and clashing in every direction—a chaos of boiling waters. Toward the centre, where the ebullition is at its fiercest, geyser-like masses are being constantly thrown up to the height of several feet, not on one exact spot, but shifting from side to side, each fresh burst being preceded by a noise like that of cannon fired off at some great depth below; while lesser jets often suddenly make their appearance nearer the sides of the lake. What the general depth of the water may be would be difficult to ascertain; but a line stretched out over the edge from the end of a pole indicates a sheer descent of fifty or sixty feet within a couple of yards distance from the shore. The heat of the water, where it beats in seething restlessness on the cliff, is 185° Fahrenheit; we tied a thermometer to a stick, and found the surface temperature at the distance of a few feet further on to be almost 200° Fahrenheit. The height of the lake above the sea is a little over 2,400 feet; an elevation which, at an average atmosphere temperature of 64°, gives the boiling point for water at 207° Fahrenheit, or near it.

The lake is evidently supplied for the most part from springs within its own circuit; but a little stream, formed by the union of two small mountain rivulets, runs down from the heights to the north; the water of the brook is cold, and may contribute somewhat, especially in the rainy season, to the volume of the lake. The addition must, however, be slight; for the highest water-line along the cliffs, marked partly by erosion, partly by a bright yellow band of sulphur deposit, was, at the epoch of our visit, that is, at the conclusion of the dry season in Dominica, only a few inches above the actual water-level; an additional proof that the lake is almost wholly supplied from below. In fact, the principal effect of a heavy rain-shower or an augmented inflow, is said to be a sudden increase in the violence of the surface action, the result, doubtless, of the shock produced by the meeting of such very opposite temperatures.

This torrent, by the stones and earth brought down with it in its descent, has formed a slope which, though steep, permits of a cautious approach to the water's edge; everywhere else the cliffs are absolutely perpendicular; but gradually lessen in height toward the southern extremity, where a gate-like rent has been formed, through which the waters rush out in a scalding torrent, and bear their heat with them far down the mountain-sides, as they seek the Eastern Sea at Mulatto Point. No vegetation, except the dreary Clusia before spoken of, with a dingy kind of moss, and not more cheerful-looking growth of Pitcairnia, exists within the immediate range of the heated sulphureous vapors; but on looking round we see the further background closed in by noble forests, like those we had traversed on our way hither. To the southeast the prospect offers a rapid descent from height to height, each clothed in woods. The island shore itself is hidden from sight by the steep perspective line; but beyond it the calm sea mirror comes in view, and, further yet, the northern extremity of Martinique, its yellowing cane-fields distinctly visible, though more than thirty miles distant, through the pure, transparent atmosphere. Above us was the deep azure of the sky, vailed ever and anon by massive wreaths of steam, that ceaselessly rose in capricious swirls, to be caught up and scattered by the trade-winds, then to reunite in one dense canopy overhead. Seen from a distance, these steam-wreaths form the cloud so often noticed by seafarers as they coast along the southerly shore of Dominica, and look high up to the rugged crest of the Grande Soufrière.

Here we remained, as long as prudence and the mindfulness of the long and difficult route that lay behind us permitted, in wondering delight; tried to walk round the lake along the cliffs, but could not manage it; took measurements; tested the heat of the water; irritated the geyser-like action, where not too far from the margin, by throwing down stones, which were followed, after nearly a minute's interval, by the usual result of a more violent ebullition than customary; and lastly, attempted sketches from several points of view, but found the attempt to be a pursuit of art under difficulties, amid the blinding steam and pungent vapor.

I wish that I had some interesting legend to recount connected with the spot; and for such we curiously inquired, but in vain, from our dusky attendants. No negro, no Carib tradition, adds the wonders of imagination to those of fact; no story of past demi-god or devil, of nymph or neckar, assigns an origin or a history to the lake. Yet superstitious beliefs and tales of all kinds abound among the negroes of Dominica no less than of every other West Indian island; and stories of the kind are often attached to localities and surroundings of much less extraordinary, or, rather, of the most ordinary and prosaic, character. A highway corner, a tree on the village green, a piece of ruined wall, has its "jumby," its "duppy," its apparition, its haunting power; while the deep forest, the mountain cave, the wild ravine, the gloomy hollow, remain untenanted by the creations of preternatural belief. But thus it often is, not in the West Indies nor among negroes only, but under other skies and among other races.

Whether the seeming anomaly tells against the Buckle theory of man's passivity to natural law, or whether it can be accounted for by that very law, and so brought into accordance with the general system of the experimental school, I cannot say; indeed, to investigate a question of so indefinite a character would be not less laborious than unprofitable. But certainly the amount and the quality of local superstition have, in countless instances, nothing to do with the very circumstances to which the philosophers of that school would most readily ascribe their origin and shape. The Egyptian, on his level, uniform strip of plain, beside a river regular as clockwork in its annual variations, and under a sky unvaried by cloud or storm, is brimful of the beliefs we term superstitions; Afreets, Ghouls, Kotrobs, and a hundred other chimeras dire, of names to make even a German orientalist stare and gasp, these are to the natives of the Nile Valley things of every-day occurrence, realities of common life, not so much credited as experienced, witnessed, known. Meanwhile, the Swiss peasant, amid the wildest scenery of mountain and forest, the most varied and startling phenomena of climate and season, has scarcely—except, perhaps, in a manufactured novel—a story of the kind to recount. Russian folklore, that demoniacal menagerie of strange shapes and preternatural existences, has been elaborated amid the most undiversified, the dreariest monotony of scenery that Europe or Asia can afford; while tedious legends of saints and virgins—pale transcripts at most, equally devoid of feeling and of originality—are all that the romantic and awe-inspiring scenery of Spain has produced to the world. Just so, to adduce an oft-noted illustration, the most exquisitely carved and choicely painted images are rarely the objects of popular devotion, or accredited with supernatural power; while the miracles of some hideous, discolored daub, or very commonplace doll, are reckoned by thousands. Either, then, it would seem, the source, the origin, of these strange imaginings is wholly within us ourselves, or, if without us, it is something not to be analyzed or explained by actual sense.

Be this as it may, the Boiling Lake has, for aught that we could discover, remained a mere natural phenomenon for Indians and Creoles, no less than for Europeans, up to the present day; and when we were about, however reluctantly, to take our leave of this wonder-abounding spot, and one of our attendant negroes, turning back, addressed the vaporous gulf with a cabalistic "Salaam-Aleykum" picked up from some African cousin of Mohammedan origin, he gave the first and only expression of superstition aroused by the view.

For ourselves, a more prosaic consideration suggested itself to our minds, as, tired with rambling and scrambling (there is high authority just now for dualistic phrases of the sort, and my readers may pass me this one), we rested ourselves by a little spring, not far from our ajoupa, in a narrow, hill-shaded glen, and drank the chalybeate waters, sparkling with carbonic gas, that welled up at our feet, amid a matted growth of golden fern, wild-flowers and giant moss. What a magnificent sanatorium might not be erected here, beside the waters, sulphureous or ferruginous, of every temperature, every quality, for bath or drink; here, amid the pure cool atmosphere of the heights, an atmosphere that might alone seem a sufficient restorative for impaired health, and strength exhausted by the lowland heats. By the margin of sources absolutely unimportant and inefficient compared to these, the French colonists of Martinique have erected the baths and sanatoriums of the Eaux du Précheur, the Eaux Didier and the Eaux St. Michel; and yet are they not, in this respect, almost outstripped by the Anatolian Turk, who has constructed cupolas and lodging apartments by the side of every *Ilijeh*, or "Healing," as he names the hot mineral springs of his nature-favored land? Have we, then, yet to take sanitary lessons from the Turk? or to learn from the French the right use to be made of the goods the gods provide us?

But it is not man, it is Nature herself, that is here in fault. She has, in the Grande Soufrière and Boiling Lake of Dominica, fenced in her treasures with such rugged barriers, interposed so many obstacles to success, that all the financial resources of the Leeward Confederation, and of the Windward, too—if our Barbadian friends ever permit its formation—would fail to make, not a carriage-road, but even a tolerable bridle-path, from the coast up to these heights.

"Once in a twelvemonth is enough for an expedition like this," was the unanimous verdict of our party when, in the dusk of evening, we at last reached Laudat, and found ourselves with just enough strength remaining to mount our horses and ride slowly down the Roseau Valley, partly illuminated by a crescent moon, and more so by innumerable fireflies, each a living, burning lamp, and re-entered Roseau late on the second night after our departure.

Many others than ourselves will, I hope, in the course of time visit what we visited, and admire what we admired; but none will, I think, enjoy themselves more, or carry away pleasanter recollections, not of scenery and soufrière only, but of cheerful companions and good-fellowship, than it was our fortune to do.

THE PET LAMB.

Some little children once had a pet lamb. They had taken care of it since it was very small. It ran after them, and played with them, and ate from their hands. But one morning, when their lessons were done, and they ran as usual to play with "Snowy," they saw before the door a large, rough-looking boy dragging the little white lamb by a rope around its neck.

"What are you going to do with Snowy?" exclaimed the children, running up to him; "that's *our* lamb."

"It won't do you much good, now you have found her,"

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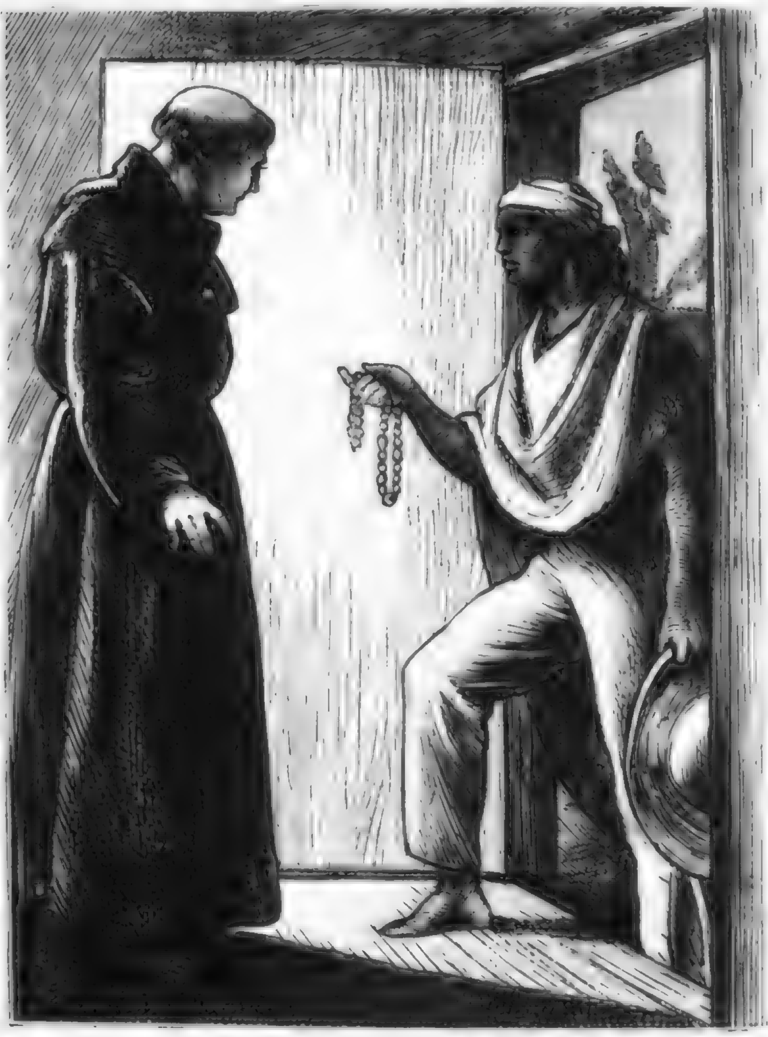


THE FRANCISCAN AND THE INDIAN.—"YOU HAVE DROPPED YOUR ROSARY ON THE WAY, FATHER, AND I HAVE PICKED IT UP."

said the boy. "Master bought her this morning, and I am going to take her to the slaughter-house."

"To the slaughter-house! Kill our Snowy! You sha'n't do it!" cried Ralph, with crimson cheeks and sparkling eyes, while the other children broke out into loud exclamations, putting their arms around Snowy, and trying to snatch the rope out of the lad's hand.

Just then a gentleman came by, and asked what all that noise was about.

"It is our lamb, sir," said Ralph, half choked with trying not to cry. "It is stolen from us, and I'm sure he's going to kill it."

The butcher explained that it had been sold to him.

"Oh, nonsense!" said the gentleman. "There, there, children, stop crying; the lamb shan't be killed this time. Give them the rope; I'll pay your master what he gave for the lamb."

The butcher did not like giving up the lamb at all at first, but the gentleman insisted upon his doing so; and paying him out of his own purse, told the children to take charge of the lamb.

How glad those children were, then! How they hugged poor Snowy, who had been in so much danger, and how they thanked the gentleman for his kindness!

THE FRANCISCAN AND THE INDIAN.

The Indians are said to be aware of the existence of many rich silver-mines in Peru, the situations of which they will not disclose to the whites, just as our Indians are said to conceal the existence of gold. In the village of Huancayo there lived, some years ago, two brothers named Yriarte, who were the most prosperous mine-owners in Peru. Having obtained some information that in the neighboring mountains there were silver veins, they sent a young man in their employment to ascertain the truth.

The agent took up his abode in the cottage of a shepherd, and knowing the jealous character of the Indians, he carefully refrained from alluding to the object of his visit. After a short time an attachment arose between the young man and the shepherd's daughter, and at length he confided to her his desire to know where silver could be found. The girl promised to show him the position of a very rich mine. One day, when she was going out in charge of the sheep, she told him to follow at a distance, and to notice the spot where she would let fall, as if by accident, her mantle. On turning up the earth at that place, she assured him he would find the entrance to a mine.

The young man followed her directions, and, after digging for a little time, he discovered a mine of considerable depth, containing rich ore. Whilst busily engaged in breaking out the metal, he was joined by the girl's father, who affected to be surprised at the discovery, and offered to assist him. After they had worked for some hours, the Indian offered his companion a cup of drink, which the other had no sooner tasted than he felt convinced he had been poisoned. He snatched up the bag containing the metal he had collected, mounted his horse, and galloped off with the utmost speed to Huancayo. There he related to his employers all that had occurred, described as accurately as he could the situation of the mine, and died on the following night. Active measures were immediately taken to apprehend the Indian and his family, but without effect, for they had disappeared, and all trace of the mine were lost.

In Huancayo there resided a Franciscan friar, who was much addicted to gambling, a very common vice in those mining districts. He got into great difficulties in money matters. The Indians in the neighborhood of his dwelling were much attached to him, as he was of a kind and generous disposition, and they frequently sent him presents of poultry, cheese and butter.

One day, after he had been a loser to a considerable amount at the gaming-table, he complained bitterly of his misfortunes to an Indian who was particularly attached to him. After some deliberation the Indian remarked that he might possibly be able to assist him, and on the following evening he brought him a large box full of silver ore. This present was several times repeated, and the friar was curious to find out where the treasure was obtained. He accordingly pressed the Indian so closely that the latter consented to show him the mine from which the silver was produced, and on an appointed night he came, with two of his friends, to the house of the friar. They blindfolded him, and each of them, in turn, carried him on their shoulders a distance of several leagues into the mountain passes. At length they set him down, and the bandage being removed from his eyes, he discovered that he was in a small and somewhat shallow shaft, and was surrounded by bright masses of silver. He was allowed to take away as much as he could carry, and when laden with the rich prize he was again blindfolded, and conveyed back in the same manner as he had been brought to the mine.

Whilst the Indians were conducting him home, he unfastened his rosary, and dropped the beads at intervals along the path, hoping by this means to find his way back to the mine on the following morning; but in the course of an hour or two after reaching his home his Indian friend knocked at the door, and giving him a handful of beads, said: "You dropped your rosary on the way, father, and I have picked it up." You may be sure after this attempt to cheat his generous friends the friar got no more silver from them.

THE LADY ROHESIA.

The Lady Rohesia lay on her death-bed. So said the doctor, and doctors are generally allowed to be judges in these matters; besides, Dr. Butts was the court physician.

"Is there no hope, doctor?" said Beatrice Grey.

"Is there no hope?" said Everard Ingoldsby.

"Is there no hope?" said Sir Guy de Montgomeri. He was the Lady Rohesia's husband; he spoke the last.

The doctor shook his head. He looked at the disconsolate widower *in posse*, then at the hour-glass; its warning sand seemed sadly to shadow forth the sinking pulse of his patient. Dr. Butts was a very learned man. "*Ars longa, vita brevis!*" said Dr. Butts.

"I am very sorry to hear it," quoth Sir Guy de Montgomeri. Sir Guy was a brave knight, and a tall man, but he was no scholar.

"Alas! my poor sister!" sighed Ingoldsby.

"Alas! my poor mistress!" sobbed Beatrice.

Sir Guy neither sighed nor sobbed; his grief was too deep-seated for outward manifestation.

"And how long, doctor——" The afflicted husband could not finish the sentence.

Dr. Butts withdrew his hand from the wrist of the dying lady. He pointed to the horologe; scarcely a quarter of its sand remained in the upper moiety. Again he shook his head; the eye of the patient waxed dimmer—the rattling in the throat increased.

"What's become of Father Francis?" whimpered Beatrice.

"The last consolations of the church," suggested Everard.

A darker shade came over the brow of Sir Guy.

"Where is the confessor?" continued his grieving brother-in-law.

"In the pantry," cried Marion Hacket, pertly, as she tripped down-stairs in search of that venerable ecclesiastic—"in the pantry, I warrant me."

The bower-woman was not wont to be in the wrong—in the pantry was the holy man discovered—at his devotions.

"*Pax vobiscum!*" said Father Francis, as he entered the chamber of death.

"*Vita brevis!*" retorted Dr. Butts.

He was not a man to be browbeat out of his Latin, and by a paltry Friar Minim, too. Had he been a bishop, indeed, or even a mitred abbot—but a miserable Franciscan!

"*Benedicite!*" said the friar.

"*Ars longa!*" returned the leech.

Dr. Butts adjusted the tassels of his falling band, drew his short, sad-colored cloak closer around him; and, grasping his cross-handled walking-staff, stalked majestically out of the apartment.

Father Francis had the field to himself.

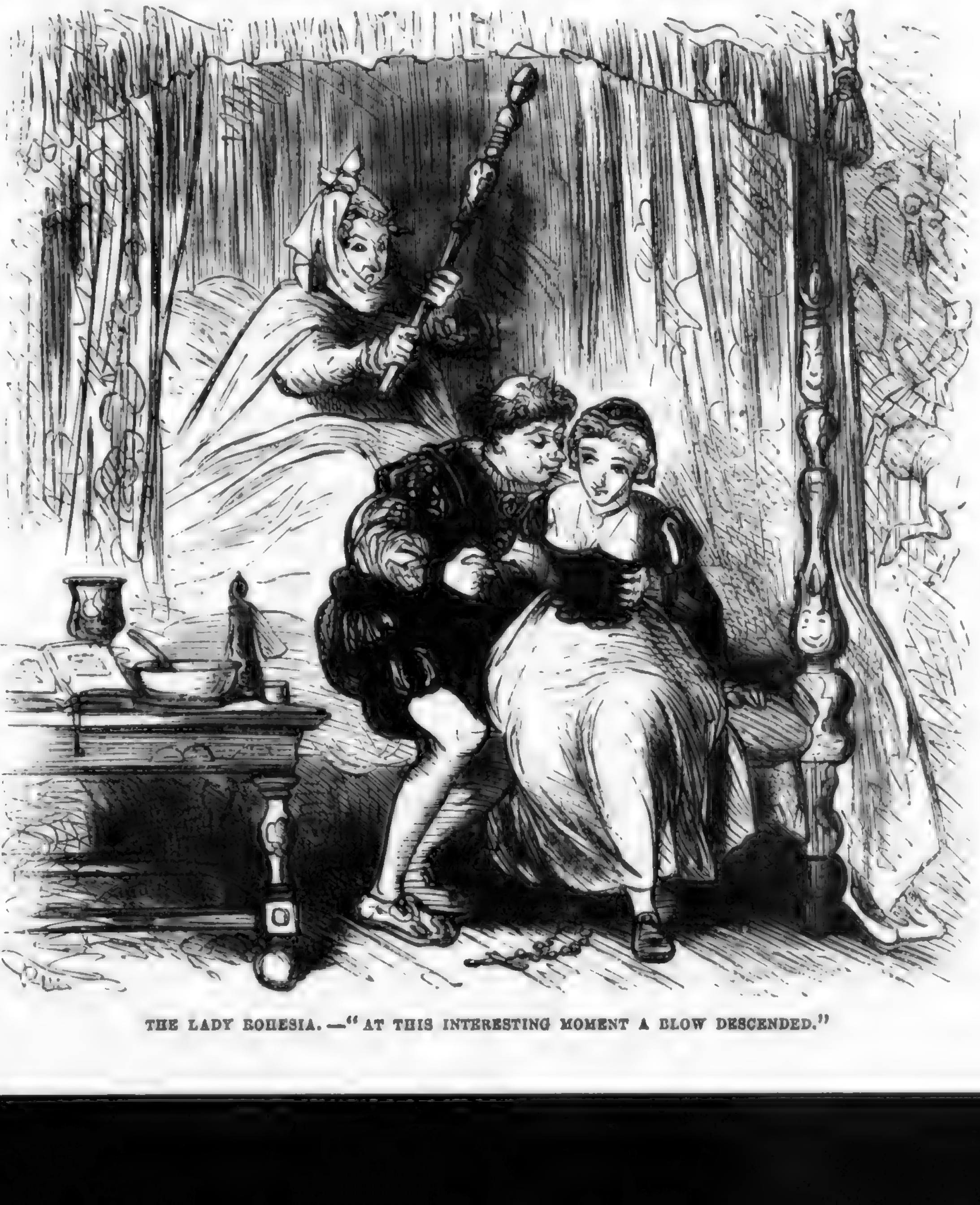
The worthy chaplain hastened to administer the last rites of the church. To all appearance he had little time to lose.

As he concluded, the dismal toll of the passing-bell sounded from the belfry-tower; little Hubert, the bandy-legged sacristan, was pulling with all his might.

The knell seemed to have some effect even upon the Lady Rohesia; she raised her head lightly; inarticulate sounds issued from her lips—inarticulate, that is, to the profane ears of the laity.

Those of Father Francis, indeed, were sharper—nothing, as he averred, could be more distinct than the words, "A thousand marks to the Priory of St. Mary Rounceval."

Now, the Lady Rohesia Ingoldsby had brought her husband broad lands and large possessions; much of her ample dowry, too, was at her own disposal, and nuncupative wills had not yet been abolished.



THE LADY ROHESIA.—"AT THIS INTERESTING MOMENT A BLOW DESCENDED."

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"Pious soul!" ejaculated Father Francis. "A thousand marks, she said——"

"If she did, I'll be shot!" said Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

"A thousand marks," continued the confessor, fixing his cold gray eye upon the knight, as he went on, heedless of the interruption—"a thousand marks, and as many aves and paters shall be duly said as soon as the money is paid down."

Sir Guy shrank from the monk's gaze; he turned to the window, and muttered to himself something that sounded like, "Don't you wish you may get it?"

Father Francis had quitted the room, taking with him the remains of the holy oil he had been using for extreme unction. Everard Ingoldsby waited on him down-stairs.

"A thousand thanks," said the latter.

"A thousand marks," said the friar.

"A thousand devils!" growled Sir Guy de Montgomeri, from the top of the landing-place.

But his accents fell unheeded. His brother-in-law and the friar were gone; he was left alone with his departing lady and Beatrice Grey.

Sir Guy de Montgomeri stood pensively at the foot of the bed; his arms were crossed upon his bosom, his chin was sunk upon his breast; his eyes were filled with tears; the dim rays of the fading watchlight gave a darker shade to the furrows on his brow, and a brighter tint to the little bald patch on the top of his head—for Sir Guy was a middle-aged gentleman, tall and portly withal, with a slight bend in his shoulders, but that not much; his complexion was somewhat florid, especially about the nose; but his lady was *in extremis*, and at this particular moment he was paler than usual.

"Bim! bome!" went the bell.

The knight groaned audibly. Beatrice Grey wiped her eye with her little square apron of lace de Malines; there was a moment's pause—a moment of intense affliction; she let it fall, all but one corner, which remained between her finger and thumb. She looked at Sir Guy, drew the thumb and forefinger of her other hand slowly along its border, till they reached the opposite extremity. She sobbed aloud.

"So kind a lady!" said Beatrice Grey. "So excellent a wife!" responded Sir Guy. "So good!" said the damsel. "So dear!" said the knight. "So pious!" said she. "So humble!" said he. "So good to the poor!" "So capital a manager!" "So punctual at matins!" "Dinner dished to a moment!" "So devout!" said Beatrice. "So fond of me!" said Sir Guy. "And of Father Francis!" "What on earth do you mean by that?" demanded Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

The knight and the maiden had rung their antiphonic changes on the fine qualities of the departing lady, like the strophe and antistrophe of a Greek play.

The cardinal virtues once disposed of, her minor excellencies came under review.

She would drown a witch, drink lamb's wool at Christmas, beg Dominie Dump's boys a holiday, and dine upon sprats on Good Friday.

A low moan from the subject of these eulogies seemed to intimate that the enumeration of her good deeds was not altogether lost on her—that the parting spirit felt and rejoiced in the testimony.

"She was too good for earth," continued Sir Guy.

"Ye—ye—yes!" sobbed Beatrice.

"I did not deserve her," said the knight.

"No—o—o—o!" cried the damsel.

"Not but that I made her an excellent husband, and a kind; but she is going, and—and—where, or when, or how—shall I get such another!"

"Not in broad England—not in the whole wide world!" responded Beatrice Grey—"that is, not just such another!"

Her voice still faltered, but her accents, on the whole, were more articulate.

She dropped the corner of her apron, and had recourse to her handkerchief; in fact, her eyes were getting red—and so was the tip of her nose.

Sir Guy was silent; he gazed for a few moments steadfastly on the face of his lady.

The single word "Another!" fell from his lips like a distant echo. It is not often that the viewless nymph repeats more than is necessary.

"Bim! bome!" went the bell. Bandy-legged Hubert had been tolling for half an hour. He began to grow tired, and St. Peter fidgety.

"Beatrice Grey," said Sir Guy de Montgomeri, "what's to be done? What's to become of Montgomeri Hall? and the buttery? and the servants? And what—what's to become of me, Beatrice Grey?" There was pathos in his tones, and a solemn pause succeeded. "I'll turn monk myself," said Sir Guy.

"Monk?" said Beatrice.

"I'll be a Carthusian," repeated the knight, but in a tone less assured.

He relapsed into a reverie. Shave his head! He did not so much mind that—he was getting rather bald already—but beans for dinner, and those without butter! and then, a horse-hair shirt!

The knight seemed undecided. His eye roamed gloomily around the apartment; it paused upon different objects but as if it saw them not; its sense was shut, and there was no speculation in its glance. It rested at last upon the fair face of the sympathizing damsel at his side, beautiful in her grief.

Her tears had ceased, but her eyes were cast down and mournfully fixed upon her delicate little foot, which was beating the devil's tattoo.

There is no talking to a female when she does not look at you.

Sir Guy turned round; he seated himself on the edge of the bed, and, placing his hands beneath the chin of the lady, turned up her face in an angle of fifteen degrees.

"I don't think I shall take the vows, Beatrice; but what's to become of me? Poor, miserable, old—that is, poor, miserable, middle-aged—man that I am! No one to comfort—no one to care for me!"

Beatrice's tears flowed afresh, but she opened not her lips.

"'Pon my life!" continued he, "I don't believe there is a creature now would care a button if I were hanged tomorrow!"

"Oh, don't say so, Sir Guy!" sighed Beatrice; "you know there's—there's Master Everard, and—Father Francis——"

"Pish!" cried Sir Guy, testily.

Another pause ensued; the knight had released her chin and taken her hand. It was a pretty little hand, with long, taper fingers and filbert-formed nails; and the softness of the palm said little for its owner's industry.

"Sit down, my dear Beatrice," said the knight, thoughtfully; "you must be fatigued with your long watching. Take a seat, my child."

Sir Guy did not relinquish her hand, but he sidled along the counterpane, and made room for his companion between himself and the bedpost.

Now, this is a very awkward position for two people to be placed in, especially when the right hand of the one holds the right hand of the other. In such an attitude,

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what the deuce can the gentleman do with his left? Sir Guy closed his till it became an absolute fist, and his knuckles rested on the bed, a little in the rear of his companion.

"Another!" repeated Sir Guy, musing—"if, indeed, I could find such another!"

He was talking to his thoughts, but Beatrice Grey answered him:

"There's Madame Fitzfoozle."

"A frump!" said Sir Guy.

"Or the Lady Bumbarton."

"With her hump!" muttered he.

"There's the Dowager——"

"Stop—stop!" said the knight; "stop one moment!"

He paused; he was all on the tremble; something seemed rising in his throat, but he gave a great gulp and swallowed it.

"Beatrice," said he, "what think you of"—his voice sank into a seductive softness—"what think you of—Beatrice Grey?"

The murder was out—the knight felt infinitely relieved; the knuckles of his left hand unclosed spontaneously, and the arm he had felt such a difficulty in disposing of found itself, nobody knows how, all at once encircling the jimp waist of the pretty Beatrice.

The young lady's reply was expressed in three syllables: "Oh, Sir Guy!"

The words might be somewhat indefinite, but there was no mistaking the look.

Their eyes met; Sir Guy's left arm contracted itself spasmodically. When the eyes meet—at least, as theirs met—the lips are very apt to follow the example. The knight had taken one long, loving kiss. Nectar and ambrosia! He thought on Dr. Butts and his "*repetatur haustus*"—a prescription Father Francis had taken infinite pains to translate for him. He was about to repeat it, but the dose was interrupted *in transitu*.

It has been hinted already that there was a little round, polished patch on the summit of the knight's pericranium, from which his locks had gradually receded—a sort of oasis, or, rather, a Mont Blanc in miniature, rising above the highest point of vegetation. It was on this little spot, undefended alike by art and nature, that at this interesting moment a blow descended, such as we must borrow a term from the Sister Island adequately to describe—it was a "whack."

Sir Guy started upon his feet; Beatrice Grey started upon hers, but a single glance to the rear reversed her position—she fell upon her knees and screamed.

The knight, too, wheeled about, and beheld a sight which might have turned a bolder man to stone.

It was she—the all but defunct Rohesia. There she sat, bolt upright! her eyes no longer glazed with the film of impending dissolution, but scintillating, like flint-and-steel; while in her hand she grasped the bed-staff, a weapon of mickle might, as her husband's bloody coxcomb could now well testify.

Words were yet wanting, for the quinsy, which her rage had broken, still impeded her utterance; but the strength and rapidity of her guttural intonations augured well for her future eloquence.

Sir Guy de Montgomeri stood for a while like a man distraught; this resurrection—for such it seemed—had quite overpowered him.

"A husband ofttimes makes the best physician," says the proverb; he was a living personification of its truth. Still, it was whispered, he had been content with Dr. Butts; but his lady was restored to bless him for many years. Heavens, what a life he led!

Years rolled on. The improvement of Lady Rohesia's temper did not keep pace with that of her health; and one fine morning Sir Guy de Montgomeri was seen to enter the *porte-cochère* of Durham House, at that time the town residence of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Nothing more was ever heard of him; but a boat-full of adventurers was known to have dropped down with the tide that evening to Deptford Hope, where lay the good ship *Darling*, commanded by Captain Kemyss, who sailed next morning on the Virginia voyage.

A brass plate, some eighteen inches long, may yet be seen in Denton chancel, let into a broad slab of Bethersden marble; it represents a lady kneeling, in her wimple and hood; her hands are clasped in prayer, and beneath is an inscription in the characters of the age:

> "Praie for ye sowle of ye Ladye Royse,
> And for alle Christen sowles."

The date is illegible; but it appears that she survived King Henry VIII., and that the dissolution of monasteries had lost St. Mary Rounceval her thousand marks.

THE METAMORPHOSES OF THE SESIA.

The *Sesiidæ*, although moths, fly in the hottest sunshine, and often rest on trees and shrubs, in order to lay their small round eggs. The caterpillars have an elongate and almost cylindrical body, and they live in the interior of the trunks of trees, of branches, roots, and even in some fruits. Pale, and almost without the least color, like beings which never see the light, there is no difficulty in determining that they are wood-eating larvæ.

One of these wasp-like moths is called the bee-shaped Sesia (*Sesia apiformis*), and it may be seen flying to and fro amongst the poplars by the riverside, or running with much agility upon their trunks. This moth, which is classified by Mr. Stainton under the genus *Sphecia*, lays its eggs on the bark of poplar trees, low down and near the ground. When the caterpillars are hatched they gnaw the bark, and each endeavors to penetrate the tree by excavating a tiny gallery. The larvæ live a long time, and drill holes of a considerable size, doing much harm to the trees. They are enabled to do this quietly and effectually, for instead of only living for a few weeks before their metamorphosis into the chrysalis, and having jaws fitted for browsing the tender shoots and leaves, their caterpillar life lasts over two years, and their masticating apparatus is strong, and admirably fitted for its purpose. It is very remarkable that they should only flourish upon those trees which have been injured; and it would appear that the abundance of the sap of perfect and healthy poplars is too much for the excavators.

An examination of the caterpillar proves how admirably it is adapted for its peculiar method of life, and how perfectly helpless it would be upon a tender, succulent plant. The legs are smaller than those of most other larvæ, for, had they been larger, they would have been in the way in the narrow excavated gallery. the membranous feet also are short, and are not calculated to grasp, but they can adhere strongly to a large surface, and their spines form a complete crown. The head of the larva is covered with a reddish and hard integument, so as to allow a solid foundation for the action of the jaws in grinding the dense tissue of the tree. Curiously enough, the labrum, or lip, is not notched as it is in the leaf-eaters, and this fact proves the design that has influenced the development of all the other structures. The body has a soft skin, and is

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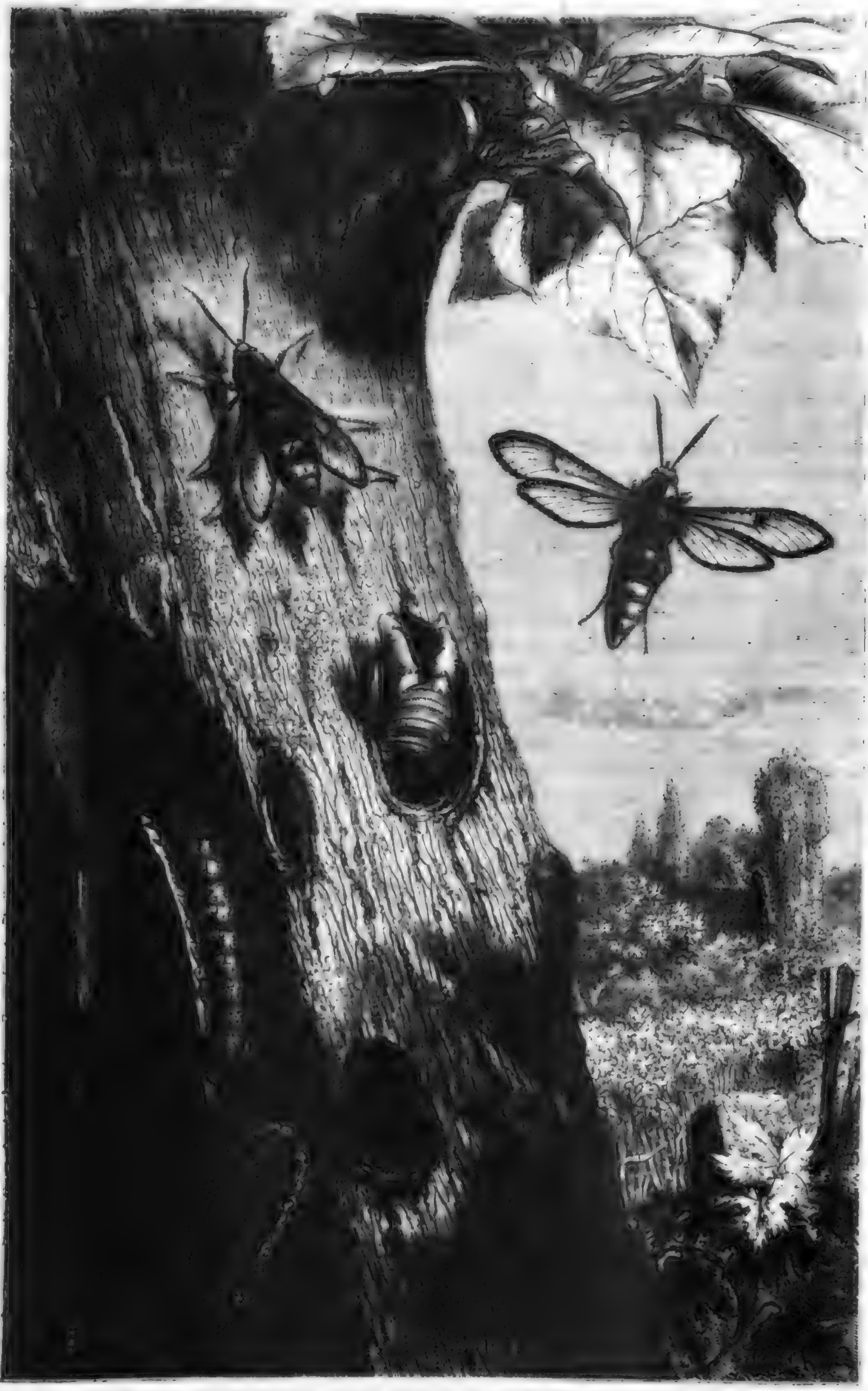
covered with tubercles and a few hairs, which render the larva very sensitive to the touch.

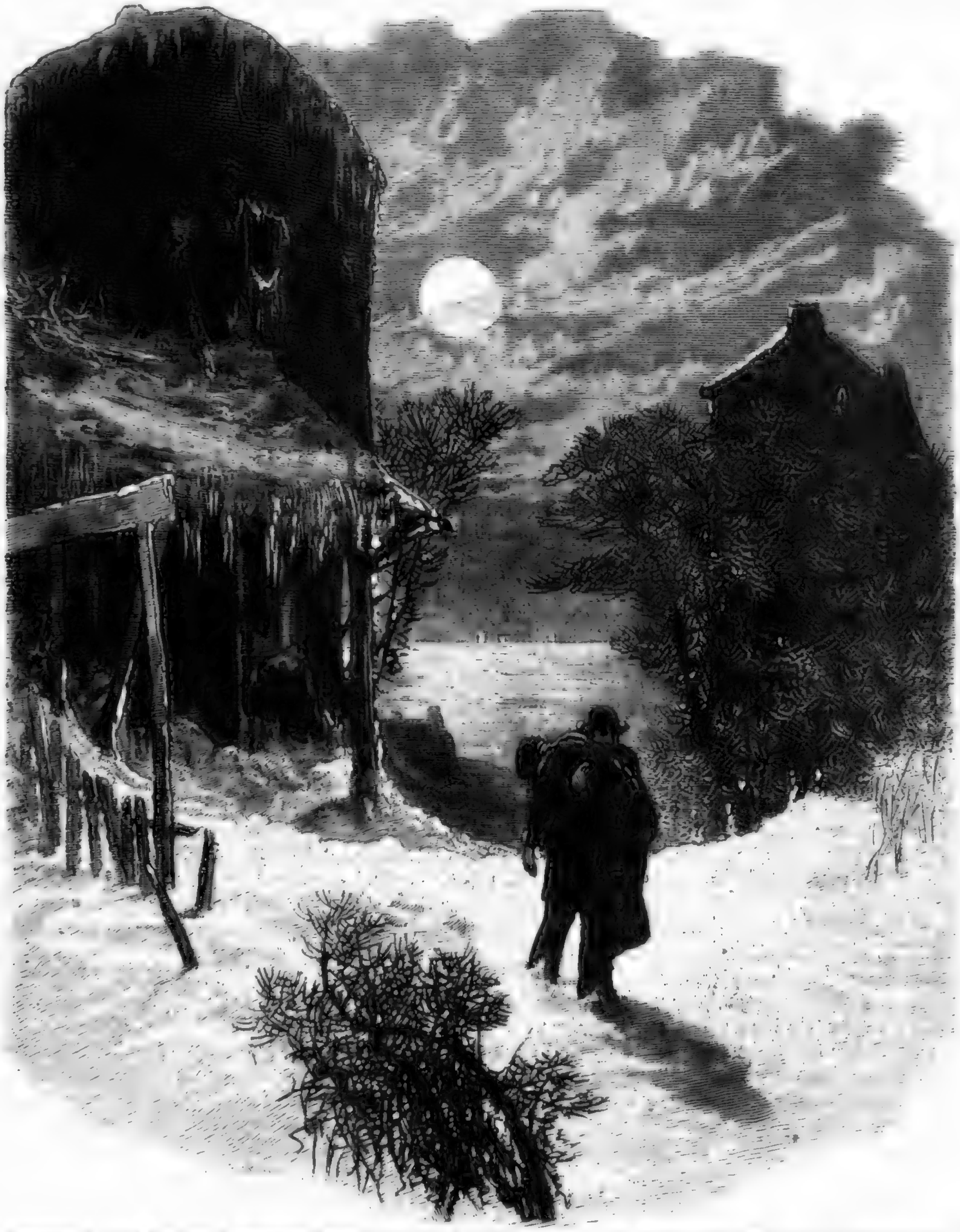
The caterpillar produces a small quantity of silk, but not enough to make a comfortable resting-place for the chrysalis, so it utilizes the saw-dust which has accumulated during the process of tunneling and drilling, and forms a comfortable and silken cocoon within, and covers it with the dust outside. The chrysalis resembles those of the other moths in certain respects, but it has an armature which is not merely an ornament, but a most useful mechanism, for it helps the pupa to crawl.

Immediately after the transformation into the moth state, the life of the perfect insect is more or less endangered, for in traversing the gallery made when it was a caterpillar, it might be severely scratched, and its wings spoiled. But the enveloping skin of the chrysalis, with its spines and sharp points, acts like a suit of armor to the *Sesia*, which has just got its legs into the world. The insect drags its body slowly along, and finally reaches the open air, and extricates itself and flies away, leaving the skin behind stuck in the hole. In the engraving of the metamorphoses of *Sesia apiformis*, the moth on the tree has just escaped from the chrysalis-case in the hole below. A larva is shown in its gallery, and two cocoons also.



THE METAMORPHOSES OF THE SESIA.

Many places in America are called after the ecclesiastical seasons during which they were discovered. Thus, though Archbishop Trench thinks Florida gained its name from its "flowers," others, with more reason, consider it so called because discovered on Easter Sunday, or "Pascua Florida," from the flowers with which the churches are then decked. Dominica, or Dominique, tells us in its name that it was discovered on "Dies Dominica," that is, Sunday; and Natal, in Africa, was first seen by Europeans on Christmas Day—*Dies Natalis.* The Virgin Isles, almost numberless, are said to have been discovered on the day sacred to St. Ursula and her eleven thousand martyred virgins; and the town of St. Augustine, the oldest in the United States, the islands of St. Helena and Ascension, the River St. Lawrence, and many other places, reveal in their names the day of their discovery. In fact, where maps survive, but the explorer's written report cannot be found, his route along our coast often can be traced by means of the ecclesiastical calendar, showing day by day his progress north or south.



BABY'S CHRISTMAS.—"HE RAPIDLY DIVESTED HIMSELF OF HIS HEAVY OVERCOAT, AND, ENVELOPING THE POOR WRETCH IN ITS AMPLE FOLDS, RAISED HIM TENDERLY IN HIS ARMS."

BABY'S CHRISTMAS.

By Surrey Wyatt.

CHAPTER I.—BABY FINDS SOMETHING.

Baby? A wee thing, with chubby face, dimpled cheeks, great round eyes, and little fat, pink feet and hands?

Well, no. *That* baby is known and loved the world over, and needs no chronicle. *Our* Baby occupies a narrower sphere of affection and usefulness, which is circumscribed by the limits of a certain New England city. He stands six feet two in his stockings, straight as a Norway pine, weighs over two hundred pounds, and wears the uniform of the City Police.

Yes, "Baby" is a policeman, the pet of "the force," and one of its most efficient members, notwithstanding his herculean proportions; indeed, it was quite a common thing to hear the remark with reference to that feature—"Well, he's the quickest man for a 'heavy-weight' *I* ever saw!"

Yet, despite his possession of such formidable attributes, Baby was the gentlest, best-natured and kindest-hearted creature in the world, and, withal, one of the jolliest.

To the world outside of Police Station 99 he was Officer Blakeslee. To his brother-officers and a few friends besides, he was simply "Baby." Motives of affection alone had prompted the name, Joe Blakeslee well knew; and not

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being over-sensitive, he never had raised an objection. Everybody seemed to know and love the great, burly policeman, go where he might. Even the street-urchins, whose highest delight, apparently, is to harry and annoy the "cops" as their natural enemies, forbore to attempt anything of the kind on him—as much from genuine affection as fear. Joe never misused them, or interfered with their sports, nor did he needlessly rout them out from the odd nooks and corners abounding along his beat, wherein they found free lodgings during the pleasant nights of the year.

Those customary resorts were now long since abandoned. Such freezing weather as was ushering in the Christmas-tide had driven their late denizens to seek other haunts—heaven knows whither!

Joe glanced at more than one of these deserted sanctuaries as he slowly pursued his round this bitterly cold Christmas Eve, gave a compassionate thought to the poor vagrants, and hoped they were all well housed and well fed.

He had passed the region of shops and dwellings, and was traversing the loneliest part of his beat—an outlying strip of low, waste land, whereon the snow lay white and untrodden, as it had fallen a day or two ago.

Booh! how the cold east wind blew in over the water. The few ships far out in the offing looked like ghosts of ships in the faint moonlight. Every object within the range of his view had a ghostly appearance; the old lime-shed standing solitary and alone on the edge of the marsh —a favorite bunking-place for the boys of the North Cove —with its snow-covered roof and the great gaps in its walls, was a fitting element in this cheerless, wintry picture.

Thus Joe Blakeslee's vision and thoughts; and then the latter took another turn, or, rather, they reverted to a subject which had become of late one of absorbing interest. The question to be decided was: Would he, or would he not, to-morrow—Christmas Day—ask Widow Mary Jennings to be his wife? Joe's reflections ran something in this wise:

"I've been gone dead in love with Mary ever since her husband—poor, shiftless Tom Jennings—got lost at sea. I always knew *I* wa'n't fit for such a sweet, pretty, noble little woman! I felt it couldn't be *my* luck to get such a prize. And I knew just as well at first, as I know certain sure this minute, that she's never forgotten Tom—bless her faithful little heart!—and cherishes his memory just as fondly to-day as in the first flush of her grief at his death. That's why I could never just make up my mind to ask her to marry me. But she's wearing herself out with the struggle to feed and clothe the family, and she's too independent to let anybody help her. Then there's the two children, Rosie and Tommie."

Joe here became lost in a perfect tangle of thought, from the meshes of which he suddenly extricated himself, as it were, by bringing his fist down on the fence-rail with an emphatic thump that resounded far and wide in the still, frosty air.

"The long and short of it is," continued Joe, aloud, this time, "they all oughter have a protector. Yes, I'll put it in that light—*not* ask her to love me as I love her. *Love* her! Why, I worship the very ground she walks on, and I always used to think that kind of talk mere moonshine; but it ain't, a bit. *I* know there's meaning to it! I'll just say—yes, by mighty! I *will* ask her to-morrow, as sure as——"

Joe Blakeslee finishes his thought mentally, and springs over the railing as eagerly as if he had perceived a jewel glistening in the snow on the other side. What he has discovered is nothing but a foot-track, a long line, tending from the spot where he is standing straight to the old lime-shed door. Possibly his eye had been following this trace unheedingly during his soliloquy, and some peculiarity about it, of which he had become suddenly conscious, had aroused his professional vigilance.

"Of course it's all bosh," he muttered. "Nobody can be there."

Briskly striding across the intervening space, resolved at any rate to settle his doubts, Joe paused for a second at the doorless entrance of the shed and peered among the rubbish with which the place was plentifully strewn, but started back in sudden horror as he saw what appeared to be a human figure crouched in a heap in the furthest corner.

A strange place, and a stranger condition, for a human being to be found in, truly, in a Christian land, on such a bitterly cold night, and, of all nights of the year, on Christmas Eve!

So said Joe to himself, as, having with a bound gained the side of the figure, he bent over it to see if, indeed, amidst the wretched rags which served as an apology for vestments, there yet existed an animated creature.

As if to reassure him on this point, the figure turned its head and fixed upon him a look from eyes so weird and unearthly, set, as they were, in a face whose extreme pallor and emaciation was so absolutely frightful to behold, that the policeman involuntarily started back a step or two.

"Wha' d'ye want?"

The voice was feeble and querulous.

"Want!" repeated the other. "I want you to get up out o' this. Why, man alive! what in the name of common sense are you doing here? Don't you know it's the coldest night of the season, and——"

"What if it is?" returned the voice from the bundle of rags, with a sudden energy. "And why shouldn't I know it? What have I been doin' here since sunset, do you s'pose? Not learning that it's the *warmest* night of the season, have I? Oh, get out!"

The vagrant once more huddled his rags about him, curling himself up into the smallest possible compass, and turned his face away.

"Sha'n't do anything of the kind," said Joe, doggedly. "It's 'gainst orders to let anybody freeze to death on *my* beat. Come, you're a dead man if you stay here."

"S'pose I want to die?" said the vagrant, once more turning those terrible eyes, with the expression so like a hunted animal, toward the policeman. "You don't think I crawled in here to *live*, do you? Get out, please, and lemme alone. It's an easy way of dyin', and an easy death's better than a hopeless life. Come, are you going?"

"Not by a darned sight!" exclaimed Joe, emphatically. "Now, just stir your stumps, old man, and get ready to get out o' this yourself. You've got to come with me; and you ain't going to die, neither, if *I* can help it."

But the vagrant only stared at him, as if unable to comprehend the purport of his words. Indeed, he seemed to be in a sort of dazed state, from which, for the moment only, he had been roused, as if the stupor which exposure to extreme cold produces had already settled down upon his senses.

Perceiving this, the policeman rapidly divested himself of his heavy overcoat, and, meeting with little resistance, enveloped the poor wretch in its ample folds, and raised him tenderly in his arms.

"Now, I want to tell you 'fore we start," said Joe, addressing his captive in an admonishing tone, such as one might use to a fretful child, "that I'm a mighty hard-riding hoss; and if you want to have a tolerably easy five minutes' canter, just you sit still as a baby in a jumper, or mebbe you'll get jumped up in a way to spoil your stomach for that nice hot supper I'm going to give you in less'n no time."

And so saying, without further parley, the policeman darted out of the shed, and, gaining the street, ran swiftly in the direction of the police-station, unheeding the curious glances that were cast upon him, and carrying his strange burden as easily, to all appearances, as if he had been merely a good-sized doll.

But three or four officers were on duty at the station-house as Joe Blakeslee came bursting into the ward-room.

"Hullo, Baby!" cried one of them, the others gathering around; "what the deuce *have* you got now?"

Baby answered in a few words while placing the vagrant in a comfortable position upon a settee in the warmest part of the room, having first wrapped him in a blanket in exchange for his overcoat—the man, meanwhile, suffering the operation passively, while staring around the room, or glancing furtively at the group of officers with those weird eyes, as if at a loss what to make of his surroundings, but never once opening his mouth to speak.

"Now, boys," said Joe, hastily putting on his overcoat, for he suddenly remembered that he must transact a little matter of business on his own account before the time for the closing of the stores, "if one of you'll see this poor fellow has a plate of hot soup and a cup of coffee, as I've promised him, it'll oblige me much. He wants grub more'n medicine, according to *my* thinking. And after you've got away with your supper, old man," he added, turning to the vagrant, "they'll give you a nice, good bunk and plenty o' blankets, and you can just snooze away as comfortable as a bug in a rug. That'll be better than the old lime-shed, eh?"

The vagrant made no response; but words never spoke the language of gratitude more eloquently than did the expression of those strange eyes. The policeman understood it well, and, turning away with a few kind words, he hastened back to his beat.

It was now close upon ten o'clock, but the streets were alive with throngs of people, who were hurrying along, or gazing at the brilliant displays of the shop-windows, or besieging the well-piled counters within.

Joe paused at a toy and confectionery store, about the windows of which were congregated a group of tatterdemalions of both sexes, who were gazing wistfully at the tempting parade of toys and sweets within. Some of their prattle about the things, and the bursts of wonder and delight as one or another drew the attention of the rest to some newly discovered objects of childish appreciation, coming to his ears as he entered the store, went to his very heart.

He made several purchases—a huge doll, a horse and wagon, a Noah's ark, picture-books, numberless "horns of plenty," many-colored and bursting with their sweets, and a great package of assorted candies.

Widow Jennings occupied rooms on the third floor of a large wooden tenement house, whither Joe Blakeslee now directed his steps. Joe accurately described Mrs. Jennings when he said that she was a "sweet, noble little woman." Something more than five years before, her husband, in a reckless moment, had shipped for a whaling voyage to the South Sea. The first intimation his wife received of his purpose was a letter, written on shipboard, inclosing his advance-pay, in which he bade her be of good cheer, stating that he believed he had done what was best, that it was the only thing left for him to do, and assuring her that only the fear of his resolution being weakened had prevented him from acquainting her with his design before retreat became impossible.

Within six months afterward news came that the *Dolphin* had foundered, but few of the crew being saved. Tom Jennings's name not appearing among the list of survivors, Mrs. Jennings had, by her own exertions, managed to keep her family together thus far, and provide for them at least decently.

Joe Blakeslee was greeted with a triumphal shout from Rosie and Tommie—the former, a bewitching little maiden of twelve, the other a roguish, bright-eyed little man of seven—both of whom came running to admit him in answer to his familiar knock.

"Oh! you dear, good Baby!" exclaimed Rosie, who, as an especial favorite, and a somewhat self-willed little miss withal, was permitted to take all sorts of liberties with Joe. "You dear, good Baby! Now, I know you've got something real nice and pretty in one of those great bundles for me. Oh, ma! *Do* come quick and see the bundles!"

Mrs. Jennings came in from an adjoining room at the summons, while Joe was discharging his cargo, as he phrased it—meaning thereby the contents of his arms and pockets—upon the table. She came directly to him and held out her hand.

"Joe," she said—how he started at the sound of the familiar name from her lips! Never before, since the news of her husband's death, had she called him anything but plain "Mr. Blakeslee." His face flushed, and his heart beat faster than its wont with pleasure and surprise. "Joe," she repeated, "you are the best man on the face of the earth!"

Joe had hung his head rather sheepishly at this unqualified praise, and when he lifted it up again she had turned partially away.

"Not quite all that, Mary," he answered, with some awkwardness. "But I'm pleased if you—if you—that is, I want you to think, of course, that I ain't quite a bad sort of fellow."

"I shall think much more than that of you, Joe."

"You see," he went on, "I told the children that I would bring 'em some presents—of course, I always do, and like to—and they expected 'em. So I s'pose——"

"It is not the children's presents I have in mind, Joe Blakeslee," she said. "I am thinking of the cart-load of things that came here day before yesterday, and the note accompanying them, written in such a wonderfully disguised hand, and signed 'a respectable, elderly gentleman of means.' That was very artful, Joe; very artful."

Joe affected the utmost bewilderment at this insinuation that it was possible for his honest countenance to express, knowing it to be a sham and a fraud all the time.

"And the other things that came to-day, Joe; the turkey and the ducks, and——"

"Now, look a-here, Mrs. Jennings," said Joe, getting up and walking the floor with an assumption of great heat and bluster, "I don't know, and won't pretend to know, what you're driving at. I deny *in toto* everything about it. If some benevolent old fellow has found out that one of the dearest and patientest little women in the world is wasting herself away, and toiling herself to death because she won't let any of her friends give her a helping hand, and has just opened his heart in remembrance of Him whose blessed memory hallows and consecrates this happy Christmas season, all I've got to say is that he might put his money to a worse use, that's all! As for me," continued Joe, "I tell you again that I don't know nothing about it, and I'm bound to stick to that through thick and thin!"

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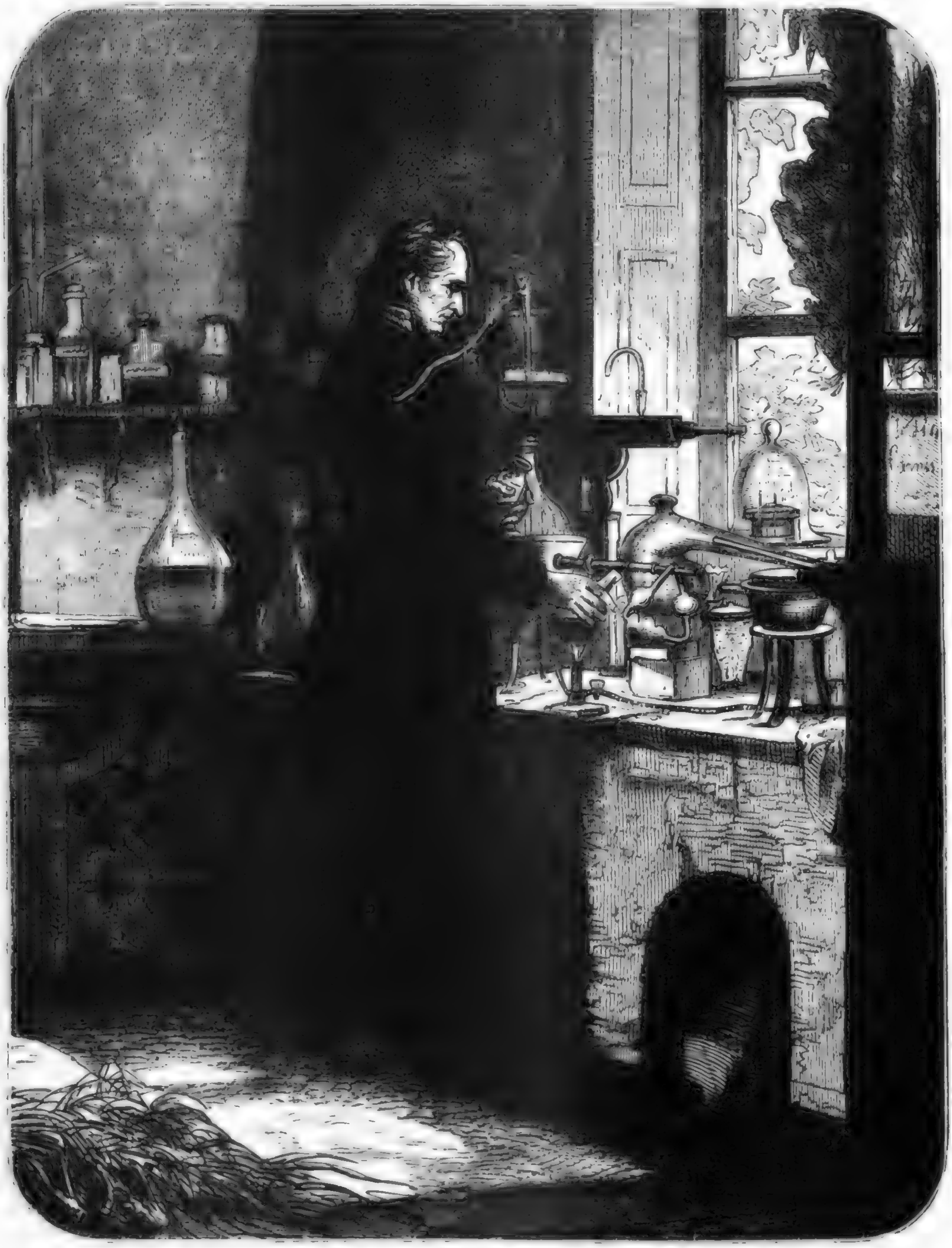
Of course she did not believe a word of it! Of course she knew that the flour and sugar and raisins, the packages without number that came two days before, and the mammoth turkey and the ducks that were sent with the same myth about the "elderly gentleman," etc., etc., pinned upon them—of course she knew that Joe Blakeslee's money paid for them, every one. His very absence was enough to confirm it, even if his manner now were not sufficient proof.



LIEBIG IN HIS LABORATORY.—SEE PAGE 119.

With an almost inarticulate excuse she left the room, the children immediately falling upon Joe as their natural and legitimate prey. It was a sight to see how they clambered upon him, and pulled his hair and whiskers, and dived into his great pockets and investigated the contents of his wallet—now, alas! at a pretty low ebb—and made sad havoc with his watch, and played all manner of tricks upon the great, hulking fellow, who, indeed, enjoyed it all hugely. Mrs. Jennings soon returned, and Joe rose to go.

"You will dine with us to-morrow, Joseph?" she said. Joe noticed how very quietly she spoke, although struggling with some strong emotion.

"Why, if I thought it wouldn't put you out a bit," he replied, somewhat hesitatingly; "and you really wanted me to——"

"I wish you to come very much, Joseph," she interrupted, earnestly. "We shall all depend upon it."

"Why, in *that* case, Mary," said Joe, heartily, as he opened the door to go out, "you can count on me, sure. That is," he added, laughingly, "if nothing happens to prevent."

CHAPTER II.

TOM JENNINGS'S SHIPMATE.

AFTER Blakeslee had left the police-station, the officers fell to talking good-naturedly about Joe and Mrs. Jennings. They had forgotten the vagrant completely, until their attention was drawn toward him by hearing the iron spoon with which he was eating his soup fall to the floor with a clang. Then they saw that he was looking at them with a bewildered, half terrified expression.

"What ails you, man?" asked one of the policemen.

"I thought I heard a name that sounded familiar like," said the vagrant, very slowly, as if speaking to himself. "I had once a shipmate by that name," he added, his strange, weird eyes closing dreamily.

"What? Blakeslee?"

The vagrant roused himself and looked up at the other.

"Blakeslee?" he repeated. "Who is Blakeslee? Oh, I remember; the policeman that brought me here," he added, with sudden animation. "He's a good man—a very good man, I should think."

"And you won't be far out in your reckoning, neither. Baby's *about* as good a fellow as they make in these parts."

"Oh! why did he not let me die, then?" exclaimed the vagrant, with a passionate outburst. "Oh! why did he not let me die?"

"Because he's not that sort," returned the policeman. "Come," he added, "don't talk o' dying. I s'pose you've had a hard run o' luck, but it's no use giving up the ship just when she's sighted port. I've been a bit of a sailor myself, you see. What did you say was the name of your shipmate?"

"Tom Jennings."

This unexpected answer aroused curiosity.

They plied the vagrant with eager questions, showing their concern in whatever pertained to Tom Jennings.

He told them that Tom Jennings had been his chum on the ship *Dolphin*, a New Bedford whaler. He had seen Jennings washed overboard before the ship went down. The jolly-boat, containing himself and a few others, had at length been picked up.

"Tom had a presentiment that he should not outlast the cruise," the vagrant added. "He charged me, if ever I got home, to find his Mary and give her his love; and, 'Jack Bryant,' says Tom, 'tell her that if ever any true man wants to marry her, tell her, with my blessing, not to say him nay. She's had a hard time of it, Jack,' he says, 'ever since she married me, and I could die happy if I knew that her hardships were over.'"

He rose to his feet as he uttered the last words.

"Perhaps some of you, gentlemen," he said, looking furtively at them, "will kindly take poor Tom's message to his Mary, that is, if she is the one you were talking about. I'm obliged for your kindness, and please say the same to—to Mr. Blakeslee. I—I didn't know exactly where I was until a few minutes ago. I fear that I've been in something of a dream, for, oh! how long—heaven only knows how long!"

As he finished speaking he tottered toward the door; but they quickly intercepted him.

"Let me go, please," he said, plaintively. "I didn't know where I was. I *cannot* stay here any longer."

"What the deuce ails the man?" exclaimed one of the officers, as he led him back to the settee. "Where would

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you go this freezing cold night?" he continued. "I never knew a tramp quarrel with these quarters before, unless he had committed some misdeed or other."

The vagrant looked on all sides like a trapped animal, while the expression of his countenance deepened into one of absolute terror.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet, and tried to clutch from the hand of the officer, who had just picked it up, a sailor's sealskin pouch.

"Give me that!" he cried, fiercely; "it is mine!" and then, as the officer dexterously eluded him, his manner changed.

"Don't open it—don't look at what's inside," he piteously begged, sinking back upon the settee.

But his anxiety had aroused suspicion.

"Now, don't you be alarmed," said the officer. "If the thing contains neither stolen property nor evidence of any crime, it will be returned to you all right. But first it will have to undergo examination."

And so saying, the policeman proceeded into another apartment, almost immediately returning with the lieutenant of the station.

Lieutenant Brown found within the sealskin pouch two compactly folded papers, much worn and soiled.

As he opened one of these papers and perceived its character, he gave the vagrant a searching look.

"Are you the John Bryant mentioned in this document?"

The vagrant nodded his head.

His agitation was now so extreme that the officer asked him, with severity:

"Have you committed some new crime, John Bryant, that your conscience thus disturbs you?"

The vagrant sprang erect at the lieutenant's words.

"Crime!" he repeated; but the fierce emotion choked his utterance, and again he resumed his seat, and bowed his head upon his hands.

On unfolding the second paper, the lieutenant uttered an exclamation which drew the other officers immediately to his side.

"This is too bad, boys," he said; "we've wronged the poor devil. I now fully recall the circumstances of his case, though it happened in another State; and you will do so in a moment. Listen: This John Bryant was a sailor, and, as sailors will do, you know, he took a drop too much, and got into a dispute with the saloon-keeper, who put him out of his place, together with two or three others who were drunk enough to be quarrelsome. The facts are all enumerated in this deposition which I hold in my hand. The saloon-keeper's place was set on fire that night. The real culprits, to save themselves, fastened the crime upon John Bryant, who, by their false oaths, was convicted and sentenced to State prison for life. He passed over three years there. Just think of it, boys!—an innocent man! At last one of the perjurers, conscience-stricken and on his death-bed, makes a deposition, of which this paper is a certified copy, and John Bryant is *pardoned.*

"As to this other paper," continued the lieutenant, "you can see that it is a duplicate executive pardon. But mark the conditions under which John Bryant regained his liberty: If the subject of executive clemency shall at any time hereafter be found guilty of *any* offense against the law, he may be returned to the State prison, and be compelled to serve out his original sentence! Hard lines, that, boys! No wonder the poor fellow is half scared out of his wits."

As he concluded, the lieutenant went up to the vagrant and gently placed his hand upon his shoulder.

"John Bryant," he said, "cheer up, my lad. You are among friends. There isn't a man here who is not your friend. And I tell you what, boys," he added, "we'll give John Bryant a rousing merry Christmas to-morrow, and set him on his pins once more!"

The poor vagrant looked up and saw the kindly glances bent upon him. Then his head sank back upon his hands, and he sobbed like a child.

CHAPTER III.

BABY'S CHRISTMAS.

THE table is spread in Mrs. Jennings's sitting-room, the turkey and the ducks, done to a turn, are simmering away in their own luscious juices in the oven with the door ajar; the plum-pudding, the pies and the dessert are temptingly arrayed; and, in short, everything is ready for the onslaught upon the Christmas dinner, which, in accordance with time-honored New England custom, should be inaugurated precisely at one o'clock, but which Joe Blakeslee's unaccountable absence has deferred.

The children are almost frantic at the delay, and the widow herself is withal somewhat perturbed.

"Where *can* that naughty Baby be?" Rosie exclaims, petulantly, going to the window for the twentieth time since the one-o'clock bells struck. But even as she speaks, Tommie, who has been out on the stairway, shouts:

"He's coming, ma! Uncle Joe is coming! I hear him!"

Now ensues such a hurry and scramble, such a clatter of plates and dishes, and setting round of chairs, and taking up of the dinner and disposing it upon the table—the children lending their assistance with a zeal that contributes to heighten the bustle if not the effect—that Joe's entrance is almost unregarded.

His haggard look, slow, jaded step, and the weary way in which he sinks into a chair, pass unnoticed for the time.

"I'm sorry to have caused you so much delay, Mrs. Jennings," he says, at length, but in a voice so strange that the widow stops and looks at him in surprise.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, seeing his pale face. "Why, what has happened, Joe? Are you ill?"

"Not so bad as that," he replied, trying to assume his old cheerful manner, and making a miserable failure of it. "The fact is, Mary, I was detained by an unexpected occurrence at the station-house; but it's all right now. And—and," he continued, with hesitation, "I've taken a liberty which I thought—that is——"

"What *do* you mean, Joe?"

"Why, to come to the point at once, Mary, I ran across a—a seafaring man—an old shipmate of—of—Tom Jennings!"

"A shipmate of my husband's!" the widow cried, eagerly.

"There—there, Mary, dear, don't let it excite you so. Yes, a shipmate of poor Tom's. He was sick and without friends, and so, you see, I took him in hand, and, as I was saying, thinking you would like to have a little talk with one who knew Tom, I took the liberty of bringing him with me."

He felt the little hand trembling in his.

"Now, pray be calm, Mary," he continued, soothingly. "I ought to have prepared you for this."

She had composed her agitation now, and before he knew her intention she had bent down and kissed him on the forehead.

"You are always so good and thoughtful, Joe!" she said. "I shall be very, very glad to see him now."

Joe rose to go, but hesitated, as if he had still something to say.

"You are sure, Mary, that you are fully prepared to meet this person ?" he finally asked, anxiously. "That it won't completely upset you to hear from him—well, s'pose I call it—strange news—about—Tom ?"

He went to her quickly, for she had sunk into a chair at his words, her face turning deadly pale. But she did not faint, as he feared she was about to do.

"Summon all your fortitude for this meeting, Mary, dear," he said, and left the room.

They soon heard him coming up the stairs again, very slowly, and then he appeared, supporting Tom Jennings's shipmate, John Bryant—not as we last saw the latter at the station-house, but now neatly clad, his hair trimmed and his face shaven.

Joe's broad form partially hid the slight figure of John Bryant, who was trembling as if with ague.

"Mary," said Joe, in a low tone, "for years you would not believe that your husband was dead. Of late you have come to think that hope a delusive one—have you not ?"

"On the contrary, I have never given up the blessed hope of seeing my husband again. I sincerely believe that, in God's good time, he will return to his loving wife and children."

Joe Blakeslee's broad form no longer conceals that of John Bryant, and for a second Mary Jennings looks at the stranger.

Then she arises, totters toward him with outstretched arms, falls upon his breast, and cries :

"Tom ! my dear—dear Tom ! At last ! at last !"

For Tom Jennings's shipmate is Tom Jennings's self.

* * * * * * * *

Joe Blakeslee paces his familiar round this Christmas night like one in a maze. Mechanically he threads the well-known streets and by-ways, but his mind is busy with the singular changes which in one day have given back to Mary Jennings her lost husband, and at the same time shattered, like a thing of glass, the bright hope upon which for years he had been building all his future.

Not that honest Joe for a moment regretted the turn of events. On the contrary, he felt a deep and abiding thankfulness that the woman he so dearly loved had come to know a great joy, and that she must henceforth associate with that joy *his* name.

He meets and passes many persons, most of whom seem to know the big policeman, and give him merry greetings in keeping with the hearty spirit of the Christmas-time, to which, wonderingly, they receive, perhaps, a brief nod, or, at most, an absent reply.

The night waxes late. The streets are gradually deserted, the stores long since are closed, and, excepting now and then a party of roysterers, or some belated pedestrian hurrying home, Joe has the way to himself and his own thoughts.

He dreads now the desolation of the streets, the weary hours of duty yet to come, and longs for something to break the stillness, to drive away the sickening feeling of gloom that oppresses him. Something to stir his nature into strong excitement—a call to some dangerous duty—anything to disturb the current of his thoughts.

Ha ! what is that ? That bright light which, suddenly darting up over the tops of the houses, flickers and flashes on the fronts of the buildings, deepening as he looks into a lurid glare, red as human blood !

The sight rouses him.

He dashes down the street, noting with a terrible thrill the direction of the ominous glow.

Pausing only at the nearest fire-alarm box, he quickly opens it, pulls down the lever, closes the box, and then flees on. Turning the corner of the next street, he finds his sudden fears realized.

The tenement-house, the home of his dearest friends, is on fire !

And now the deep, resonant clang of the alarm-bell startles the night air.

Cries and shrieks of terror and despair blend with the awful roaring of the flames, which, fanned by the freshening breeze, have already enveloped one side of the building, while great pillars of smoke are shooting upward and overspreading the heavens like a pall.

The aroused neighborhood pours its multitudes of people, with white, scared faces, into the narrow street, and the fire-engines, with their shrill whistles and rumbling jar, increase the horrid din and tumult.

Meanwhile, Joe Blakeslee, intent on the one thought of securing the safety of his friends, has dashed up the staircase.

Familiar with the place, he fights his way through and reaches their door. It is fastened, but he hears them stirring within, and, putting his shoulder to the door, he bursts the lock.

They seem to have been but just awakened, and bewildered by sudden fright.

His voice rouses and reassures them.

Rosie, looking like a beautiful little angel in her night-dress and her streaming golden curls, flies to him and nestles in his arms.

"We are safe, *now*, mamma," she says, with the sweet confidence of childhood. "Dear, good Baby has come. He will not let anything harm us—will you, Baby ?"

Following his directions, clearly and calmly given, they soon reach a place of safety, and then he goes back to rescue others.

They hear of his heroic labors throughout that dreadful night ; of his reckless intrepidity, of the numbers of helpless ones, who, but for his strong arm and dauntless spirit, would have met with a horrible fate.

And later they, too, are told of his last act of heroism, when, to save a frenzied, hapless wretch, he dashed once again into the burning building.

He was seen at a window, cut off on either hand by walls of living flame. For an instant only, and then they saw him no more.

And this was Baby's Christmas !

LIEBIG, THE CHEMIST.

MOST chemists are buried in their laboratories, and devote their lives to researches which the general public can neither understand nor appreciate, and the results they attain after long and patient experiment are of a character seldom to come before the public distinctly.

Liebig was, however, a chemist whose work was of a nature that more directly appealed to the masses. The discoverer of a great sanitary agent, whether to check disease or prevent it, to purify what is noisome and unhealthy, to prolong and benefit life, will be hailed as a great benefactor, but the appreciation will not be hearty. He began by publishing "Familiar Letters on Chemistry," attracting general attention to the subject, and leading to the foundation of new professorships. His next step was "Animal Chemistry," treating of the chemical action in our own bodies, followed by "Researches in the Chemistry of Food." These publications showed to all what the body needed to support healthy action, how food of various kinds aided or retarded the chemical work of nature. He was thus the first to apply science to the

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choice, preparation and cooking of food, looking at once to its sanitary character, and also to economy.

He thus became the founder of a new school, and the hosts of books on the chemistry of daily life are all due to the labors of Liebig. The practice of medicine has also felt its influence, both in the prevention and cure of disease.

He next turned his attention to the cultivation of the soil, and published his "Agricultural Chemistry," in which he showed what fertilizers different soils require for the various crops, and what sources were to be looked to for the needed ingredients. Science began to study the whole system of fertilizers, and substances hitherto overlooked now help to make the desert places blossom like the rose, and produce rich harvests for human food. The utilization of sewerage matter, so offensive and so injurious that it proves the stumbling block of large towns, received also the study of this practical chemist, and many of the recent improvements in this field are due to Liebig's initiative. France has apparently at last solved the difficulty.

Liebig's last, and, perhaps, most generally known contribution to science, is his "Extract of Beef," a tonic of the highest value, now known throughout the world.

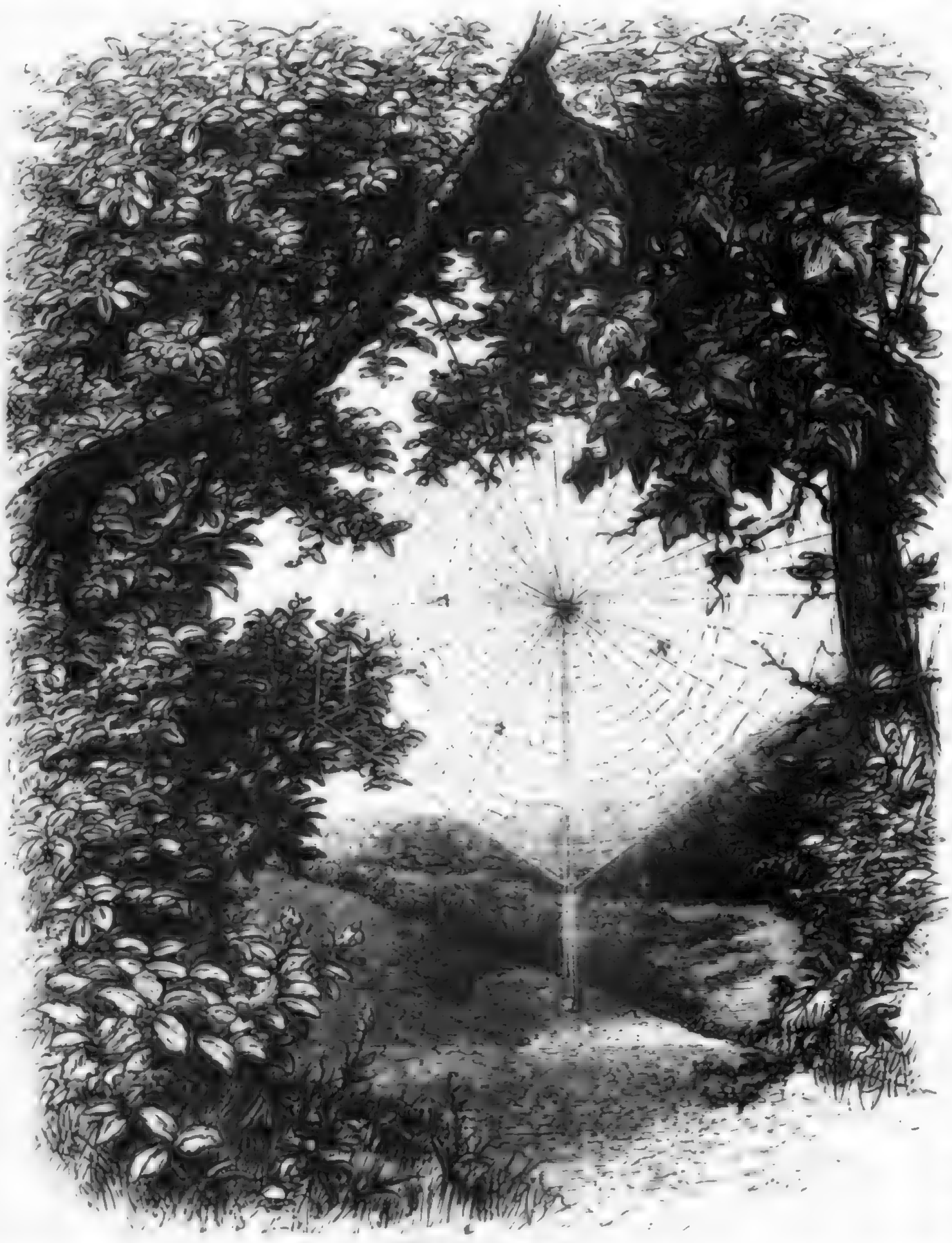
Justus von Liebig was born in Darmstadt, May 12th, 1803, studied at the University of Bonn, and received his medical degree at Erlangen. A devoted student of science, he soon obtained a professor's chair at Gressen, which soon became the resort of medical students from all parts of the world, and especially from England.

Many honors were bestowed upon him by learned bodies, and professorships were offered to him in various countries, but he did not leave Gressen till 1852, when he accepted a position at Munich. His useful and studious life terminated April 18th, 1873.

WEB ENGINEERING.

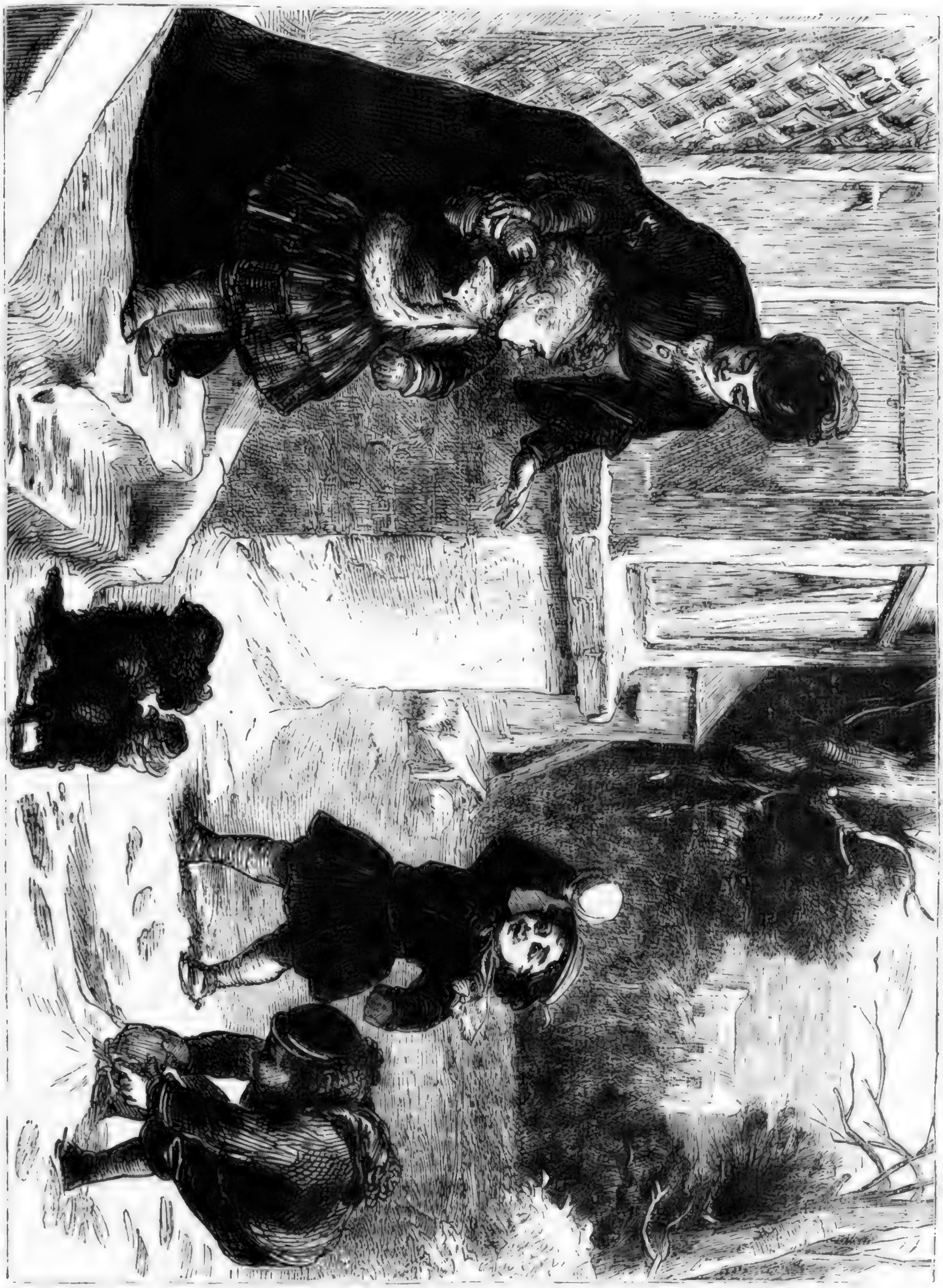
On going round the garden this morning, I perceived what seemed a small piece of cheese, apparently floating in the air straight before me. On coming up to it, I found that it was suspended from a spider's web, which was spun right across the path.

My first hasty thought was that this spider had found a piece of cheese below, and, taking a fancy to it, was then drawing it up into his web to eat it. Further examination, however, showed that the substance was not cheese, but a small pebble, much resembling that edible, evidently taken from the gravel walk beneath. There was nothing for the spider to attach his web to on the walk, so he had selected a suitable stone to balance his web, which, indeed, it did admirably, the web being attached to trees on either side of the walk, and weighted below by the stone, so as to be in nearly a perpendicular position. The stone was connected with the web by a threefold cord, the strands of which were attached to different parts of the stone.


WEB ENGINEERING.

I visited the web two or three hours after the spider had finished it, and found that his ingenuity had been crowned with success, as the web contained, besides a large fly, off which he was dining, more small flies than I have ever before seen in a web. Neither myself, nor those of my friends to whom I showed the web, have ever seen anything of the kind before. Perhaps your readers will be interested in such an example of high instinct in a spider, and those who are more versed in natural history than myself may be able to remember other examples of the same kind.

That the stability of the web depended upon the weight of the stone was shown when I put my hand under the latter. The result was that, as I raised my hand, the lower part of the web gradually collapsed, but when the stone was suffered again to fall gently, the web resumed its proper shape. It was about five feet from the ground.


THE FIRST SNOWBALL.

Spider engineering is a most interesting subject, and one that I have spent hours in studying. I have worked out most of the problems in connection with it, but the weight dodge I have not as yet been able to explain. Some spiders will use ties; but others, of exactly the same species, will use a weight, although the circumstances under which both build are apparently similar. But how does the spider raise the weight? This I could never explain to my satisfaction, as some of the weights are so large that it is scarcely possible they could lift them by a "dead lift." Besides, they will put on one, two or more weights in a few hours before the wind, to fix their structures.

The industry and ingenuity of the spider passes belief to all those who have not seen them at work; but no more profitable day can be spent by a young engineer than a day after a storm in a path through the gorse, watching a spider reconstructing its web. This is the legitimate way of seeing the work done; but there are other dodges, such as breaking down the webs and watching the poor creatures reconstruct them.

GENERAL CLIFFORD'S ADVENTURE.

Major-General Clifford, Lord Chelmsford's second in command, has plenty of cool courage. It is told of him that one day in British Caffraria, during the Caffre war of 1846–48, he was in the act of sitting down on the ground, placing one hand behind him for that purpose. He felt something clammy to the touch, and found, to his horror, it was a puff-adder, a most venomous reptile. Another man with less self-possession would have removed his hand, probably to be stung in the act. Not so Clifford. With great presence of mind, he held the snake down firmly with one hand; with the other drew his clasp-knife from his pocket, opened it with his teeth, and then coolly severed the reptile's head from its body.

HUMBOLDT AND THE LUNATIC.

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied," and a quaint anecdote, culled from Humboldt's "Wanderjaher," aptly demonstrates how readily even so keen an observer as the great German traveler may mistake a genius for a lunatic.

During one of his sojourns in Paris, Humboldt, who took a deep interest in the mysteries of mental aberration, conceived a desire to converse intimately with some incurable maniac, and requested one of his scientific friends, an eminent mad-doctor, to give him the opportunity of meeting one of his more remarkable patients.

A few days later he received an invitation to supper from the specialist in question, and on his arrival at his friend's house found two strange gentlemen awaiting him, neither of whom was formally presented to him by his Amphitryon. One was an elderly gentleman of grave demeanor, dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion, by no means talkative, and manifestly devoted to the pleasures of the table.

The other was a comparatively young man, extremely excitable in manner, with long, disheveled hair, ill-made clothes, and so exuberantly voluble that he all but monopolized the conversation throughout the evening, although Humboldt himself was one of the most loquacious men alive. This wild-looking person displayed extraordinary versatility and restlessness in his talk, which teemed with paradoxes, and dealt with an infinite variety of subjects. Humboldt listened to his brilliant ramblings with absorbing interest, and upon taking leave of his host at a late hour of the night expressed his gratitude for the psychological experience afforded him, observing that the madman had amused him beyond all measure.

"How is that?" asked the doctor; "you scarcely exchanged a word with him all the evening."

"I mean, of course," rejoined Humboldt, "that excitable young man."

"You are altogether mistaken; the madman was that quiet, decorous old gentleman."

"And who, then, was the person I took to be demented?"

"That person, my good friend, was M. Honoré de Balzac!"

SIX THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

The Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, contains one of the oldest monuments of civilization in the world, if, indeed, it is not the very oldest. This is the lintel-stone of a tomb which formed the last resting-place of an officer who lived in the time of King Sent, of the second dynasty, 6,000 years ago.

The stone is covered with that delicate and finished sculpture which distinguished the early periods of Egyptian history, and was immeasurably superior to the stiff and conventional art of the later ages of Egypt which we are accustomed to see in the European museums. But it is also covered with something more precious still than sculpture—with hieroglyphics which show that even at that remote period Egyptian writing was a complete and finished art, with long ages of previous development lying behind it. The hieroglyphic characters are already used, not only pictorially and ideographically, but also to express syllables and alphabetic letters, the name of the King, for instance, being spelled alphabetically. In the hands of the Egyptian scribes, however, Egyptian writing never made any further progress.

With the fall of what is called the Old Empire (about 3500 B.C.), the freshness and expansive force of the people passed away. Egyptian life and thought became fossilized, and through the long series of centuries that followed, Egypt resembled one of its own mummies, faithfully preserving the form and features of a past age, and of a life which had ceased to beat in its veins.

Until the introduction of Christianity, the only change undergone by Egyptian writing was the invention of a running hand, which, in its earlier and simpler form, is called hieratic, and in its later form demotic.

HOW A SNOW-FLAKE IS FORMED.

By Robert James Mann, M.D., F.R.C.S., F.R.A.S.

Hoar-frost is frozen dew—dew-drops crystallized out into ice-needles by the marshaling force of molecular aggregation, when this is to a large extent freed from the antagonistic influence of segregating repulsion. Snow stands in the same relation to rain which hoar-frost holds in regard to dew. It is moisture frozen into ice at the instant that it is condensed out of its transparent and invisible state in the air. But in the case of the snow the frozen deposit is formed during free suspension in the air, and without any interference from contact with solid radiating surfaces such as is experienced in the production of hoar-frost. The solid particles are consequently grouped into regular geometrical shapes, which are designed by the inherent directive forces of the gathering molecules.

Snow forms in the air whenever there is as much aqueous vapor as two and a half grains in each cubic foot, and whenever the temperature is depressed as low as 32° Fahrenheit. Some part of the superfluous moisture, over and above that which can still be sustained in the invisible state, is then set free, and allowed to gather into visible masslets, which, as the temperature is below that of freezing water, present themselves as spicules of ice, instead of as droplets of water. But when water is slowly converted into ice without any extraneous or interfering strain being brought to bear upon its particles, these are first built up into the shape of a needle, or bar, and six of these bars are then grouped round a common centre, like the spokes of a wheel, with angular intervals of 60° between each contiguous pair of spokes. In Fig. 1, this six-spoked crystal of frozen water is represented in its simplest and most rudimentary form. When snow falls gently in still air, six-rayed spangles, exactly like the one sketched in the figure, are very often seen.

Such simple forms as this primary one are not, however, the only kind of crystalline aggregations that are observed in gently-falling snow. If the deposit of the frozen molecules is more rapid and more copious, additions of a secondary kind are made to the primary rays. In the first instance, short needles are added to the primary ones, branching out from them at the same angle of 60°, and producing a figure like that shown in Fig. 2. Then the primary rays broaden out by snowy wings, or films, attached along their sides, as represented in Figs. 3 and 4, until at last these fuse themselves together into a flat hexagonal plate with six points and six sides (Fig. 5). All these peculiarities are common in falling snow. Sometimes a double system of radiation is planned, with intermediate short rays introduced between the longer primary ones, as in Fig. 6.

Compound forms are also found based upon this model by the filling in more or less of the interval contained between the rays, as instanced in Figs. 7 and 8. The secondary needles are occasionally further branched with tertiary spikelets, which are then also fixed on the same typical angle of 60°, as in Fig. 9.

An almost endless diversity of figures, indeed, is constructed as the rapidity of deposition varies, and as external relations and conditions are changed, but in all the same primary type of six rays and of hexagonal outline, which is the fundamental necessity of the crystallization of freezing water, is observed. More than one thousand quite distinct kinds of snow-crystals have been enumerated and described by various observers. One hundred and fifty-one were noticed during eight days in the months of February and March, in 1855, by Mr. Glaisher, and these have all been carefully drawn and engraved. They form one of the most interesting and valuable of the contributions on the subject of snow-crystals which have ever been made to science. Figs. 10, 11 and 12 will serve to convey some notion of the complexity and beauty of the forms which snow-crystals sometimes present.

The most usual condition in which these snow-crystals are deposited is that of narrow needles, all arranged in one plane, or of thin plates. But the aggregations of the gathering particles are sometimes made in a more solid form, and grow into compact prisms or hexagons. The needles occasionally bristle out all round from a central spherical nucleus. Most complicated and curious figures are sometimes composed by the super-position of two, or occasionally of even more, crystals upon each other. The most complicated traceries are generally produced during the prevalence of extreme degrees of cold. The lightness, regularity and delicacy of the crystallized spangles is, in general terms, in proportion to the height of the atmosphere from which they descend, and to the opportunity that is afforded during the long descent for the molecular forces concerned in crystallization to accomplish their work deliberately and without interruption.

Very perfect snow-crystals are only met with in temperate climates upon rare opportunities, and at long intervals. But they are of very common occurrence in colder climates and more frigid latitudes. Mr. Glaisher's beautiful series of figures were secured during a few exceptionally lucky days of snow-fall that occurred in the neighborhood of London, between the 8th of February and the 10th of March, in the year 1855. They were represented as they appeared to magnifying lenses after they had been received gently upon chilled fragments of yellow glass. Snow lay upon the ground at this time uninterruptedly during six weeks. On the 21st of February the thermometers indicated a temperature of 20°, at the time when some of the most beautiful of the crystals were observed. The spangles were generally about the tenth part of an inch in diameter, but in some instances they measured as much as three-tenths of an inch across. In ordinary snow-flakes several different kinds of crystals are confusedly grouped, and partially fused together in consequence of their being whirled about and dashed against each other, as they descend through air strata of varying temperature. Under the most favorable circumstances the radiated crystals may be contemplated both growing, and diminishing and altering their forms. Many of the most remarkable figures are produced by the softening away of primary points and edges during incipient dissolution, and by the deposit of amorphous accretions upon the primary axes and lines of the crystals.

Very fine and lightly deposited snow occupies about twenty-four times as much space as water. The thickness of an ordinary fall of snow collected upon the ground generally represents about as much water as would lie in a tenth part of the same depth. Ten inches of snow, therefore, correspond with one inch of rain. The most accurate way, however, to estimate the quantity of snow that is contained in any fall, is to cut a round cake out of the deposit to its full depth by a cylinder of copper, or tin, of known diameter, and then to measure the water that is procured by melting that quantity of snow. This at once furnishes a ready means of comparing the fall of snow with rain-fall measured in a rain-gauge possessing a receiving funnel of the same diameter as the cylinder.

The pure white lustre of snow is due to the circumstance that all the elementary colors of light are blended together in the radiance that is thrown off from the surface of its crystals. It is quite possible to examine the individual crystals in such a way as to detect these several colors before they are mingled together, to constitute the compound impression of whiteness upon the eye. The snow is then clothed with all the varied hues of the rainbow. The soft whiteness of snow is also in some degree referable to the large quantity of air which is entangled amidst the frozen particles.

The formation of snow requires that the temperature of the air shall fall lower than the freezing-point of water. But a heavy snow-fall needs that the air shall be very moist as well as very cold. The simultaneous presence of these two conditions in the atmosphere does not occur very frequently in the northern hemisphere of the earth, and it is for this reason that heavy snow is so rarely experienced in the countries of Europe. Snow falls very heavily indeed, and often accumulates to enormous depths, on the western side of the continent of South America in latitudes not far exceeding the forty-third parallel, and therefore corresponding very nearly with the position of Rome in the northern hemisphere, because the air is there always heavily laden with moisture when it sinks to the freezing temperature. Snow is scarcely ever seen on the southern coast of Spain. It seldom presents itself on any of the low-lying valleys or plains of Greece, although it is commonly seen on the tops of the neighboring mountains in the season of Winter.

In all latitudes of the earth snow occurs at high elevations in the atmosphere, although it may not reach the

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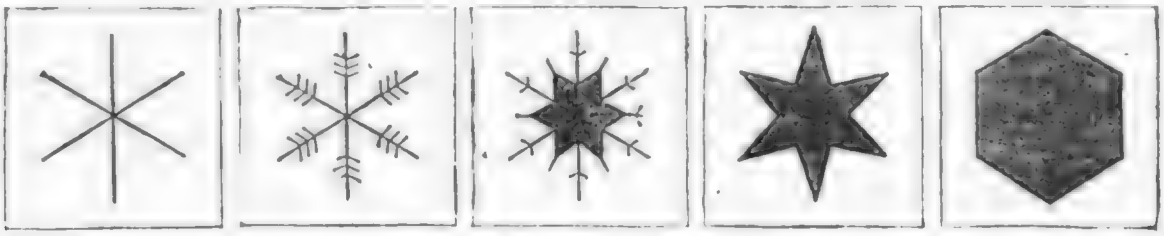
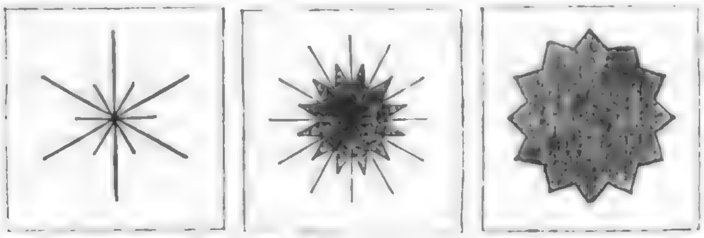
ground, in consequence of its being melted as it falls through the lower and warmer parts of the air (Fig. 13). Even in equinoctial regions of the earth it is occasionally formed at an elevation of 11,000 or 12,000 feet, and if there are mountains with tops reaching up as high as this, they catch the snow, instead of allowing it to fall to the warm lower regions where it can be melted. It is for this reason that there are mountains covered with snow all the year round in so many warm latitudes. Such mountains reach up into regions of the air where there is not warmth enough to melt all the snow that is deposited upon the summits. Snow lies unmelted all the year round at the level of the sea within fifteen degrees of the earth's poles—that is, in latitudes higher than 75°.



FIGS. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.—SNOW-CRYSTALS.

The area of perpetual frost is, however, not included within an exact circle traced round the pole. In the northern hemisphere it extends a little further from the pole in the direction of the Pacific Ocean than it does toward the Atlantic, and about the meridian of Iceland. There is thus a somewhat irregular frost-cap, of something like 1,200 miles across, fixed over the poles of the earth. In advancing from the outer limit of this polar region of the earth toward lower and warmer latitudes, the position at which perpetual congelation occurs rises higher and higher into the air. In England it is above the tops of the highest mountains. In Switzerland it is found at a height a little less than 9,000 feet—very nearly one-half of Mont Blanc is for this reason perpetually snow-clad. Perpetual snow lies at an elevation of 9,000 feet on the Pyrenees, and at 9,500 on the Apennines and upon Etna. It is found at 14,000 feet on Ararat, at 15,800 on the equatorial Andes, and at 16,500 feet on some parts of the Himalayas.



FIGS. 6, 7, 8.—SNOW-CRYSTALS.

The snow, however, which lies in this way upon the tops of lofty mountains all the year round is perpetual only in a particular and limited sense. It is not everlasting snow. The phrase "eternal snow," which is occasionally used by the poets, is not scientifically correct. No snow is eternal or everlasting in the proper sense of these words. Snow is always present, but it is not the same snow. That which falls upon the highest summits of the mountains glides slowly down the grooves and valleys of their sides. On Mont Blanc, snow-fringes, or rather ice-fringes, are seen hanging low down into the Valley of Chamouni, which bounds this grand cluster toward the south. It is from amidst these that the vast ice-stream which is known as the Mer-de-Glace, descends like a frozen river out of the heart of the snow-fields above. These descending streams of consolidated snow are spoken of as glaciers. They are composed of hard ice at their lower parts, and of vast gathering snow-beds above. The hard icy state of the frozen mass below is to some extent due to the compression to which it is there subjected. The snow clings to the rocky sides of the gorges and ravines with considerable tenacity, and it is accordingly squeezed by the weight of the masses pressing down from above. But, although the first result of the pressure is to render the snow compact and hard, the ultimate result is of an entirely different character. When the pressure has increased to a very considerable extent, it softens even the hardest ice into a kind of yielding paste, which is pushed through the winding grooves and narrow gaps, and over resisting obstacles that stand in its path. As soon, however, as it is released from the severe pressure, the softened ice returns to its original hard consistence. It is by this instrumentality that the hard, rigid ice is forced through curving and rounding channels, and along alternately widening and narrowing beds. It becomes soft and plastic where it is compressed, but is brittle and easily worn into gaping fissures and chasms, wherever it is extended, instead of being squeezed in. The "crevasses," or cracks, of glaciers are always found in those portions of the ice-stream where the frozen mass is freed from direct pressure, and exposed instead to tensile strain, such as of necessity occurs in passing down steep declivities.

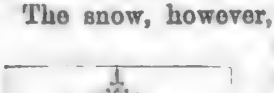
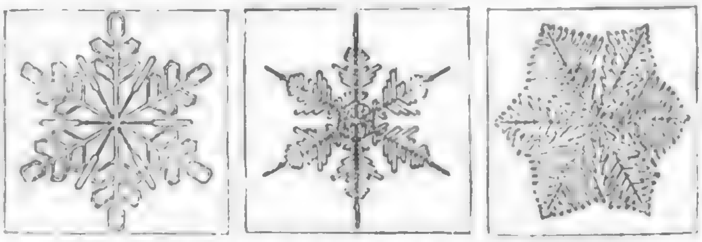


FIG. 9.—SNOW-CRYSTAL.

The first suggestion of this operation of the softening of ice under pressure was made by Professor Faraday, in 1850, in consequence of his noticing that whenever two pieces of thawing ice are pressed closely together, they invariably freeze at the surfaces of contact into one continuous mass. As a matter of fact, the temperature at which water freezes is altered by strong pressure. Greater degrees of cold are required to convert it into the solid crystalline state when it is strongly compressed, than when it is free from such influence. Sir William Thomson has shown, by direct experiments, that if a mixture of ice and snow is very forcibly squeezed, it becomes colder and colder as the pressure is augmented. The heat which is lost from the sensible state during this process is converted into the latent and insensible condition. But as it is so rendered latent, it is used in turning a small portion of the solid ice into liquid water. The water, however, is more



FIGS. 10, 11, 12.—SNOW-CRYSTALS.

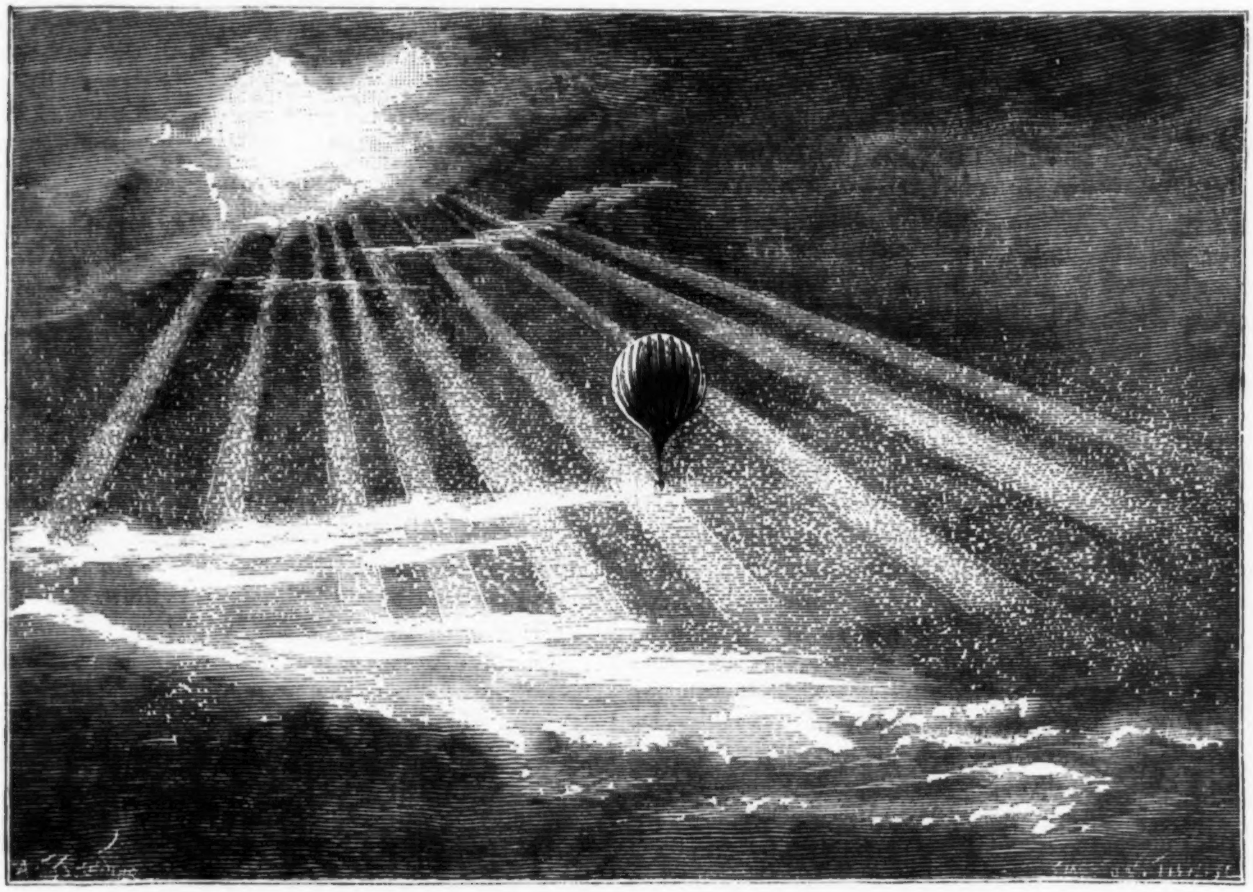
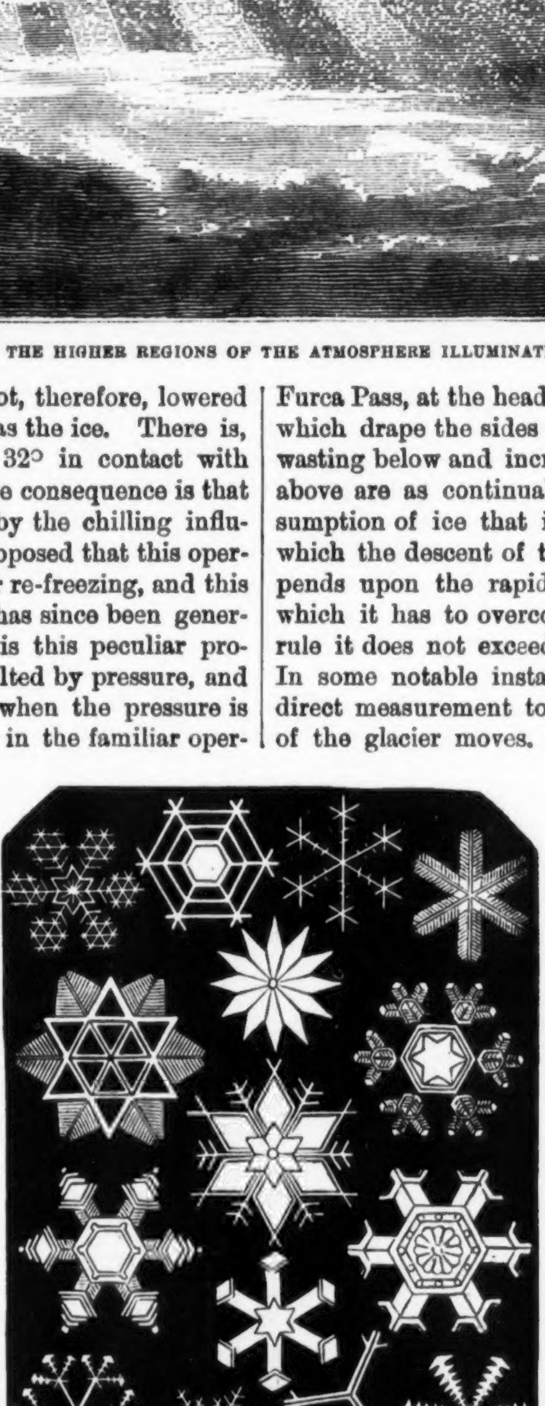


FIG. 13.—SNOW-FLAKES IN THE HIGHER REGIONS OF THE ATMOSPHERE ILLUMINATED BY DIRECT SUNSHINE.

incompressible than the ice; it is not, therefore, lowered in temperature to the same extent as the ice. There is, therefore, ice which is colder than 32° in contact with water at the temperature of 32°. The consequence is that the water is immediately re-frozen by the chilling influence of the ice. Dr. Hooker first proposed that this operation should be termed re-gelation, or re-freezing, and this very apt and expressive designation has since been generally adopted by scientific men. It is this peculiar property of ice of being softened and melted by pressure, and of immediately freezing hard again when the pressure is removed, which is brought into play in the familiar operation of making snowballs. The portions of snow which are squeezed together by the hand become moistened by the direct agency of the pressure, and then freeze together into a coherent mass when the pressure of the grasp is lessened. The snowball is, so to speak, a mimic glacier artificially manufactured.



SNOW-CRYSTALS.

The lower extremities, or toes, of the glaciers, melt away in the warm valleys which they finally reach below, and are there turned into streams of running water, as fresh snow is heaped upon the heights above. The Arveiron, one of the feeders of the River Arve, that joins the Rhône just below the Lake of Geneva, issues in this way from the lower end of the Mer-de-Glace. The Rhône itself takes its rise from another glacier of a similar kind, which pours its frozen mass down a steep descent by the side of the Furca Pass, at the head of the Vallais. The glacier masses which drape the sides of high mountains are thus always wasting below and increasing above, and the snow masses above are as continually sliding down to supply the consumption of ice that is taking place below. The rate at which the descent of the frozen mass is accomplished depends upon the rapidity of the slope, and the obstacles which it has to overcome in its route. But as a general rule it does not exceed ten or twelve inches in the day. In some notable instances this has been ascertained by direct measurement to be about the rate at which the ice of the glacier moves. Whenever the ice glides along a gentle descent not exceeding an inclination of three degrees, and with a fairly open and untrammeled course, it remains smooth and unbroken. But whenever it descends slopes that are considerably more abrupt, it tumbles over in a torrent of broken fragments, with huge cracks and chasms interspersed amongst them in the wildest confusion. The melting extremities of the glaciers of the Alps are generally found at an elevation of between 2,000 and 3,000 feet above the sea. Until recently, one of the glaciers of Grindelwald was the lowest amongst them, and reached quite into the close neighborhood of the gardens and cornfields of the valley. The Gorner glacier, which is one of the ice-streams that descend from Monte Rosa, terminates in a similar way near Zermatt, in a very grand form of ice-toe, projecting quite into a region of

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green vegetation. The lower end of the Rhône glacier is hemmed round with verdant herbage and bright flowers during the season of the Swiss Summer.

The chief snowfall upon the sides of lofty mountains necessarily occurs at, or within, an elevation of 9,000 feet above the sea. The average fall in the year at that elevation may be estimated at about forty feet of vertical depth. Upon the higher summits of very lofty mountains, such as Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, very much less is precipitated, on account of the greater dryness of the air at those extreme elevations. The white caps of the snow-clad giants are principally preserved by the precipitation upon them of a kind of hoar-frost, partly condensed out of the clouds, and partly derived from the vapors that steam up to them from the large snow-fields below. The actual depth of snow upon the summit of such a mountain as Mont Blanc has not yet been ascertained, but it is very probable that it does not much exceed ten feet. On the lower slopes of such mountains, on the other hand, it often accumulates to a depth of many hundred feet. Cracks opened out into the ice of some of the larger glaciers have been sounded to a depth of 700 feet without reaching the bottom of the frozen mass.

The snow which is deposited upon the highest parts of lofty mountains is very fine and dry. It is a kind of snow-dust. This dryness is due to the rapidity with which every trace of free water escapes in these elevated and rare regions of the atmosphere. Immediately below the comparatively thin cap of dry snow the broad expanse of deep snow begins. But where the one passes into the other there are generally deep gaps or rents, called *Bergschrunde*, caused by the heavier accumulations below tearing themselves asunder from the lighter deposits above by the mere influence of weight. The surface of the snow on these broad and deep snow-fields assumes the state of small grains about the size of hempseed, which are ice within and snow without, and which are loosened asunder and partially melted by day, but frozen together into connected clusters at night. It is this granular surface-snow which constitutes the "fern" or "névé" of the Swiss mountains.

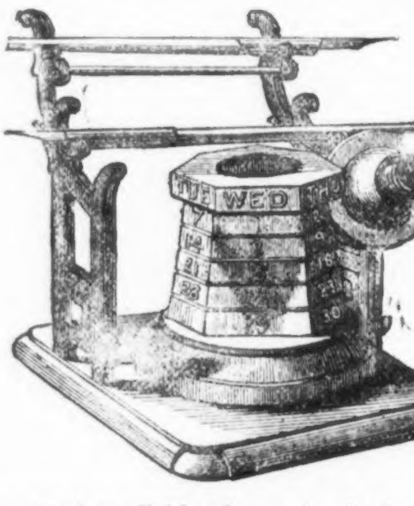
In the lower part of the more massive accumulation water percolates through the upper porous mass, as the surface is melted by the sun, and this is then frozen into a foundation of firm, solid ice below. This subjacent ice-bed increases in thickness in the lower stretches of the glacier, until at last compact, solid ice only is found. It is probable that the compact ice of the interior of the large glaciers is always kept at a temperature of about 32° of Fahrenheit, and therefore in a state ready to undergo the process of re-gelation. The fractured masses which are tumbled down the more precipitous parts of the glacier bed are almost invariably frozen again afterward into renewed continuity by the operation of this agency. To adventurous travelers climbing the snow-mountains, the ice-glacier appears to issue from the broad fields of granular snow, or névé.

Professor Tyndall has shown that even compact and solid ice is primarily formed out of six-rayed star-crystals, very nearly resembling those of snow, but with their angles intimately and closely interlaced together. By skillful employment of magnifying-glasses these can be seen forming in ice that is beginning to freeze, and they can also be traced, by a similar application of optical instruments, in clear dense ice that is just beginning to melt. The lightness of ice which enables it to swim upon water is partly due to the small portions of air which get entangled amidst the ice-crystals as these are grouped into geometrical forms in the act of freezing.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

NEPTUNITE.—Neptunite is the name bestowed upon a new and very simple invention for waterproofing garments or fabrics. The ingenious inventor is a Mr. Lamb, a Canadian. He, after many experiments, has succeeded in producing a water-expelling substance that does not injure the fabric to which it is applied. The liquid termed Neptunite is a "solution of certain hydro-carbon gums, the chief ingredient being a solution of rubber." The effect of this solution, when applied to silks, is to strengthen the fibres, and, far from injuring the most delicate colors, it even freshens and sets them, while cloth is left as free in its ventilating power as before. Experiments have been made with various fabrics, and it has been proved that stains from coffee, ink, claret or grease are successfully *repelled* from the articles dipped in Neptunite. Carpets, woolen cloths, and a piece of white brocade were experimented upon. Silks, satins, hats, ostrich-feathers, ladies' shoes, gloves, and many varieties of ribbon were dipped in water, played upon by a hose-pipe, submitted to tests from ink, lemon-juice and claret, and in the latter cases a dash of water removed all stains, leaving the articles as brilliant and good as before. Velvets were also tried, and with equally good results. It must be remembered that Neptunite does not "waterproof" a garment: it renders the fabric water-*repellent*, and no application of boiling water, soap or alcohol will suffice to eradicate the solution when once it has been properly applied. Every article submitted to the dipping process should be thoroughly dried for twenty-four hours in a temperature of about 170 degrees.

A PERPETUAL CALENDAR INKSTAND.—An ingenious and useful form of inkstand is figured in the accompanying woodcut. The body of the stand, which is heptagonal, or seven-sided, in form, corresponding of course to the division of the week, has engraved upon it, in vertical parallel bands running horizontally round the stand, one column or band of figures to each side of the heptagon, the figures which compose a month, that is, from 1 up to and including 31. The pot is movable, and is placed inside the stand. Round its rim it has abbreviations of the days of the week, one in each section, answering to the sections of the stand. Consequently, for example, in the event of the first day of the month falling on a Wednesday, the section of the rim of the pot containing WED. has but to be adjusted to fit the column headed 1, of the stand, to transform the concern into a calendar, that requires adjustment only at the beginning of every month to render it perpetual.



COW-TREE RUBBER.—Most of the Brazilian india-rubber hitherto in use has come from the City of Para, on the Amazon River; but large quantities are now being exported from the Province of Pernambuco, further south. Para rubber is the inspissated juice of the well-known caoutchouc-tree, whereas the Pernambuco gum is the product of the mangabeira, or cow-tree. It is only recently that the rubber-yielding qualities of this tree have been appreciated, and the discovery has tapped an almost inexhaustible store of rubber, for these trees are common in the Brazilian woods. The process of preparing mangabeira rubber is simpler than the method followed with Para rubber. The milk or juice of the cow-tree is coagulated by admixture with alum and water, and the clotted mass allowed to dry in the air before it is packed up for exportation. For rough work, demanding strength, the rubber thus prepared is preferable to the ordinary caoutchouc; and it is eminently suited for the springs of railroad cars, tram-cars or other vehicles, and the tires of bicycles.

THE new Warner Observatory which is being erected at Rochester, N. Y., is attracting much attention in social and literary, as well as scientific, circles. The new telescope will be twenty-two feet in length, and its lens sixteen inches in diameter, thus making it third in size of any instrument heretofore manufactured, while the dome of the observatory is to have some new appliances for specially observing certain portions of the heavens. It is to be the finest private observatory in the world, and has been heavily endowed by Mr. H. H. Warner. Professor Swift has labored under numerous disadvantages in the past, and the new comet which he recently found was in spite of many obstacles; but as the new institution is to be specially devoted to discoveries there are good reasons to expect very many scientific revelations in the near future from the Warner Observatory at Rochester.

The Rev. Stephen Powers notes, in the Kansas City *Review of Science*, the opening of an interesting mound in Brush Creek township, Ohio. The mound was opened by the Historical Society of the township, under the immediate supervision of Dr. J. F. Everhart, of Zanesville. It measures sixty-four by thirty-five feet at the summit, gradually sloping in every direction, and was eight feet in height. There was found in it a sort of clay coffin, including the skeleton of a woman measuring eight feet in length. Within this coffin was found, also, the skeleton of a child about three feet and a half in length. In a third grave occurred two other skeletons, male and female, measuring, respectively, nine feet four inches, and eight feet. Seven other skeletons were found in the mound, the smallest of which measured eight feet, while others reached the enormous length of ten feet. They were buried singly, or each in separate graves. Resting against one of the coffins was an engraved stone tablet (now in Cincinnati), from the characters on which Dr. Everhart and Mr. Powers are led to conclude that this giant race were sun-worshipers.

A Natural Ice-house.—A remarkable ice-gorge in Sussex County, N. J., in the rear of Blue Mountain, is attracting attention, and is much visited by the lovers of curious sights. The ice-gorge is several hundred yards in extent, ten to thirty feet deep, with caves and clefts in the rocks where the ice lies. It is located a very short distance from the mountain. The shade at the gorge is dense, the sun apparently never penetrating it. The bottom of the gorge is filled with ice, and the little caves and crevices are filled with it. It is a natural ice-house; hundreds of tons might be taken out without appreciably decreasing the whole. Much of it, no doubt, has lain there for years, the mass gradually melting and being added to each year The thermometer, which registered in the nineties in Newton, marked thirty-eight degrees at the bottom of this gorge, too cold for one to remain there any length of time. A few feet from one end of the gorge a spring of most delicious sparkling water bubbles up. The water in this spring stands at thirty-four degrees—about as cold as one could comfortably drink it.

An electric stone-breaker is the latest invention. A dynamo-electric machine furnishes the power to an electro-magnetic chopper capable of delivering from 1,000 to 2,000 blows per minute. Stone-breaking requires the exertion of very great forces through very small distances—in fact, precisely the kind of work for which electro-magnetic machines on a large scale might be expected to be successful, if only the cost of generating the electricity were not so serious.

A Simple Audiphone.—Take a sheet of stiff brown paper about fifteen inches long by eleven wide, the paper being such as is ordinarily used for making up heavy parcels. Put the ends together, the middle forming a loop, and hold the ends between the teeth. The paper must be pretty stiff, as the loop must stand out round and full, and, of course, the paper must be without folds or creases.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

"I would take a trip round the world," said Mr. Shoddy, "if it wasn't for the expense of returning home again."

A Glasgow theatrical company recently played a scene laid in a church so naturally that, to many of the audience, it seemed so real that they went to sleep.

A new method of testing a man's sobriety is suggested If he can distinctly pronounce "veterinary surgeon," he may consider himself as sober as a judge.

"Charles, dear," she murmured, as they strolled along the other evening, and gazed upward at the bejeweled firmament, "which is Venus, and which is Adonis?"

A Yankee editor wishes to know whether the law recently passed prohibiting the carrying of deadly weapons applies to doctors who carry pills in their pockets.

Miss H—— (who has chosen medicine as a profession, to Professor, who has given the class an ox's heart to dissect): "Oh, Professor, can't we have forks to handle it with?"

"Och!" said a lovesick Hibernian, "what a recreation it is to be dying of love! It sets the heart aching so delicately there's no taking a wink of slape for the pleasure of the pain!"

The German soldiers are to be trained to shout while making a charge. We have known many men who were always willing to "shout," provided they were allowed to make a "charge" at the same time.

A new novel is called "A Lady's Four Wishes." An old bachelor says that he has not read the book, but that he knows what her wishes are: First, a new bonnet; second, a new bonnet; third, a new bonnet; and fourth, a new bonnet.

One day during an eclipse of the sun, a boy sold smoked glasses at a cent apiece. "You ought to make money," said the purchaser. "Yes," said the young merchant, "ours would be a good business, if the dull season were not so long."

"Ma," said a thoughtful boy, "I don't think Solomon was so rich as they say he was." "Why, my dear, what could have put that into your head?" "Why, the Bible says he slept with his fathers, and I think if he had been so very rich he would have had a bed of his own."

Why is a political agitator like a steady mechanic? Because he sticks to his tirade.

One hug, says a cautious suitor, is worth a dozen love-letters, and it cannot be introduced in a breach-of-promise suit.

Two young ladies in Baltimore, says an exchange, who entertain their friends on the front "stoop," are known as the step-sisters.

In giving an account of an inquest, the printer chose to state, "The deceased bore an accidental character, and the jury returned a verdict of excellent death."

A canny Scotchman inquired of a fellow-trader, "Is Colonel X. a man to be trusted?" "I think you'll find him so," was the reply. "If you trust him once, you'll trust him for ever."

"If I have ever used any unkind words, Hannah," said Mr. Smiley to Mrs. Smiley, "I take them all back." "Yes, I suppose you want to use them over again," was the not very soothing reply.

"If I were as hard up as you are," remarked one citizen to another, "I'd get out of it some way, if I had to beg or steal." "What, I beg? I steal?" exclaimed the other, indignantly. "I'd sooner—sooner get trusted."

A senior, after vainly trying to explain some scientific theory to his fair inamorata, said: "The question is difficult, and I don't see what I can do to make it clearer." "Suppose you pop it?" whispered the blushing damsel.

When a woman gets on the shady side of forty, there are two things of which she is positively certain: That she knows more than all Christendom, and that if it wasn't for her gray hairs, people wouldn't take her to be over forty.

Her Shakespearian education had been neglected; but when she told him, "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your photography," she smiled proudly, as one who had said a good thing, and knew it.

A Street Sketch.—We should really advise Old Shoddy, if he must have a liveried coachman to drive him about, not to select the handsomest and most aristocratic-looking one he can find, because—well, because comparisons are odious.

A lady, wishing to illustrate the judgment of Paris, presented to a little girl an apple. "My dear, give this apple to the one of us three whom you consider to be the prettiest." The little girl looked for a moment at the three ladies, and—ate the apple!

"The last time I saw Miss O'Neil," said a nobleman once to a well-known dramatist, "was at a morning performance, and she had grown so stout that she almost filled the box." "Oh, that's nothing," said the ready playwright. "There was a time when she filled the theatre!"

"What earthly use is it," exclaimed a languid Washington swell the other morning, "our twying to be awistocwatic, monarchical, and that sort of thing, when a Senator of the United States eats peanuts while widing in the stweet car? We're nothing but a howid wepublic, after all!"

Miss Jones was about to marry a military officer, much to her mother's displeasure. "Why, my child," said the latter, "don't you know war may be declared at any moment, and take him away for ever?" "Very well," was the answer; "a widow of seventeen—what could be more poetic?"

A poor, emaciated Irishman, having, in a forlorn hope, called in a physician, the latter spread a large mustard-plaster, and put it on the poor fellow's lean chest. Pat, when he with tearful eyes looked down on the plaster, said, "Docther, it strikes me it's a dale of mustard for so little mate!"

When the Queen paid her first visit to Scotland, many years ago, the following conversation took place been two countrymen: *Sandy:* "Well, Jock, hae ye seen the Queen?" *Jock:* "Ou, ay, I hae seen the Queen. But I wadna gang the length o' the street to see her again. She's just made like ony ither woman, an' they tell't me her arms were a lion an' a unicorn!"

A man who wanted to buy a horse, asked a friend how to tell the horse's age. "By his teeth," was the reply. The next day the man went to the horse-dealer, who showed him a splendid black horse. The horse-hunter opened the animal's mouth and gave one glance, and turned on his heel. "I don't want him," said he; "he's thirty-two years old." He had counted his teeth!

A farmer was invited to a party at a country squire's one evening, where there was music, both vocal and instrumental. On the following morning he met one of the guests, who said, "Well, farmer, how did you enjoy yourself last night? Were not the quartets excellent?" "Why, really, sir, I can't say," said he, "for I didn't taste 'em. But the pork chops were the finest I ever did eat!"

Tom Moore, observing himself to be eyed by two handsome young ladies inquired of a friend who was near enough to hear their remarks, what it was they said of him. "Why, the taller one observed that she was delighted to have had the pleasure of seeing so famous a personage." "Indeed!" said the gratified poet. "Anything more?" "Yes; she said she was the more pleased, because she had taken in your celebrated 'Almanac' for the last five or six years!"

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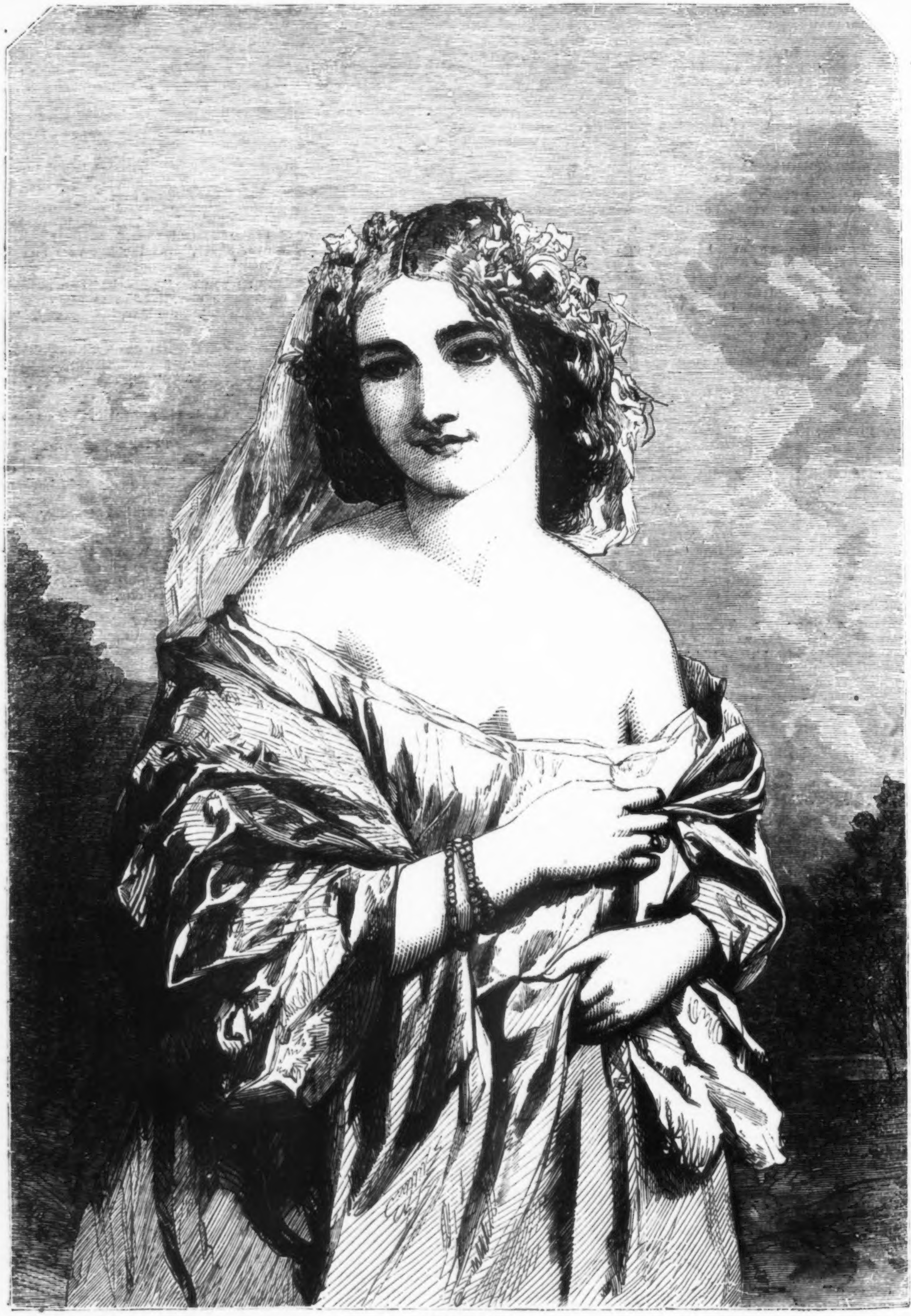

SWEET SIXTEEN.